



N. R. PRICE, Mayor.

July 7, 1927.

Major S. Whipple,
West Point,
New York.

Dear Major Whipple:

This is to thank you for your letter of May 28th and to inform you as to developments in my son's case.

On June 2, the War Department informed me my son was definitely excluded from entrance, reciting the original reasons given by the Academy Board for refusing entrance by certificate. Nothing was said as to the action of the Board or review of his case. From this I infer no recommendation was made.

This final notice reached me on the tenth anniversary of my reporting for active duty in the the War, a service that continued nearly two years, and a rather melancholy reminder of that indiscretion when at the age of 41 I first joined the war.

The thing that irritates me is that my sons' Alternate, (Matthews), was admitted by conditional certificate granted six months before his qualification at the boys prep school where he was a student; also his schoolmate, Caraway, (Son of the Arkansas Senator of that name.) I probably overlooked my hand by not filing a certificate when my son first applied for admission in 1926.

Altogether, two years of determined effort to break into the U. S. Military Academy has resulted in humiliating failure, and I have advised my son to turn his attention elsewhere and work out a career. As for myself, I have forwarded my resignation as Major, Med+O. R.C.

Very sincerely yours.

N. R. Price, Sr.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

IN REPLY
REFER TO

AG201 (Price, Norman Randolph) Res. 12-20-23

April 30, 1924.

SUBJECT: Appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Through: Commanding General, Fifth Corps Area.

A 0-199200

To: Major Norman Randolph Price, Med-ORC,
Marlinton, W. Va.

B None

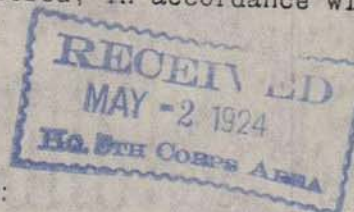
1. By direction of the President you are appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number and length of active service in your present or any higher grade are shown above in A and B, respectively.

2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty under competent orders.

3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required. Upon receipt in the War Department of the oath of office properly executed a commission evidencing your appointment will be sent to you.

4. It is important that there be no delay on your part, otherwise it will be necessary to cancel your appointment after lapse of a reasonable time.

5. Your attention is especially called to the importance of notifying all concerned each time that you change your permanent address. For this purpose please use the forms inclosed, in accordance with instructions thereon.



By order of the Secretary of War:

4 Inclosures.

[Signature]
Adjutant General.

Copy to Surgeon General.

Hq. 5th Corps Area

Price Norman Randolph

1409 Colonial Avenue,
Norfolk, Virginia,
July 9, 1925.

N. R. Price, M.D.,
Pres. of The Greenbrier Med. Soc.,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Your recent article relative to the situation of medical education which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of July 1st, was read with great interest by me, as medical education is something that I am interested to the extent of aspiring to be a country doctor--a calling that four generations of my maternal ancestors have followed in this country.

Unfortunately, however, I have learned to my sorrow that the door to all medical is now closed to poor boys--worse, the deans of many of the medical schools are advising the poor boys to keep out of the medical profession. This statement in the face of the much heralded claim that we the citizens of America live in a democracy is rather disconcerting.

Nevertheless, it is very gratifying to learn that there are a few physicians left of the "old school" who can peer ahead and discern the impending dangers now threatening Orthodox Medicine.

Previously, I had come to believe that Dr. Pusey was playing a "lone" hand in the suggestive reforms that he cited in his presidential address of last year.

What has been done about the matter since then? I have yet to learn a single fact in connection with this matter! Why?

You know, and I know, Dr. Price the reason of all this inertia! So why discuss the matter any further.

However, I think it fitting to state that there are plenty of qualified students who are only waiting for the chance to enter the medical schools and qualify for country practise. Just now, however, we cannot work our way through medical schools because we have no night schools and part-time attendance is not permitted under the existing laws.

No change need be written into the present preliminary requirements, provided The Council On Medical Education And Hospitals would be a little tolerant toward our financial shortcomings. We are not seeking a doles system--nor scholarships, or loan funds.

The alleged claim that enough scholarships and loan funds exist to care for needy students can be dismissed with the statement that they only exist in the proportion of two to every thirty students. To prove this statement all you have to do is to count the number of students enrolled in the medical schools today and divide the number of loan funds and scholarships against them.

Much has been written about the inferiority of the old time medical school and yet most of the present leaders of Medicine today are products of these institutions. In addition to this, the old time medical school could make more concessions toward needy students than the present highly endowed universities.

A study of medical education in Maryland for the year 1884 reveals the fact that of the six schools existing at that time, three of them made a seventy percent reduction in tuition for poor students. This was not confined to one or two students, this was a concession made to all who could vouch for their indigency.

It is not my intention to comment on the "desiderata" of the present day medical schools, since that is a matter for the medical pedagogs to debate. It is significant to note however, the dearth of medical geniuses under this new system of teaching--a subordination not in keeping with the expectations of its sponsor--a layman.

A survey of the University of Maryland under this new era reveals no achievements which the late Eugene F. Cordell could add to his book: The History of The University of Maryland. If the University of Maryland could graduate such men as Councilman, Abbott, Hermeter, Williams, and Carroll under the old system of teaching, why cannot the University under this new regime, increase this famous progeny.

1885, the period which produced these famous men, discloses some interesting facts in connection with the University of Maryland. In those days the faculty consisted of ten professors--twenty-four weeks a school year and three years a graded course. Today, under Flexner's dictates the University of Maryland requires 87 professors, 103 instructors and assistants--a grand total of 190 individuals to impart the knowledge that an ordinary medical student is supposed to amass.

The writer, in 1913 qualified as a medical student under the then existing medical laws as a medical student in Maryland. On the basis of a high school diploma. I completed a year, and then was forced to leave school because of financial reasons. In 1917 I attempted to return to school but was refused admittance on the grounds that I had no standing as a medical student until I satisfied the new requirements. Since that time I have repeatedly attempted to reenter the medical school with no success. My contention is that since I satisfied the requirements in 1913 I should be governed by the laws of that year. What do you think about this? Are medical laws retroactive? Can a enrolled student be legislated out of school?

The only choice I have in the matter is to either enter a Class C school in Boston or do two years premedical work. Therefore I am most anxious to see the outcome of this present discussion regarding medical education. Trusting that you will continue your articles regarding medical education I am with best wishes for your success in the matter I am,
believe me,

Respectfully,

John W. McCallister

Office of

Dr.

.....Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Mr. :-I have written you twice recently concerning your account with me, but, strange to say, I have heard nothing from you. Suppose I should treat you in such a way when you are sick--what would you think of it? However, I will be charitable with you, and will conclude that you have been too busy--or perhaps you have been saving up the amount to bring to me in a few days. I assure you that it will be very welcome, for doctors have more expenses to meet than most other people.

After settling this account you will feel better--you will feel easier in mind, and that will make you feel better in body. You will also know that when you or any of your family get sick, you can get prompt and willing attendance. This in itself is worth much.

Confidently expecting to see or hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for a Square Deal,

N. R. PRICE, Major.

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-9.4
July 7, 1927
July 7, 1927

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-O.R.C.

To : The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Subject: Resignation# of commission.

1.-- I hereby tender my resignation of commission as
Major - Medical Officers Reserve Corps.

Norman R. Price .
Major, -Med., O.R.C., 325th Engineers, 100th Division

[SEAL]

CTO R.R.

Poe & Horner's Co. N. Y.

I have this day bought

Monument Design No.

Dimensions

Marker Design No.

East Haverham
of century

area (1) front of line 8' x 0.4 x
3' 6" and spread on front. T.K
on top 1" front two rock

Inscription

✓

KINSEY-PRICE

1880 = 1928 per capita

Remarks

Remarks
To put in Meridian Country Road
after the paper is rolling

To be erected in

Manufacture, Inc.

Cemetery

by

6192

CONCERN

DOLLARS

THE MEDICINE.

By Norman R. Price, M. D.

In the two English-speaking nations the trend toward socialism in medical practice is very widely discussed in medical journals, as well as in newspapers and magazines. The prospect of state controlled medical affairs is not pleasing to the more individualistic members of the profession. The increasing cost of medical and hospital care to the public is a related matter of great popular interest. England already has her panel practice, and in America the ever widening activities of national and state boards and bureaus and county medical units tend strongly toward centralization in some form of state controlled medical practice.

During the past three decades, men of great wealth, and with zeal but not according to knowledge, have poured out their surplus millions to endow the higher schools of medical education, and to initiate the so-called surveys and classification (notably the Oil and Tobacco Kings, Rockefeller and Duke), and as a result there quickly followed the elimination of the slowly built up and established system of centuries. The medical schools from which we of a former generation derived such knowledge of anatomy and medicine as we possessed at the start of our public professional careers were quickly put out of business by means of the state educational laws that followed.

There is good reason to doubt that this has been a benefit to society at large, and the members of the medical profession as a body. The slowly developed principles of medical education acting under the law of supply and demand and the customs of the people for centuries, cannot be suddenly arrested by the power of huge sums of money suddenly applied without danger of disaster. A frequently referred to result, accomplished in a decade, is fewer practical general practitioners, and a multitude of specialists and surgeons. Few of our youth, except the pampered type with plenty of backing, have the spirit or hardihood to endure the years of incarceration within the halls of learning necessary to obtain the degree, and many of these emerge sapped and lifeless, devoid of initiative or vitality for the battle of building and enduring the strain of medical practice. Some one has remarked that the country doctor is dying out because he ought to die, there being no longer any need or room for that type in the scheme of modern life. Be that as it may, the fact is that the vast majority of the newer graduates are remaining in the cities and large industrial centres.

As it used to be, at least the rural physician was a rather long-lived animal. The mortuary tables of the American Medical Journal prove that a host of physicians are giving up the ghost between the ages of forty and sixty years, in what should be the prime of life, not living to an age when it could be said of the individual that he died full of years and honors. Ambassador Choate once remarked that he had set the age of seventy as the time when he expected to really begin enjoying life, and he expected to hurry up and get to seventy as soon as possible. Arterio-sclerosis, kidney and heart lesions, suicide, and automobile accidents are taking far too heavy toll of medical men who should be in the prime of life at the time of theirs.

leaving what to them has often been an inhospitable world, in which they seemed to fit awkwardly in the scheme of things. Replacements of newer men, practically educated, and of good habits and strong constitutions are not by any means available from the farms from which we should look for such materials, and to which environment they should return, to assist in a more equitable distribution of medical men in this country.

~~***committed to memory inescapable poem "The Old Men," which should~~
 Kipling in his incomparable poem "The Old Men" which should be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:

This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end--
 That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
 patient friend:

And because we know we have breath in our mouth and
 think we have thoughts in our head,
 We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
 really dead.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth,
 to bind on our children's hands;
 We shall call to the waters below the bridges to return
 and replenish our lands;
 We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and
 scholarly plough the sands.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out, but we shall
 subsist on the smell of it;
 And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our
 gums and think well of it;
 Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that
 is the Perfectest Hell of it.

 A painful result of the modern trend of State Medicine is a lack of esteem in which the medical profession as a whole, and as individuals are held by the public generally. Henry L. Mencken has recently taken to praising medical men, and commending medicine as an interesting profession. I will admit that it is an interesting occupation. This is proof positive that the average man has the opposite view. Comparing Medicine to the Law, Mencken says that if you employ a physician to do the best he can to help you, without interference from anybody. On the other hand, he says if you employ a lawyer to defend you in court another lawyer on the opposite side is doing his damdest to hang you.

To complicate existence and multiply jobholders is characteristic of American life. And always we have the jobholders long after the emergency for which they were created has gone and been forgotten. Recently a fantastic disease known as psitticosis has been seized on by the sensational news vendors. As a result the health department of certain cities have proposed inspection of and registration of all parrots imported into this pure country, where barnyard fowls and filthy diseases such as colon infections are of course unknown.

The great increase of quacks, negro medicine vendors (of which type Pocahontas county has a star of the first magnitude, patronized by our best people); chiropractors, christian scientists and such like charlatans, with their notable financial success, against whose operations the most stringent medical qualification laws--particularly in our own state of West Virginia--are powerless is another case in point of the adverse workings of modern medical education and regulation. Far better would it have been to have allowed the medical schools to evolve along rational lines than to be thrown into the confusion and violent uplift of the Rockefeller Foundation (with millions to favored schools). The old Deans and Professors of the Baltimore Medical Schools, whom I consider it a privilege to have known in the early years of this century, saw the handwriting on the wall, and the end of the practical, workable middle-class medical education in this country, and the fantastic system of legislation relating to public health that would follow,

The result in public health activities is comparable to the change wrought in the economic life, and otherwise, in this country of the adoption of the 18th Amendment and its legal legitimate offspring the Volstead Act, and concurrent state legislation. This may well be a matter of interest to medical men, for as is well known and embodied in in the State Coat of Arms Mountaineers are always free to still moonshine or manufacture home brew in the homes for their own use, but spiritus frumenti is not recognized as a medicine, nor may it be prescribed legally by a physician.

Far too much of our medical regulation and legislation belongs to the class such as President Hoover designated the 18th Amendment--a "Noble Experiment." -- and which, because of their questionable value, or downright detriment to the health and well being of the whole country, should be of particular interest to medical men.

The Doctor and the Public Health Service in their
Relations to the Public.

The most successful persons I am acquainted with are those who most persistently attend to their own business. Welfare work, uplift, and new legislation ~~that end~~ seems to be a mania with many people of the present day, in the face of widespread lawlessness and moral degradation among the people. The question arises, would it not be better to lay off some of the activities of the day, and ~~leave~~ ^{let} the public work out its own salvation.

The daily press "discovers" a laborers' family living hard in the minesection of this state, and proclaims that famine and pestilence is raging in the mountains of West Virginia; while we, who have lived here for many years, can discover only the usual percentage of privation which has been our lot for generations, and on which we have developed endurance and retarded the extension of the abomen. A certain amount of hard times is good for a critter anyway.

Our medical press is getting ~~all upset~~ ^{alarmed} because there are signs that the public is getting suspicious of its medical advisors, even while it requires their services more than ever, and on the slightest pretext. Having the doctor in, or trying a little of his medicine, is no longer the historic event in the average "mil" that it once was. The doctor, too, is at fault, with his fussy diagnostic stuff persistant treatment and added expense in trivial matters. The public employs, yet fears, the specialist and physician, and on slight pretext resorts to the absurd manipulations of the chiropractic, or other cult.

Economic pressure is partly to blame for the armed neutrality that seems to exist between the public and its physical and spiritual advisors. It is the custom to demand all the luxuries and

whetehr the individual is prepared to pay for them or not. They tell us there is a scarcity of physicians in the rural sections. My own observatōon is there are enough to do the necessary work, if only the public would discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary. at any rate the average man has little trouble in getting the medical attention he needs, or at least all that he is able to pay for.

Then comes the public health servize, state health service, and welfare workers. In theory they reform and regulate the race, with annoptimism that ignores wind and weather, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. But an unhealthy season comes, or circumstances that seems to be unexplainable, like the outbreak of influenza in the perfevtly saniatary army camps during the war, and the old percentage of mortality is right on the job as usual, or a little worse, apparently to make up his due.

I verily believe that if it were possible for our genial director for the suppression of venereal disease, working in conjunction with the doctors, to eradicate the last diplococcus and spirochete in the whole state of West Virginia, and they were to be declared extinct, like some of the prehistoric animals, that some germ of the same nature would evolve again under the grime and filth that exist today and have existed in all ages. Our culture and civilization is, no doubt, doomed to extinction. What good reason can be given that this nation which had its cradle in the forests of North Amrica should not reach a stage of development, and then sink in chaos and oblivion that has been the history of all tribes and nations

The races of man have moved from one part of the world to another and as theri numbers increased they have devoured every green thing, and over-population has led to extinction; or some neighboring state has envied them their ritches, and has invaded and carried them away

Fussy laws, fussy welfare work, and fussy medical attention and diagnosis, will not cure shiftlessness, natural born ignorance, or common laziness. Hard time, if not too hard, will act as a tonic, and some will rise equal to the emergency. Fat and flabby politicians will advocate cure-alls for public evils, all tinctured with gifts from the public treasury and plain graft, but ~~there~~ is no cure except in hard work, and each and all attempting to mind his own business. The desire for luxurious and easy living, so characteristic of the times, (and I might add, particularly so of the female of the species) which is not attained by downright hard work and achievement, can lead to but one end, and that the weakening of the physical and moral fibre of the people. Fundamental rottenness in the scheme of our civilization can not be eradicated or cured by any amount of inspection or welfare work by the government bureaus.

At present, as always, the public is accepting and struggling along with an unlimited amount of bunk, loaded on it by the legislative bodies, ranging from Volsteadism to our State Bureau for Negro Welfare, and I can only wonder when the burdened public will arise and scrap a great mass of this fantastic law stuff.

"We make the laws we flout,
We flout the laws we doubt;
Until we wake the ^{thundering} guns that have no doubt."

The experience of the Red Cross shows malingering on the part of the Public, which asks to be received into hospitals, to have their teeth fixed, for medicines, or a change of climate, and do many other things for them. Nursing the general public deprives the individual of self respect. He no longer tries to look out for himself, or meet his obligations; it paralyzes his energies and ambitions.. Social insurance and accident insurance have not brought contentment to the

working classes, as promised. It has been demonstrated that the period of recovery and convalescence has been lengthened because the individual lacks the incentive to early recovery. The pension system which follows all wars, and particularly in evidence since the World War, is bad, for it helps to destroy initiative and self-reliance, which otherwise would be much in evidence among the Veterans.

Let us discard this flowery bed of ease stuff, and get back to the fierce fear of dust spirit of the pioneers. The load of Welfare work and Government Bureau activities threaten to paralyze the successful functioning of our Government, and do the public no good at that.

"Then welcome each rebuff
Which makes earth's smoothness rough;
Each sting which bids not sit nor stand, but go;
Be our joys three parts pain; strive and endure the strain;
Dare, never grudge the three."

N. R. PRICE

Marlinton, W. Va.
April 7. 1922

Marlinton, W. Va.
December 15, 1925

Dr. Wm, Allen Pusey,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Doctor Pusey :

Replying to your letter, I submit the following.

There are twelve practicing physicians in this (Pocahontas) county. Of these five are located in the county seat town, a village of 1500 inhabitants, and the largest in the county. In addition, four retired physicians live in the county. The same figures approximately apply to other rural counties in West Virginia, and in others there is an increasing concentration in any city or county seat town.

The average age of practicing physicians in this county is fifty-five years. Fifteen years ago eighteen physicians, for the most part young men, served this section, the population at that time one third less than at present. Three have died, 4 retired, and two removed, possibly more. Several physicians have moved in and out again.

No recent graduate has located in the county in 15 years. One graduate (1924 C School) not yet licensed, nor under our state law, likely to be. About 6 of our county young men have studied dentistry in the last decade, as being a more practical career. No lack of dentists in this county.

Pocahontas is a county of large area, as can be observed by reference to a map: approximately 80 miles by 40, and very mountainous. The adjoining counties of Greenbrier and Randolph also the largest in the State.

I enclose a third article by myself in the Baltimore Sun of recent date, dealing with the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs as applied to medical education and health legislation.

-2-

Please pardon long delay in replying to your request for such information as I have been able to give you in the foregoing. Any further statistics bearing on the general subject - will be glad to give. I was away from home at the time your letter was written, in attendance at a Reserve Officers Camp, at Camp Humphreys Virginia.

Allow me to congratulate you on your able and complete exposition of the whole subject of Medical Education in the Journal. I have specially filed the numbers containing your series of articles.

Sincerely,

N. B. Price, M. D.
(President Greenbrier Valley Medical Society)

Aug - 1959

Volume 2

3 A.M.

Page 1

John and family returned to Pudenz, Ky. Wednesday, August 26th, where they arrived, daily, Friday, 28th. The annual 1959, visit successful, and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean Jr. - scholarship at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; ~~at~~ ^{and} requiring my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends, maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages ~~of~~ ^{of} my narrative, approximately 10,000 words, (544 pages script).^{*}

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume". Arose at 3 A.M. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer, Michigan; talked out as Surgeon 10th Infantry by Major J. C. Adams, M.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1st Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, ^{has} ~~is~~ a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, ~~is~~ located on an elevated sandy plateau.

Showing glacial erosion, marked by large and small ponds, ~~which~~ with numerous muskrat "houses". The camp located 14 miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (named

because of some forgotten conflict of the
pioneers with the Indian residents of
the valley. a world center in the
production of cereal foods, typified by
the names Post and Kellogg. There
also is located the famous Sanatorium
of the Christian Scientists, also
accentuating Vegetarianism in diet.
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil
produce celery as a principal crop.
Abandoned farm houses marked the
~~lumpy~~ plateau of several thousand
acres; the soil appeared thin and
worn out by unskillful cropping;
adapted to grape growing; each
farm had a small vineyard of
neglected appearance. Prevailing
winds from the west, and ~~near~~ the
trees and shrubbery about the houses
a lean eastward due to constant
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland
sea.

The nature of the country is well
described by W. B. Miller, in his
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,
whose boy-hood home was
near Dowagiac, Michigan;
a famous "War Correspondent" and
"Isolationist" - if not a pacifist, his
writing not approved by the war-
mongers, and Mark Twain, Churchill
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -
W. B. Miller was found killed by a "fall"

from a train in the London yards,
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the
United States in the war in Europe.
As Miller had been strongly writing
and opposing the war, he had met
the same ostracism by internationalists
as had the ~~Warburgs~~ Colonel Charles
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill
faction. It is therefore probably
certain that Miller was snuffed
by agents in the employ of High
Authority in Britain and America.
The cause of death officially written
off as an accident, with the usual
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-
National Press and Politicians.

W. B. Miller, shortly before his
death in early middle life, had
married an English woman. His
book, little known, and almost
forgotten, may yet be given the
credit that is its due, a clear
and sensible commentary on the
wars of empire in the first years
of the twentieth century, A. D.
His death was timely, perhaps;
as undoubtedly he would have been
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh
and retired, as has the latter, to
comparative obscurity. By good
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still
survives, though looked on with
suspicion as a divergent!

His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son. Mrs Lindbergh (Carrie Morrow) appears a gifted and elegant woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality. — a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America — an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

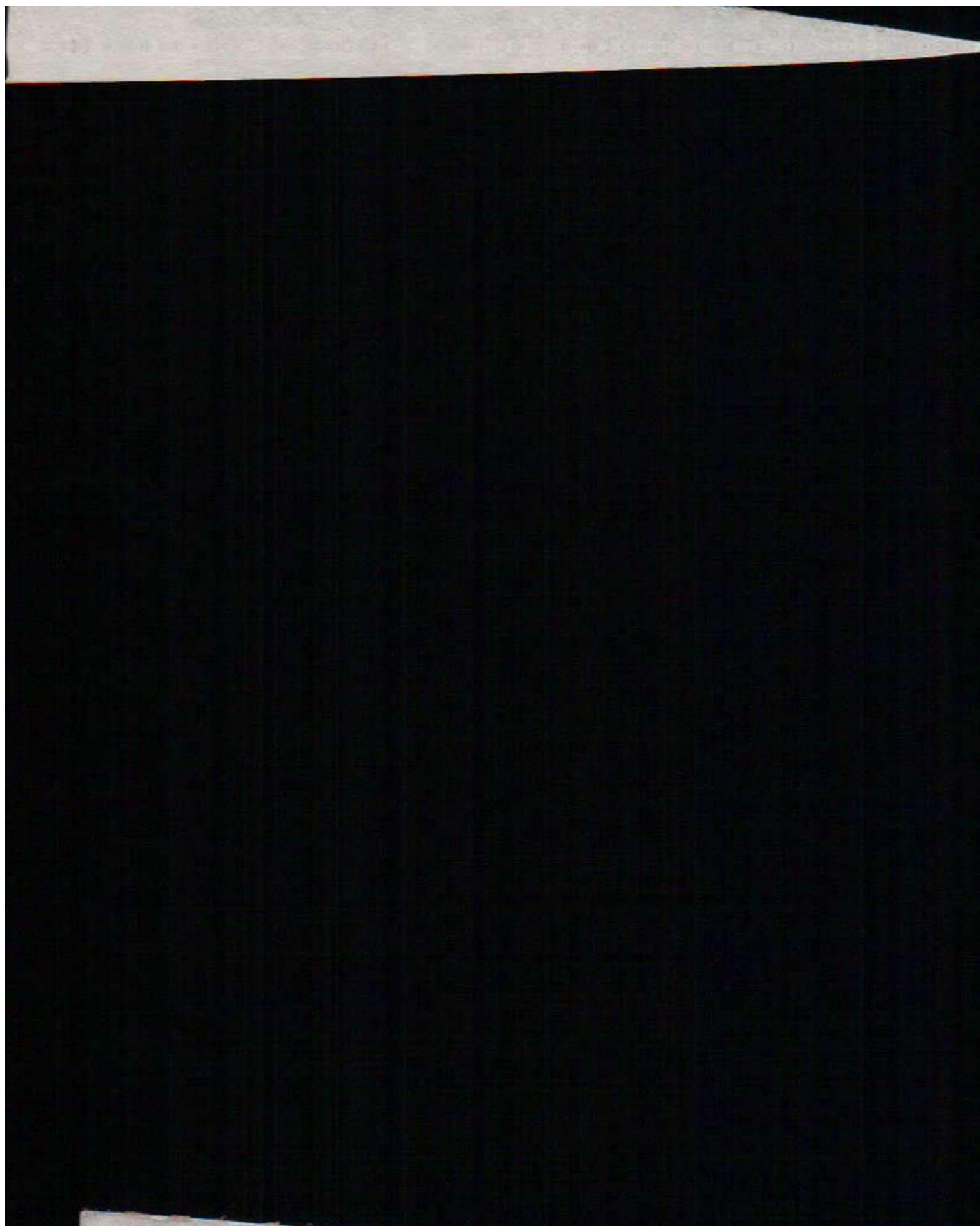
In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and

preparing an
and Mettee

Peaceful rural community was
once inhabited here; the spot now
devoted to the study of War in the
School of Mars.

The house was ~~round~~ an well
built and sound, though never painted;
an iron cooking stove abandoned by
my former occupant and owner.
The quartermasters agreed to my plan
in lieu of quarters in "huts", and
supplying ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils
and tools and bedding. With the
help of Sgt. Gary and Arthur we
contrived a table and benches from
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;
four mattresses spread on the floor.
I met the family in Battle Creek
October first, moving immediately
into our new home on the Harmony
Road, which we occupied quite
comfortably until my "honorable"
discharge from the Army the following
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved
mild with little snow, compared
with the preceding "hard winter"
of 1914. Marred by gales blowing
from the Lake and drifted snow.
On pleasant days, and off duty, all
of us took walks in the country
with its adjacent woods and small
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we
visited the Point Ledge



Couple of months Normany attended
Public School. Part of his sketchy
formal education, until his final
graduation from Marlinton High
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer in
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind
in delivering food stuff not
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family
man, apparently in a good way in
business, as the saying goes, was
quite openly admired for his high
spirit and acceptance of our
Nomadic Army life, with its
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.

person. at our departure from
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge
of two kittens and a young dog
the children had taken in. In
connection with the final disposition
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote
after our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalamazoo
where James Brother Maceri was
employed as a boy-scout executive
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter
with the Army at the house on the
Harmony Road, more than endurable
and within ~~the~~ with ~~the~~ a few
and our young children. Perhaps

With my usual matter of factness
spent too many evenings until late
at the card games in Officers mess.
But Jean, as always in our family
life of twenty two years did not
complain of my absence or business
or otherwise, except once when
I staid unusually late and failed
to meet her on return from town
by street car, she and the children
getting "home" as best they could
in the rain and mud. This was
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was
neglectful of the family comfort;
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard
and long for this comfort, and
supplied every comfort need;
fortunately, I had other means than
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,
style 1917. Never incurred a
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her
accustomed social contacts
during this time, although 35,000
human beings and their camp
followers inhabited the Army Camp.
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride
from the East, and following the
example also set up house
keeping in another form.

* and as a consequence

Have a quarter mile on the Highway
road. An exchange of calls
did not lead to any exchange between
the families, particularly on the part
of the Lees fearing us to the
terrible turn-out of marriage
~~matter~~ concerning; and Captain
Lee and wife soon took each apart-
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a
young woman, Camp follower, &
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who
did not remain long. We
learned the young soldier was
born had been "Burt" for neglect
of duty; it being evident that
marriage in his case had not shown
his way to promotion and pay.
At Thanksgiving we prepared
an excellent and elaborate turkey
dinner, and we had in St. Xavier
my friends of Rock Island Camp.
Captain ~~Vauter~~ Surgeon, Vauter.

Now with the 40th Regiment, formed
from the 18th. Captain Vauter
in full dress uniform in honor
of the occasion. Moreover, Captain
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,
Va. and a gentleman born, single
and even this approaching middle life
in his thirties. He was living at

Saturday
September 5, 1959
3 AM.

9 This day marks my
74th year residence
at Maslin's Pasture.

Sept. 5, 1885, James and I con-
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from
Rockingham County, referred to at length
in a preceding Chapter. I am
ten years. Both brothers departed
aged ~~49~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).

Our first night in Pendleton County
at the home in Huntersville of
Dr. S. P. Patterson.

A change in plans and extensive
alterations being made in the drainage
and sewerage system under Main
Street - at added cost. As the
whole street is to be laid with 2 feet
of concrete Complanarite, the sewer
and water systems underlying will
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,
that I am sheltered in our home
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;
Perhaps, with her genius for Coaching
~~and Managing~~ young women in
their settling in life, hoped to save
the marriage. However this young
woman proved to be "Not the marrying

On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a
large number of negro draftees running
at large, encamped adjacent to
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed
by the order and discipline of our
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many chose to
try the "new doctor" in camp,
and appeared in numbers for treatment
of their many diseases, though having
their own Medical Detachment and
Physicians. I found it necessary
to turn these away to seek their
own medical facilities. One
of their Lieutenants (White) called
on me as Regimental Surgeon
and audaciously threatened to "Report"
me as refusing his medical
attention. Telling him to "report
and be damned," he did report me
to the Division Surgeon, but I
escaped with a mild reprimand
from Colonel Wright to be more
diplomatic in future in handling
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke ^{Jackson} ~~Howard~~,
a colored boy who had for a time
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter
and field hand. Burke had been
swept in by the draft, and hearing

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Developtment Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was doing his ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, particularly glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army life, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability"). The cause of Discharge was written "Imbecility." When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ and exhibited the discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart.

The 100th Regiment, recruited to full
was strength, autumn 1918, and the
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ ^{whose} shoulder
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~
"overseas" and routine examinations
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton
M.C., devised two specially irksome
activities for medical officers,
designed to test and improve
whatever physical and mental qualities
were possessed.

The first, "Pep drill," specially
for those assigned "overseas": a
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared
to have recently been a football
player and coach, was assigned
to drill us; of fierce facial expression
and mental density typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the
athletic field, about forty in number
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-
~~and~~ were put through all paces,
consisting of setting up exercises,
including short runs and leaping
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ ^{Any officer} who
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the
knees ~~was~~ ^{was} singled out to do
run a hundred yards and return
and jump a hurdle.

~~And~~ A middle-aged and dignified

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had
probably been a distinguished man in
the community, dared to protest,
with some heat, this ignominy,
destructive to moral; his protest
received in stony silence by our
"Coach." It appeared for the moment
one of those tense tense moments,
not unknown in the military life;
but we were soon dismissed without
noting.

Another ~~and~~ ^{boresome duty} desegued by Colonel
Greigton was a weekly quiz
~~designed~~ to test our professional
fitness and scholasticism. All
Divisional medical officers assembled
and required to recite; ~~individuals~~ ^{some}
called on at random by the grilling
officer. It is readily seen this
could be embarrassing and
destructive of true moral in the
military service.

Once when called on to describe
some intricate detail involving the
blood circulation, I rose and
stated I was not prepared to
recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical
degree from a University and
had practiced medicine and surgery
for fifteen years just past, including
one and one half years active
military service. This I did.

Father then attempted to escape from a
defective memory, anatomical details.
Having had my day, I sat down, and
was not called on again by the
"Professor" detailed by Creighton
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military
Surgeon of the 16th Century,
was largely ignorant of scientific
details; I have not yet ^{learned} described
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory
symptoms of the onset of the great
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~as~~ and
well as ~~onset~~ of winter, ~~and~~ the
"Armistice" of November 11th, put
a final quietus to the Creightonian
Nagging. His Medical Divisional
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} reporting with
fevers and catarrhal symptoms
at Hqs. Camps, Colonel Creighton
was inclined, at first, to suppress
the percentage of sick in the Camps,
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.
However, I continued writing "Influenza"
quarters; where indicated. ~~at the~~

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1914 13-

4 AM.

"September Morn" an
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.
Slept a little late, rising at 4 AM. Some
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large
numbers in quarters and hospital, and
the night cool, the men began to close
the windows in Barr Crowder Barracks,
for already full to suffocation with
smoking, coughing, sick soldiers. ~~and~~
A duty of the officers of the day to keep
open a certain number of windows
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for
the Divisional Medical Staff heard
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.
Futile efforts made to make the sick
comfortable; more straw provided to
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra
barracks made available for the sick,
and partial isolation. A good deal
of confusion as to the number reported
daily as present and fit for duty.
Numbers went to their rear by home,
or overplayed leaves of absence, and
not missed at assembly. ~~And~~ Others
could have done so, without being
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia
and complications, besides the per-
manently disabled by pleurisy and.

16
tubercular infections. (Many a
pensioner is living today - Forty years
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)
I do not know the exact mortality
at Camp Curtis following the "Flu"
epidemic, but many hundreds died.
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians
also, and the virus infections deadly.
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and
those who gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks
quarters, though the officers of the day
supposed to get the sick to hospital,
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.
Civilians and armed men have a
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity
- did not contract flu. myself and
family staid well. Possibly due to
having had influenza the winter of
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov. 11,
and due to epidemic disease, there
was a let down in morale and the
movement set in among the men and
others to "go home," combatting

for a time by higher authority. The
movement extended to "over seas" and
in January Detachment began to arrive
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very
snooty with their over-seas caps,
serap leggings and "gold" service
stripes. Some name-calling and
even fights occurred between
individual soldiers on a point of honor.
The soldiers of my old Rock Island
detachment especially beligerant on
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers
at the outbreak of the war. A ^{SOBE} ~~SOBE~~
point freely expressed; not even
permitted in general orders ~~when~~
"stripes" for voluntary service, ~~that~~
~~that~~ decorations were handed out
freely for every imaginable
~~that~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureaucracy reached a
all-time high in stupidity in this
slay-off, advertising an unpopular
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided
in December, 1918, to break out with
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early falleronty the
"Armistice" of Nov. 11th put in an
application for discharge, feeling
the urge to get out of the Army and

back to Civilian employment, to
restore personal finances, much
depleted. This was finally granted
to take effect January 27, 1919. I
had been duly examined in the field
by a board of Medical officers
and pronounced perfect physically;
presumably, also, mentally unimpaired
and unscathed by a year, seven
months and twenty-seven days
"Home service" in ~~active~~ war time,
including about eighty months
"Field Service" with the 10th Infantry, 45th Army.
Like thousands of other soldiers
and officers, in my anxiety and haste
to get home and ~~into~~ business in
a "War Market" I ignored or
concealed injury or illness that
could have been pensionable at
a later date, or even retirement
pay as a Reserve officer; ~~the latter~~
Railroad accident at Blue
Creek, in particular to both legs.
Incidentally, I may add, that
the number of Medical officers
granted "retirement" status after the
war of 1917, became a national
scandal shortly after, due to favors
granted this or that by a Medical
retirement board.

Friday, Sept. 11, 1918 19
Thirty days of almost continuous heated weather
around 90 each day; cooler weather and
fall signs. Combining with locally the
average was large. Work on the Road
and bridge progressing; but delayed by
extensive ditching for sewerage. Had
day a typical "September Morn." a long
distance call from Mr. Jensen, of Chaderburg,
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is
evident they are still interested in
this gas field.

Following the Armistice of November 11, 1918,
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced
the war was over, whether the Pentagon or
the army agreed, and settled down to wait
discharge. There had been no deaths or
serious illness among the officers of the 10th
and 40th Regiments during the influenza
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early
his hope for promotion and pay in the war.
Jenks and the family, by this time, were well
enough quarters in the old house on the
Farmington Road, with more space and
freedom of movement than most families
in the army enjoyed. We made visits
to town, saw a show occasionally, and
even in hope of early discharge and relief
to Marlinton. No more Pop drills and
giving classes by Colonel Brighten, a
Division Surgeon much distressed by the
heavy mortality during the epidemic.
Moral in the camp very low; no paper
games nor frequent, and playing for Pop.

20

Losses to many officers, as for the men, their
losses usually confined to any money
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw Bone"
in gambling not popular among the
centlestans. Every time the game
returned late at night the Barrack window
of Officer Mess covered with blankets and
lights were supposed to be "out". On
such a drop note. The war as far as it
concerned the citizen soldiery, ended.
This passes the glory of the earth.

Thorne made my financial clearance with
the Government, the Commissary and the
officers mess, early in February we left
the farm house and embarked for home.

Arriving the second day in the evening.
Regaining practice in my profession
after long absence, in my case, was
comparatively easy, as I had retained,
and paid rent on, my office in the Bank
during my absence I was able to begin
immediately, and it is a matter of some
pride I earned a dollar the first day.
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody,
and friend James Baxter for a Model
T and to work. Influenza was still
rampant, and home attendance of cases
of child birth the usual thing. It is
true the mud of late winter was
almost bottomless, but I and
my model T and a horse I purchased
valiently tried to answer all calls.

Just as I had been accustomed to doing
before my tour of the War and its alarms.
It is a singular fact that in Dec. & Jan. of
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice
in Marlinton was equipped with either
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except
myself, the others relying on hired
conveyance or conveyed to the homes
by the clients. I had thus first call
on Country Practice, and kept busy.
Many Physicians returning from the
West not so fortunate as I; some
finding their places filled by claim
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.
"For emulation has a thousand sons,
Who stand in line; if one be gone
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my power and
place as an elected County official,
but hoped to regain that or some other
public office, at this time having, as I
thought, a justifiable belief that the
returning soldiers might be welded
into a voting block of influence in
the elections as supporters of former
officers and comrades. The elections
of next year, a Presidential year,
together with woman suffrage, pretty
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans
Politically, in a foreign war.
The sad case of my class-mate and

and was awarded - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the fertility as a political asset of service in the war.

A brilliant student and prominent in the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of Maryland, and a native of Lynnhaven, Md. McQueen was in Nicholas County, Va. McQueen was quickly successful as physician and Surgeon in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married. And before 1917 had served as Mayor of the Capital City.

After honorable service, he aspired to the office of Governor of the State, with respect to Personal and financial backing. His grandiose figure in uniform featuring his campaign posters, as justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldiers vote, expected in the elections of 1920. This proved a delusion, of the highest magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as Personal and Political opinions dictated, as heretofore, before and after the war. Dr. McQueen, running as a Democrat, failed of the nomination, going to some "Civilian" Politicians, who was in turn, defeated in the Republican landslide of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign are heavy and the Doctor lost out in the profession as well. The death of his

Beloved wife affected Dr. McQueeny adversely, as well, and he partially succumbed to the use of alcohol. My last meeting with my friend Doctor George A. McQueeny was at the meeting of the State Medical Association in Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and at a Country Club I observed George ~~drinking~~, under the influence, half tipsy, shooting dice on a floor of the card room; as for myself, I was sitting in a game of stud poker, one of the participants and on my left no other than the elderly first mayor of the town of Huntington Peter Kline Buffington; who even in old age enjoyed the society of the comparatively young.

A singular incident of the Poker game. A visiting sharp-shooter had for some reason singled me out as a special contestant, and in one round, the play narrowed down to Mr. ~~Buffington~~ ^{Mr. Kline Buffington}, the sharper, and me; and as I held three Kings and no special danger in sight, stood several ^{rounds} ~~times~~ on a daily limit. It seems that Mr. ~~Buffington~~ ^{Mr. Kline Buffington}, who was on my left, staid in deliberation, as he resented what

he considered bluffing & bluffing tactics of the sharp-shooter directed at me in several plays previous. His quite obvious "staying" nettled and discomprized my opponents, who dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Queen~~ commented to me after the game, in which I was a small winner, what my gentleman had against me. Because of alcoholism, after a few years, Dr. McQueen lost out professionally and politically and died aged about 40 years. Unusually gifted and promising in early life, his end I fear was not peace. I trust he was in the Covenant of Grace; though wandering not last.

Buttington

The death of a brother, a Doctor McQueen, Dentist at Summersville a few years since was tragic. He fell into an open hearth fire; it may have been while dozing, and was fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections of 1920 I was nominated for County Commissioner, as a Democrat, and defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams, prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~in~~ I opposed the amendment to the State Constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939²⁵ - Rose at 3.30. The
Mummy Coal; requiring fire in the Bath room -
very usual "sitting down" in early morning
and eve. Arthur has come - They Write.
It seemed unreasonable to me - then as
now - that people the voters - men and
women - under the leadership of tax-
wasters in the Legislature, would
allow the Palls and vote an amend-
ment enabling the State to borrow
vast sums to be used internal
improvements. The Mother State
of Virginia, Reminiscent of the
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating
to a period before the Revolution
of 1861; the West Virginia part of
the "Virginia Debt" until reaching
a political issue, in ~~1920~~, finally
settled by payment of Fourteen
million Dollars with interest, allotted
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.
In the elections the "Good Roads
Amendment," with its borrowing
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;
particularly popular with the need
women voters; ~~among~~ the ladies
as always, insufficient for progress,
regardless of public debt. The
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me
in the elections; besides the trend that

26
Year was Republican. Wilson
Paralytic and Senile, held on to the
Presidency to his last gasp for
death in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not
going my way - My defeat for County
Court not unexpected. The Campaign
was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat,
I was soon after elected to the Town
Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton.
Meanwhile I was practicing to the
limit of capacity, enjoyed a good
income, sufficiently ample for all
present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-
year onset of the incredible 18th
amendment, with moonshine traffic
in hard liquors, and the home
brewing of filthy country wines and
liquors - along with Judicial
and Police Tyrannies, graft and
Hypocrasies. Our home, like
others in Marlinton, was marked as a
fitty brewery of Malt liquors and
fermented assorted drinks, with
Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic
helper in Bottling operations, thus
early acquiring a taste for illicit
alcoholic Beverages.
With my customary aloofness, I

gave no need. Signs of danger, even
when, at times, I found at the house
an assorted drinking party of men
and women. I was personally there
and through life a total abstainer.

Always early to rise for a breath of
morning air, and busy with my
practice of medicine, and gardening.
Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored
as did not observe the feebly signs
of disaster in the family life.

From early life, I had been
accustomed to social drinking on
occasion; now for a considerable
period - about three years, - excessive
and habitual, until the onset of
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety
about Norman's alcoholism, put a
final stop to her drinking, but
~~her death four years later.~~

About this time the activities of
Mr. H.S. Ruckler, an attorney, and
for long operator of a part-time
gambling commercial paper place
in an apartment over his office; he
was also notable in the Moonshine
and home brew business, as an
adjunct to his Poker game, and
as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called
by owners and customers, possessed

28
An ancient auto - a "Peep" or
other extinct brand, the operations of
which required the expert attention
of Henry Hines, and who drove the
car on Judge Ruchers frequent
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided
one Hittlett, a lead mine ~~man~~ distiller
of moonshine. Many times Henry
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~in~~
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~expedition~~. It was on
returning from a trip to the North Fork
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I
first observed Jean drunk in the
Autumn of 1923. The unpleasant
incident is fixed in memory,
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a
long knife, or stiletto, I did not
know she possessed, and stated
fiercely that if I objected to her
conduct I would be killed then
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor
pled or made resistance; she put
away the evil looking stiletto;
and nothing more said of the
incident. Nor was the threat
repeated. Doubtless, I have always
thought of the sight of a woman
to kill her husband, if she cannot
live with him, and should not
be penalized. It may be this

be considered one of the risks inherent
in the state of matrimony. I know
the incident was deeply regretted by
Jean when she later came to her senses.
She had a good heart, and would
normally ^{have} died, literally, for her
husband and children.
Many years later, and following
Jean's death, Brother James told me,
quite casually, that he had ^{then} expected
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident
as the foregoing, it is ^{to be} noted
our domestic life was unhappy;
~~actually~~, actually we lived well,
decently and in harmony. My
single, and doubtful, diversion was
the Weekly Village Paper game,
generally ^{usually} all night, which was
interrupted by a call, usually of
an abstract nature.

It is related of the Great London
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,
that on one occasion returning late
to his home after a days work of
research and practice, found his wife
presiding at a mixed party, or
"lick-up," as he described it, and
dispersed the gathering, thus
exhibiting his authority.

Sunday, Sept. ¹³~~14~~ 1909 ³⁰ 30

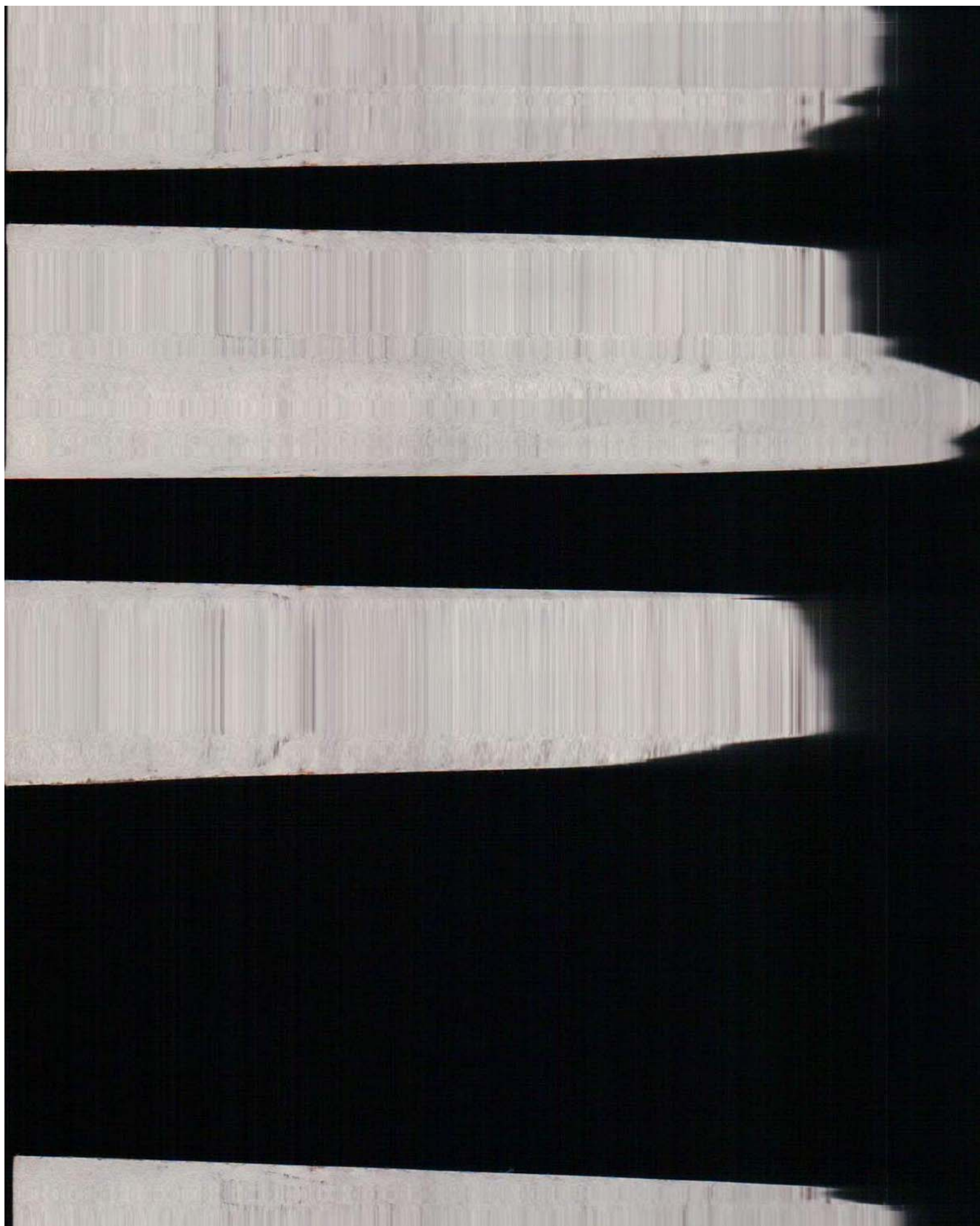
I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete National election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
They shall mount up with wings as Eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk and not faint.

A recent letter from Amos L. Harold of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, - "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because I do not make the damned

(44) Hunter's Theory of the



51
I will be sure to
need it tomorrow.
It is evident that the same
man that on becoming involved
with the government (Mexico)
is over, unfortunately, that he ought
demonstrate the effectiveness of Mexico
as a cure; he has not the
"Real Situation" as a reference in the
great "Machinery of Mexico"
which has been recognized by the
United States in the approval of the
The 9th is the approval of the United
States Government to his chest.
A. Scott Becker was an officer of
of Dr. William Barker, of Colorado,
Virginia and Kentucky, who was
both physician and lawyer. All
the other were lawyers; one, James
Carmichael in Kentucky, and the
with a degree, and it was the
evidence in other cases in
the King's Palace, and visiting
the same, which is the case
and have Barker, that I fear
just this from James, 1806;
William H. Barker make on
Mexico.

32

Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a
handsome lady of large frame, the
mother of three daughters; a native
of Amherst County, Virginia and of
excellent family and culture.
Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney
and journalist, practiced law in
our County and edited the Marlinton
Journal for several years. In
1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -
daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam
Scott had University Education; was
Literate, even a genius; but was
dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -
all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville
and Marlinton, over a period of about
forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker
"separated" a number of times, due
principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent
affairs with certain Native Concubines
of the period.

On more than one occasion when
Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at
a fast gait the team of two cross-
gray horses, with her three daughters
in the large family Chariot, the
village would remark that Mrs.
Elizabeth Rucker was leaving Scott.

Rucker, again ³³

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mr. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected ~~working~~ activity connected with the ~~Jacksonian~~ Exposition of that year. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the Exposition proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (My girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned, about 1912, to reside

with her aged husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in ~~she~~ could not bear the name of "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally depending on those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also particular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incurably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his legal room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours business by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even negroes; with a bit of boot-legging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling "joint."

The Prosecution ²⁵ was usually unsuccessful
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors
not usually cooperation in reporting
"Law and Order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing
was asked by the Grand jury foreman if he
played Poker, replied he "did not know
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~had~~
and had no luck. This from a
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,
Regiment, and no damning
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet
lives a retired and plain life in
Marlinton at an advanced age,
supported for the most part by his
"Social Security". Married late in
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,
who has recently died. For many
years Wallace Lange followed
the life of a woodsman in the Lumber
Camp, was known as "Pete", and his
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards
games to some extent. Proverbial,
when asked by the jury foreman and
Prosecutor, he admitted having played
in Ruckers apartment, interrogated
further if he had seen money pass
commercially in the game, "Pete"
replied he had seen "Donations"
to provide utilities, Cards, Light, Heat,

father's services and other survivors
surroundings of a gentleman's game -
The jury returned no indictment.

So fully appreciate this anecdote
one needs be familiar with Wallace
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and
and peaked nose, altogether a hand-
some man not often seen, even in
age and adversity; correct in his
language, although not regularly
educated, his education that of a
man of the world endowed with
intelligence. I believe, had fate so
decreed, Wallace Lange could
have been a leader in war and
peace. True, a lifetime in the
Lumber Camps - like unto soldiering,
he may have spent too many hours
studying the history of kings, and the
favors of the Goddess of Chance.

at present friend Lange lives
alone in his cottage at the base of
Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind
Providence has granted him length
of days following an active life in
the open and forest places. He was
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain
overlooking Marlinton from the west.

Now he can review life as vanity;
"the shadow of a dream;" at the same
time so real and earnest. In early years

In the autumn of 1909 and Jean being detained at home, our young son being an infant of eight months, I desired to visit the exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's consent travelled alone by rail, and by way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic wish to again see ~~see~~ recall student days, after a four years interval, that had witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two days in a student's boarding house with Fayette Street, and mingle with students assembling at the University of Maryland Medical School, where I readily passed for one of them, with the reserve of new acquaintances. The Medical School had recently opened for both men and women - an innovation, - a woman medical sat near me at table, who appeared to speak German by choice. I did not rate her as near the equal in beauty and charms as Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days. I travelled by boat from Baltimore to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving the boat, who should appear looking for lodgers at her rooming house than Mrs. Fizzi Rucker, who had recently "left" Scott Rucker as her wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker either did not recognize me, or

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appearance of doing so; she may have
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~other~~
over-sight, as she had seemed to
look directly at me without recognition,
I chose not to introduce myself, and not
long afterward I heard that she had
given up her logging business and
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.
Before her departure she enlisted Jean
to arrange and dispose of the household
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,
including some debts the Ruckers
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Prenatal symptoms of Jean's
long illness had already appeared
in the fall of 1924, but she labored
long and hard on the Rucker
disposal of effects, though not
feeling well. This she did from
some feeling of association and
friendship for the family over many
years; although at the time I did
not think she owed them much,
either in association or sincere
friendship; especially in the matter
before referred to in the Automobile
expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-leg
legions, wines and home brews
of the early years of Prohibition
beginning in 1930.

This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher
family, and effects continued for
about a year, because as late as
September, 1925, I paid Mrs. Rucher
for books and some furnishings. By
then Jean's liver and pancreas was
failed to function markedly, together with
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -
Cloves, pepper, Cinnamon, was a symptom.
A collection of wines in jugs and some
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved
as nature had revolted against such
abuse of appetite for food and drink.
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under
lock, as by this time Norman was quite
willing and eager to dispose of the lot
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general state
police had begun raiding private houses
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose
of our "cellar" contents, some gallons
of wine being cached by me
among ~~the~~ ^{the} rocks on the hill-side.
Some years later when I ~~searched~~ ^{looked}
for this treasure I could not find
a single jug - six in number -
but it had exploded, or else
I had not marked the site of
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.
Anyhow, the brew was not of a vintage
extra, improved, best, or good.

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Saturday - 1/9/1960 a mild winter - this
morning a balmy "forty" - wrote five pages
letters, & perhaps with "Memoirs"
completed, & may fill in with letters,
Diaries, & Essays. Having begun
"a dog's life", continue to the end.
- writing.

Down. Clear, at 7 - not even heavy
frost. Rain, or snow, in the offing.
There has been little floating (canoes)
in the Green River winter 1959-1960.
"The weather" important in human life
on this earth planet.

Wednesday 1/13/60 Rain in the night
4 AM - ~~Woke~~
Woke at 2 AM, tried to get back to sleep,
failed. This is not surprising, as I
slept eleven hours right before.
Got up at 4 AM, with a crew to
write some letters.

Yesterday morning made some
progress removing old wire fencing
from the garden lot, and early spring
cleaning leaves and shrubbery.

The Bridge Rd. walks completed -
all that remains the metal guard
rails. The wooden bridge still
in use. River remarkably free from
ice and high water but months

Thursday - 1/14/60 435 Jan. 13, 1960 - Full Moon.
5-am. The weather continues mild.
Got on, yesterday, with spring cleaning
yardwork. Removed broken down furniture -
a little from Jean, Jan. 4. All's well.
Jean, Jr. - Returned to school - Nashville, Tenn.
Andrew Jackson "Hermitage" new city.
It is announced Governor Underwood
and staff will attend the Bridge "opening".
In election year, no bets ever looked.
If I attend, the "pick up," ~~of~~ because
of "Seigniority" - not "Popularity."

Joseph H. Buzzard

(1862-1942)

J. H. Buzzard was born on Anthony's Creek, the
son of a Confederate soldier, died in the
war (25th Va. Infantry) in 1862. From
earliest youth in a post-war period
accustomed to privations and hardships of
a pioneering community.

In early Manhood his left leg
was so severely fractured at the knee
by a falling tree that two or more
physicians debated amputation of the leg.
Dr. John M. Ligon, himself a Veteran, one
of the surgeons.

Joe Buzzard recovered Anthony's loss of
limb, but ever after walked with a
noticeably distorted gait, his foot inverted
outward, but without aid of cane or
crutch - using neither cane or crutch.

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By nature intelligent and Personable, he used his, crippling adversity as an asset, becoming a self educated business man and public official; for several terms the respected assessor of Pocahontas County, and for more than one term Treasurer - Sheriff. As a youth known for his trading ability in live-stock and doing a full man's supporting his mother widowed in the war (1861).

Apparently, a hopeless cripple, in his young manhood Joe Buzzard persuaded Miss Jennina Alderman, noted belle of Derithum Creek, to marry him. Which of itself speaks volumes about Joe's business ability and strength of Character.

Mrs. Jennina Buzzard has recently died, ~~at~~ (1958) at her home near Huntersville, aged 96 years. A personal friend and friend for fifty years, I could relate incidents of Aunt Jennina's good sense and strong ^{character} ~~character~~. Usually, in summer, she could be found at her house or in the garden bare-foot; strong and capable, though far advanced in years. At ninety known to walk to Stillwell - seven miles - to visit her daughter Mrs. Otto Lee McCorn.

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On one occasion I was called to treat
Mr. Buzzard for injuries received
while assisting her son Edwin in
corralling the unruly live stock at
his ranch on the Deep Run of Williams
River. At the time she was at the
home of her daughter Mrs. Howard
McClure in Marlinton. The injury
several fractured ribs and bruises
having been run over by an antelope
wild cow.

On this, and other occasions, Aunt
Jemima greeted me with the homely
saying:

"Pills, Pills; and Doctor's Bills!"
I have long thought the name "Jemima"
should be adopted frequently in naming
girls.

Though strong, ~~independent~~ notably
independent & an intelligent strong-
minded woman, apparently indifferent
to public opinion. Through her long
life Mr. Jemima Buzzard deferred
to Aunt Joe's superior education
and worldly knowledge. His
usual address to her was a firm
"Jemima!"

At the very last, for past thirty years,
Aunt Jemima consented to brief visits or
calls in the County Hospital, treated by
Younger Physicians than myself. I am
that physician mentioned in the last one.

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Survived her husband many years -
Her family four grown sons and two
daughters. Tragedy had a place in
her family, endured with stoic philosophy.

The eldest son, ~~William~~ Joseph, had been
~~for~~ was a soldier in the Regular Army -
a sergeant, at the beginning of the war
(1914). ~~He~~ and served with the First
Division in France. Following the
armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, Master Sergeant
Joseph Buzzard was struck by a
French soldier in a brawl and killed.
This occurred ~~while~~ at a French
port while his ~~company~~ ^{Regiment} was preparing
to return home. Sergeant Buzzard
left a wife in America, but not located
at last report. His death was rated
in line of duty. Buried in an
alien soil.

The youngest son, Harry Buzzard,
also a veteran (1914) died by a
self-inflicted rifle shot in 1940,
while residing on his farm. A bold
active man, his rash act and
untimely end, aged forty years,
is ascribed to a fit of temper.
Harry was employed at the local
lumber and farming as well. His early
brutal death lamented, leaving a widow
and children.

Wednesday 2/3/1960 439
5-11-60 No recording, last two
Weeks, January 14-31, 1960. During this period
a volume "January thaw," following the deep
cold wave Jan 16-26, 1960, the Bridge opened
for traffic February 1, 1960 - a fine sunny day.
By invitation of District Engineer Spangler,
Construction Engineer Saultbrey (Flint & County,
Kentucky) and Road Foreman Arnold Burns
were conveyed the message, I drove my car
first over the Bridge, - the third on this
location over Greenbrier River. No special
ceremony - but the remembrance and
courtesy of the Engineering Department
to me as a Senior Citizen appreciated.
The history of the three bridges, over a
period one hundred and ten years (1850-
1960) has been recorded.

William Lorus, colored, age 71 years,
was found dead in his house January, 1960.
A veteran of 1917, drifted while living in Ohio.
A few days before his death I met William
Lorus on the street, observing the "benevolence"
of his countenance, "the image of God done
in clay." Pleased by his kind inquiries
about my health and family well fore.
His wife and family, several children,
living in Washington, having left William
Lorus alone in his house, foot of Martins
Mountain, almost the last of his race in
Martins available for odd jobs, horse
cleaning, janitor service, repairs, and so forth.
Also the last survivor of Joppe and East
Lorus, formerly ex-slaves, hewers of wood
and drawers of water. All lived in Martins

Joseph H. Buzzard was repeatedly elected Assessor of Pinal County, early 20th Century, filling the office acceptably, with notable dignity and justice. Plainly dressed, he usually rode a mule on his official journey. In election years I have ~~often~~ heard my remark "Joe and his mule were running again;" the inference was that he was unbeatable for the office. At a period when taxation was a touchy subject. I have rarely heard Assessor Joe Buzzard's decisions and judgment questioned.

Joe Buzzard was Sheriff of the County during my ~~term~~ first term as County Commissioner - 1911-1916 - and our official relations were pleasant; he seemed to fully approve of my efforts to build roads and bridges, at a time when full responsibility rested with the County Court in this business.

Never a large land-owner, though his centennial unusual opportunity to acquire valuable lands, in the late years of the 19th Century Mr. Buzzard bought the Michael McFarquhar place, formerly known as the "Jake" McCallum place, presumably on favorable terms from the Pinal County Development Company, though none was heard to criticize, and was public confidence in Joe Buzzard's honesty and justice. About the same time an unfortunate partnership in a feed and supply business in Marlinton caused losses, and his

last year, ¹⁹⁴¹incubated by Bank Loans.
However, Sheriff Buzzard's public accounts
were in perfect order throughout, until
his retirement from public life as assessor
and Treasurer - Sheriff of the County.
For several years before his death
his health declined, largely due to a
moderate oxidation in the lungs; acute
sensitivity to the air - and wearing heavy
woolens even in summer heat. On at
least one occasion when calling on him
at his home, I found him sitting up
and sorting out voluminous papers.
His death was sudden. Summoned
to his home, I found him, fully clothed,
lying dead on his bed, aged 77 years.
Without formal education, Joseph A. Buzzard
was self educated in contact with his
fellows - a reader and thinker.
Vaya Con Dios.

His son Rodney Buzzard, who yet lives
(1960) diverged politically, and elected
as a Republican Sheriff of Pocahontas County.
At the present time, (1960) Joe Buzzard,
grandson, William Buzzard is running
on the Republican ticket for nomination
as Sheriff. A veteran of ~~1941~~ the war
(1941) Bill was nominated in 1956 for
Sheriff, but beaten in the election. Because
of a preponderance of Registrars going
to Buzzard will need support from the
Democrats, from whom I, as who remember his

T H T - A

Rodney Buzzard, son of Joseph H. Buzzard, elected as a Republican, served a term as Sheriff, acceptably, during the "Reconstruction" period, following the dinner and following the third decade of the Century. The Sheriff's brother-in-law Mr. Howard McElevée was Jail deputy. He and ~~his~~ ~~was~~ Mrs. McElevée having held the position for many years previously ~~and~~ notably during the terms of Sheriffs William Gibson and Lincoln Cochran. Both live at an advanced age in Marlinton. During this period many human derelicts, some aged "White Pine" lumbermen, were housed in the jail annex, no other house of refuge, or "Poor Farm" being available at the time. From personal contact with some of these public charges I can testify to the uniform kindness to them shown by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McElevée over a long term of thorough many seasons.

Howard McElevée in youth a "White Pine" Lumberman and log Driver on the Creek and River. At past eighty years, "His age is at a lusty winter - frosty yet kindly."

I can also testify to the efficiency, personal courage and faithfulness of Sheriff Rodney Buzzard performing the multiple duties of his office. The personal dignity of his father, Joseph H. Buzzard, reflected in

The son, Mr. Rodney Buzzard still lives aged and alone in his small house near Huntersville; with the appearance of a man to be reckoned with, as becomes the son of Joseph and Lemimah Buzzard. He is lame, but walks erect, using a cane. I do not recall ever observing a "silly look" on the faces of any men or ~~and~~ boys of the J. H. Buzzard line.

Mr. Rodney Buzzard died many years ago, about the time Rodney served as ~~the~~ County Sheriff, leaving quite a large family, children and grand-children. Unprofitable business resulted, also, in the loss of ancestral lands.

The low estate of government in the present era, undeniable, office holding seemingly inextricably tangled in a multitude of private interests, well as agencies and "pressure groups", or Labor Unions if you prefer -

It is altogether fitting that some of us (Democrats) support Young Bill Buzzard in his ambition to hold the office of County Sheriff, once held by his father and grandfather, Joseph Henry Buzzard, the latter a Democrat.

A sober, industrious, intelligent young man, who resides on his own ancestral acres on Cummins Creek near Huntersville. Farming and as a job delivers the widely circulated Beechey Post-Herald to all parts of Rockingham County. As a diversion and social position, also Recording Secretary of the Huntersville Mens Club.

It has pleased me to write this testimonial
 - unsolicited - Possibly a surprise
 to the Buzzard family Committee.
 (Incidentally, there are, or have been
 recently more than one Bill Buzzard
 known in the county through the
 years.) ~~Durham~~

During the Political Campaigns
 of 1956 - ~~four years ago~~ - I recall
 there was some confusion as to the
 identity of the Republican Candidate
 for Sheriff - young William Buzzard
 of Cummins Creek, and grandson of Joseph
 P. Buzzard. By this time (1960)
 there should be no mistake in
 identity.

As a student of faces, William
 Buzzard of the third generation, looks
 to me to be a chip of the old block -
 Joseph and Jennah Alderman
 Buzzard.

(continued)

Saturday - 2/6/60 443
3-4 AM Heavy rains - mild. Have
written several long letters past two days.
D. Ligon Price, Aspen, Colorado; Mrs Mary
Bosworth - Filing (Formerly of Elkins)
Richmond, Virginia. - related to the best
families in Randolph County, and of Jacob
Warwick descent. I can forward the
last installment (typed) - (432)

An informative letter from C. A. Dixon
about affairs in Eastern Kentucky, and
check for one hundred Dollars, Royalties
on the Wooten Creek Mine (Coal) - Wooten,
Leslie County, Kentucky. (Kyoga Coal).

January 26, 1960, The Chicago Tribune
featured the 80th day of birth General
Douglas Mac Arthur, old and diseased,
a millionaire, who dwells in a ten-suit
apartment 37th floor of the Waldorf Tower;
(When not in hospital); Figure-head
Chairman of the Board of a Corporation
(Rand-McNally); Portrait attached painted
many years past ago.

Colonel Robert Mac Cornick attempted to
boost for the General for President in
1952 - for what reason not made clear.
Defeated, his army destroyed (in Bataan)
the Philippines (1941); leaving his second
in command in captivity (Gen. Wainwright)
according to "Regulations in Modern War"
- he escaped by air.
Again defeated and his army lost in
North Korea (1950) again deserting.

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Keft Historians will have difficulty
~~even~~ in Building a National Hero as
two armies (which he decreed) destroyed
in the Orient, to be replaced by a draft
without limit, and Billions of War Dept.

A handsome soldier, the son of a
Civil War (1861) General, and a "West
Pointer"; General MacArthur has been
"successful"; and a thoroughly
disillusioned old man, Keft going
by a squad of Medical and Surgical
"Specialists" - including "His" personal
Physicians - and a whole of Hospital
Corps, Nurses and orderlies.

When in age Circumstances was sought
to return and Command the Empire,
the old Roman was found plowing
with oxen.

It is written: "King Azzarius Trusted
in Physicians, that they might Cure him;
and Azzarius slept with his fathers."

Political Economics in Modern United
States of America is well summed up in the
phrase: "Spend, Spend; Tax, Tax; Elect
and elect."

The saying first credited to the cynic
and Court favorite Harry Hopkins, and
will not down.

During the Administration of "Ike" -
when everybody likes - The Spending
Philosophy has been elaborated and improved.
"Where it comes nobody knows!"

Monday 2/8/60 5 AM. 445-

(Fixed Star) 7th morning clear - Arcturus
visible at 5 am. Snow flurries
all the day - Sunday. Red Dawn -

General Douglas Mac Arthur, early
report, when in August, 1932, troops under
his command dispersed the "Bonus
Marchers" and burned their encampment -
huts on the Anacostia Marshes.

In 1932 - an election year - "Depressive"
conditions had become desperate; Herbert
Hoover a candidate for re-election.

The President, once famous as "Food
Administrator" for the World, appeared
apathetic, paralyzed, when confronted
with an "emergency" at home and in
a "free" Country. Fortunately, food
was plentiful and "Dust Cheap" despite
Dust storms in the "Bread Basket" of
America - Kansas.

New York financiers seemed helpless
because of financial shock - J.P. Morgan
& Morgan Company bankers - first to
extend loans to "the allies," because of
personal losses in stocks, paid no
income tax in 1932.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
the Courts where Jamsyd gloried and
Drank Deep;

And Bahram the Wild ass
Stamps o'er his head but cannot
Wake his Sleep. - Rubaiyat.

446
For several years, there were no strike
or other "labor" disturbance; the unemployed
exceeding those who held jobs a dollar per
day and upwards.

Many large fortunes were formed by those
who either held on to stocks and bonds in
their possession or bought at a few cents
on the dollar "gut-edged" securities -
even "Liberty" bonds & exchange ownership
at eighty or less - Cash offer.

My modest personal "play" on a
depressed market, Silver at 25 cents per
ounce, as related heretofore and at length.
(Montgomery Ward stock would have been
better at four dollars a share, or Anaconda
Copper, (three dollars), et cetera.

"God pity the rich; the Poor can work,"
as intoned by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, before
the war (1914).

Throughout the "Depressive years," I
continued busy in practice as usual,
though cash income reached a near
vanishing point. In the year 1932
I (who had been an alternate Delegate at
the Convention in Houston, Texas, 1928)
achieved a total cash income of eight
hundred dollars, on which I was expected
to maintain my household (a cook, colored)
rent an office, maintain a Model A Ford
and dispense medicines; also hold my
own well as possible in the regular
Saturday night poker game in the Silvers-
Net Resort. Naturally, I was a debt at

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two thousand dollars, interest bearing -
by borrowing on life insurance, (indeed
the Government bonds)

Fortunately, Norman was at Long
Island in the army in Honolulu - not
as an officer, and Jean in training
at Joseph's Hotel, Baltimore, therefore
self-sustaining for the most part.

Card playing, very abandoned, for
good and sufficient reasons. Though
practiced as a diversion - mainly - since
the war period - 1918.

For a time the small cash used
may have had in bank was doled out
to depositors - the so-called "Bank Holiday" -
could business and financial integrity
reach a lower stage of degradation?

President Hoover - a vastly over-
rated man - was duly trooped from
his perch in 1932, and March 1, 1933
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt
began his long reign - another story.

Sister Anna's husband, Frank Penick
Hunter, died in April, 1932, having
been executive Vice-President and Cashier
of the Bank of Marlboro since its founding
Autumn of 1899. His age 72 years.

My parents buried sleeps with his father
in the cemetery Old Pine Church, Fairbury.
Age and illness coming on, several months
before, and preferring to end his days
"from a stormy life unblest" at this home

of his elder brother Carter Hunter,
Sweet Springs, Virginia. - the home place
at one time jointly owned by the
brothers and a sister, Mrs. Traynham.
Our parents long dead - Pa in
January, 1921, and Ma January, 1924.

In the year 1932, or about, Mrs.
Anna V. Hunter began a long career
in Building and Business promotions
extending to the present, a period of
nearly or quite thirty years -
Quite remarkable in their extent
and variety - at times even spectacular.
A portion of this mighty work I will
later refer to, briefly. Another story -

In August, 1932, I first was affected by
a troublesome and unsightly skin
inflammation, resistant to the usual
remedies, and affecting only the
face and hands, even the scalp.
This I correctly diagnosed as "allergy,"
but resistant to usual remedies, as is
often the case, medicines recommended
and tried only increased discomfort
and therefore harmful. Shaving
was difficult, and I went tried
growing a beard.
I had used tobacco habitually

Time the war period (1917) and in desperation, after attempting dieting, abruptly ceased smoking. Almost immediately the deep lesions on face and hands lessened. By good fortune the sedimentary deposits of the Sweet Chalybeate Spring was applied freely, with almost instant relief and quickly healed.

The value of this "Healing Spring" has been known from the earliest times. Traditionally known to "the Indians", who applied the mud freely for sores (including smallpox), also wounds and Burns, - in the latter quite effective. Among other contents the water carries in solution and deposits a reddish sediment on the stones, Iron, Sulphur and alumina.

I am still "allergic" to tobacco, therefore only occasionally smoke a "Ceremonial Cigarette", as did the people who discovered and ^{first} used tobacco - the American Indians.

Addiction to the Poison tobacco is world-wide, and abandonment of a Needless habit necessarily slow.

Wednesday 45-0

2/10/60 - 5 AM. Mild - cloudy - Awoke
at 4 AM. Because of an open winter
some color remains in leaves and shrubbery -
The autumn not unusually heavy -
Spring not far behind.

More about the "Allergic" Dermatitis of
the Summer 1932-1933. In 1916 I first observed
patches of leuco-derma on neck and
hands, a phenomenon frequently seen in
the Negro race, when it is very the spectacular,
- a colored boy turning white! In my case
especially noticeable during summer tan
by contrast. During the years following
after quitting tobacco the leuco-derma
cleared with return of normal tint to the
skin of hands and facial parts.

Unquestionably, this was the type of
skin discoloration of which Clemenceau,
the French War Minister, was sensitive,
causing him always to appear in public
wearing gray silk gloves.

The Napoleonic "Fily" has been
commented on at length in the section of
"Diseases of the great," and the peculiar
and affects of infections which have
degraded humanity in all ancient and
Modern times.

In his valuable book "May the answer,"
Dr. Alexis Carroll exerted the resources of
an enlightened, imaginative, intuitive mind.
- but did not solve the riddle - himself dying

45-1

before the allotted three score and ten.
from "heart failure"; perhaps Cancer.
He may have used Tobacco; undoubtedly
used much animal fat in his diet (Cannibalistic)
and did not till the soil. Moreover, I
find little evidence in his "intuitionist" work
of interest in evolution of the soul, or spirit.
Nevertheless his life work and writings
added to the sum of human knowledge,
even wisdom, therefore valuable; good to read.

The Arabians say that Abdul Khair,
-the mystic, and Aba al-Siina, the
philosopher, conferred together; and on
parting the philosopher said, "all that
he sees, I know; and the mystic said,
"all that he knows, I see." (Intuition!)!

The wisdom of the East (Yogi of
India) offers ^{at least} a solution of human life,
and destiny in the theory of reincarnation
of souls. More than is offered
(solutions) by the West.

"God is a Spirit; and they that
worship him must worship him in spirit
and in truth." - John vi

All flesh is as grass; in the morning it
is green and groweth up; in the evening
it is cut down and withereth.

"METEMPSYCHOSIS" - the word used to describe
transmigration of the soul.

45 Early Dental Practice.

At nine years there was decay of the "permanent" teeth, with severe toothache principally affecting the ~~the~~ lower six-year Molars. I have related visiting Dentist Hirtzer in August, 1885, and, having two Molars drawn, endured stoically without a cry; never after having such toothache as before removal of the two molars. No local or other anesthetic was used in this extraction, or any antiseptic. Succeedence observed, other than rinsing the mouth with water.

Dr. Hirtzer was a skilled artisan who made "Dentures." A complete set, upper and lower fitted for my mother about 1880 of such excellence worn all her remaining years until her death in 1924.

The set of teeth probably complimentary to the family of the local Minister. In any event not more than twenty dollars.

The wife of a "Peasant," - (Believers) lately boasted to me, she had four hundred dollars worth of Dentures in her mouth.

At age sixty I had lost all the remaining teeth, nearly all extracted by my own hand and without local anesthetic. Unquestionably, the after effects are better, with less bleeding - or post-extraction pain.

I have never had fitted, or used "Dentures." I have enjoyed ~~excellent~~ a good appetite and excellent digestion, subsisting on suitable foods - largely vegetarian, together with eggs and dairy products, and for

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He may part doing my own cooking.
For aesthetic reasons, I prefer to dine
alone; likewise avoid public banquets, or
even continue eating in "harsheries".
Cosmetically, Facial Mobilities, largely
a subject to control, thus avoiding
muscular atrophy; it is possible to
smile without grimacing, and the "social
laugh betrays the vacant mind". Facial
Massage helps.

Not being cannibalistic, an eater of meat
and animal blood. Canine and the molars
of a horse not needed.

Of a horse of Russia, called the "Gnat,"
is said to have habitually dined alone
at a square table. Perhaps his teeth
were bad - or absent.

General George Washington often
ate in private. Certainly, did not appear
at banquets. He had difficulty
in getting properly fitting "Dentures".
Once he used a pair connected, upper
and lower, by springs.

at age seventeen I was concerned
to find decay in upper incisors, also
cavities in bicuspids and molars.

at that time (1892) the only resident
dentist (not in actual practice) Dr. Spriggs
at Hillsboro.

It was customary travelling dentists
to visit the County and set of offices
for a few weeks, usually in private
houses or inns. Such a one was

Dr. James H. Weymouth, whose home was in Elkins. He usually located for practice at the home of Mr. Clark Kellison Dry Branch of Swago Creek, a home noted for hospitality and good living.

Clark Kellison had served in General Philip Sheridan's Cavalry in the War (1861); afterwards in Indian fighting and roundups on the plains - a "Regular" of the 7th Cavalry. (a Battalion of the Seventh was wiped out under Colonel Custer in 1872.) - The so-called "Custer Massacre."

I have talked with Mr. Kellison at some length. It was evident that some reminiscences of the war were distasteful to him; the burn and home burning and driving off livestock, the women and children subsisting on rabbits and such nuts, berries and such as the woods and hills afforded. He once stated, with emphasis that General Philip Sheridan was "a very bad man."

Sheridan's Army, in burning and desolating the Valley of Virginia in 1864, effectually cut off the principal source of supply for the Confederate Army.

A recent book "Appomattox" is a vivid biography of Philip Sheridan, the Genghis Khan of the War (1864). A bachelor, and a "loose liver" through life, black Irish; short in stature; a general

45-5-

Who exposed himself in the front of
battle, moving at a hand gallop.
He once described the ideal cavalryman
of the period as eighteen to twenty-four
years of age, light in weight, not married,
and properly recessed.

In July, 1916, while in Washington, on
being examined for the Medical Reserve
Corps, U.S. Army, I visited the Arlington
National Cemetery. In a section
reserved for officers I observed the grave
of Sheridan, which is on the slope
before the Mansion House. Marked by
a small marble stone, the scene remains
in memory.

On the day of death I was called
to visit Clark Kellison, his age about
seventy, ~~the year 1912~~. He had
suffered an attack of "Heart block,"
and died, the month of October, 1912.

He was a just man, industrious and
respected. His wife had died from
a cancerous affection ten years before,
and Mr. Kellison had married again,
a lady from Harrison County, not
too young.

Vaga Con Dies -

Dr. Weymouth, the Dentist, a man of weight
and stature, native of Randolph County,
had served in the war, probably in
state troops. When I visited him, at
the home of Mr. Kellison autumn of 1891

I found him at leisure. He received me kindly and consented to work on my teeth immediately. I was nearly seventeen; had appeared voluntarily at the Doctor-Dentist's office, not previously consulting my parents, without any money or my own, if a bill was rendered my father I have no knowledge of it.

Dr. Weymouth expertly filled several missing and blemished teeth with gold, of which I was very proud.

Dr. William Campbell ~~visited~~ of Monterey, Virginia, also visited Martinsburg in the 1890's, the village still without a resident dentist. A kindly, jovial man, also a Confederate veteran, he ~~also~~ made extensive repairs on Maltese teeth, probably without charge to Pa, as a Minuteman he had known in his youth.

From an early day Country doctors were expected to extract teeth and supplied with necessary forceps, though not trained to the business.

Brother James in practice had become an expert tooth drawer, and observing his techniques, and supplied with both "upper" and "lower" instruments I soon became more than usually skilled in pulling teeth. Continued over a

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Period of many years. Twenty-five
Cents per tooth was the standard fee, and
the operation done without either local
or general anesthesia. Occasionally
a "Nervous Nellie" - male or female -
required Chloroform for Mass extractions.

It will be readily seen the extraction
of painful, ulcerated and infected teeth,
indiscriminately, was important in the
prior history, long before resident
dentists were available in our County,
with all the refinements of the Profession.

Dr. ("Cedarail") George Erwin.

John Wesley Erwin and George Erwin
(brothers) resided and reared families
in the rich Verdant Valley, north of
Marlinton, following the War (1861) in
which both had served with irregular
troops in Western Virginia, C.S. Army.

George Wesley Erwin, the elder,
is said to have habitually carried
his Mountain rifle, on foot or on
horse, for many years following
the war, as though still expecting
reprisals. (He may have been prepared
to kill any wild game encountered.)

His son, the excellent Dr. Erwin
not exceptly, lives in Marlinton now.

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in his salage; rather unusually
stout, cheerful and firm, as one who
looks forward to joining his beloved
"Blanche" "in the air." Very deaf
and almost blind - totally blind from
an early injury to one eye, wears
neither hearing aid or glasses,
yet walks as one assured of the way.

Joe Ervine has worn his "bachelors
night-cap" plaudis for all his
eighty years. For many years he
worked as surveyor's assistant to the
late County Surveyor, Adam Baxter,
and himself has a working knowledge
of the surveyor art.

Referring to difficulties offered
surveyors by the steep, rocky
hills of the Amulup Creek and
Western Pocahontas County generally,
Joe once quoted to me something
about "the Pedicles of Hell" of the
region - with apology for the
"profanity"!

Joe Ervine and Miss Blanche Dean
of ~~Amulup~~ Cochrans Creek, kept steady
company for forty years - a union
of souls - Miss Dean has recently
died, leaving her small property to
Friend Joe, who has published
some creditable memorial verses to
his beloved. Dave Cox did.

Dr. George Irvine and his excellent wife Mary reared a large family on his portion of ancestral land in the Verdant Valley high on the slope of the "Sleeping Hill", adjoining the extensive Jacob Murp, Sr. lands. Two of the sons with native genius remained bachelors through life, living and dying on the home farm.

With native genius, Dr. Irvine early gave study herb medication and surgery, without benefit of the schools. His researches resulted in the "Discovery" of Cedar oil, not previously recognized in botanical medicine, and for many years prepared and sold "Cedar oil" in a watery solution, especially for tooth-ache. As the Cedar tree is not native here, the Doctor made journeys to Eastern Virginia for stumps and coats of the tree from which he distilled a tar of execrable acrid taste; offered for sale in discarded "Extract" bottles in 25 and 50 ct sizes.

The production and sale of Cedar oil, late 19th Century, required long absences from home and farm, leading to a somewhat nomadic life, traveling by mule cart, or Murp wagon. In later middle life Dr. and Mrs. Irvine

lived apart, ⁴⁰⁹ The Doctor was "sustained
by an unwavering faith" and unimpaired
because something of a bun and defcast.
unworthy of his excellent family heritage.
of strong-minded, he early developed
skill in drawing teeth, expertly using
a single straight small straight forceps,
seen by me some years before his death
in 1913 was devoid of vital power
and blackened by use. With this
single instrument he had extracted
thousands of teeth.

An old man, occasionally seen riding
a lean, spavined black horse, perhaps
leading or driving an emaciated, aged
cow for trading purposes, the Doctor's
end was not peace. His body was
found on the ~~log~~ railway track on
Anthony's Creek, apparently killed and
dragged by ~~an engine~~ a log train.
Ford play was suspected, the body
lying there for some time, and badly
decomposed.

Placed in a home-made coffin,
in ragged and torn clothing the body
was brought to the Sharp Cemetery
Verdant Valley, for burial. A detailed
autopsy was demanded by sons of the
dead man, and I was summoned
to the Cemetery on a Sunday to view
body before placing in the open grave

Monday. 40°
21-760-4 am. The "Deep" snow -
about 6 inches at Marlinton. Feb-13, remains
frozen. The night cold - near zero -
Arose at 3 am. To inspect the planing,
which is intact. A warning siren (Full
Feb 12) cutting 6.30 am. over Price Hill.
Feb. 14 (Sunday) Spent before the open
fire, and in shoe paps and Mylars in the
open air. Walked to the office and Post office.
A letter from Jan dated 11th - I wrote her
on the 12th of February.

Viewing the body of Dr. George Erwin,
badly decomposed and in its coffin beside
the open grave, I could learn little
as to cause of death, presumably that of an
aged man, about eighty, mauled by a
logging train, afterwards found on the
track, although the train crew had observed
nothing.

As a Physician - Coroner, my
decision was that death was probably
due to being knocked down and sent
dropped by the train, the time of death
unknown, but evidently some days
before. No objections being offered.
The body was buried the dead from
the death was buried from our sight.
"Antcasts always mourn."

Aged Hatter, gray and grim,
Here is custom come your ways
Take my ~~ghost~~ and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with Molley Whay.

Feb 1920

Dr. Grime would recite on occasional
verse in couplets describing his profession
as botanist, Surgeon and Tooth Drawer.
New lines added as desired, endlessly:

"Old George Grime full teeth free;

Here's eighteen he drew for me."

"I pulled her teeth with never a groan,
And then she baked me a sweetened Pone."

(~~Old~~ infinites) - St. Clare, ad infinites.

A scene in the life of this old man remains
vividly in memory.

~~One~~ I encountered him on the road, a
year before his death, riding his spavined
mare and driving a cow on a rope, the
cow ~~beast~~ exhibiting ~~at~~ a large and repulsive
tumor on the jaw, evidently Anthrax,
or "Lumpy jaw". It was plain the
Doctor proposed to treat ^{the} animal surgically,
or ~~with~~ ^{by} "Cedar oil", - his universal
remedy, and so condition ^{the} for the market.
A striking tableau of age, weakness
and ~~disease~~ ^{disease} in man and beast.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man
that goeth upward; ~~or~~ ^{the} spirit of a
beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

Proverb.
George Grime never exhibited the stigma
of a drunkard and a dope. With a natural
bent for medicine and surgery, his error
was to ~~go~~ ^{go} the easy way, as he saw it,
by the ~~prudent~~ irregular practice - Quackery.

Tuesday - 2/16/60 ⁴⁶³ Clear, Cold - Near Zero.
5-A.M.

Buzzards, North-west, North
and North East, - most severe, with much
snow, of deep winter.

The Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, as an
aged man and recluse, was wont to remark
(to himself) especially when seeking repose,
'How comfortable I am.' He died at
eighty-two, active in body and mind until
a ~~few~~ years before death.

A feature of the John Wesley Grove farm
foot of Slippery Hill is a depression, or
"bowl" of several acres, very fertile.
Traditionally, good grass and hay has
grown in the bowl for one and a half
centuries, without rotation of crops or
fertilization, other than drifting surface
soil from the higher hills.

There is no outlet, nor does water
accumulate in this bowl. Quite evidently
there are subterranean caverns or
caves, (limestone) in this region.

A somewhat similar formation at
the "Roser Place" on Red Lick Mountain,
is known from the earliest days as
"Tallow Hill." The origin of these
place names is obvious. Due to the
'greasy ground' of steep alluvial lime-
stone which claked for grass.

Verdant Valley once famous for the
enormous growth and size of its ~~white~~ oak.

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(especially Red oak) Maple, Sugar and Poplar trees; "Hacked" by the pioneer settlers William and Jacob Warhock Sharp and permitted to thus die and decay, as 'Clearings'.

A tract of about twenty acres 'Virgin' white oak forest remains on the portions of William Sharp lands owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Sharp-Barlowe. This forest surrounds the Sharp family Cemetery, and was still intact at the year of death of this estimable lady (the widow of Neal Barlowe) in 1956) when last observed by this writer, and admired ~~by me~~ when ~~often~~ passing on frequent journeys to the Poage, Lane and Clover Creek regions.

Two sons of Dr. George and Mary Irvine ~~lived their~~ Edward and George Junior, lived their lives (unmarried) on the home place, ~~tutored, though~~ ~~not~~ ~~literate~~, usually employed as laborers on the farms of neighbors.

The death of Edward, about fifty years of age, in 1935, was tragic. The brothers were returning from work on the higher portion of their land, ~~they~~ George observed a large flat stone suitable for a door - steep ~~of the house~~ and ~~begun to~~ roll it down hill.

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The older brother was some distance ahead of George and did not observe the falling stone bounding in great leaps, and, ~~was struck so~~ right the "Purvisity of the mort," was struck squarely below the Right Shoulder - dead, with fracture of several ribs, extending fringes, and concealed hemorrhage in ^{the} pleural cavity. A large, heavy ~~man~~, he was knocked or shoved ~~a hard fall~~ down hill - falling hard -

with ~~the~~ stoical indifference of ~~frontiers~~ for bodily injury, little was done by the brothers for the severely injured man, and several days went by before I was summoned to attend him at his home; when a neighbor ~~summoned~~ ^{called me} (Mr. Neal Barlow) who saw the injury and complications were serious.

Note: I can well understand the type of endurance in bodily injury practiced by those living in primitive surroundings, having survived ~~without~~ ^{without} serious injury, ~~crippled~~ ^{crippled} ~~several~~ ^{several} wounds, bruises and festering sores - without benefit of surgery, other than first aid.

Climbing the Clippary Hill, on foot, from the old Wesley Grove Place, I found the patient in extremis; Traumatic Pneumonia and septic infection, from trauma.

Filled with Blood Clots. Little could be done by way of treatment made at treatment; and Edward Ervine died on the seventh day following his injury.

Afterwards I was called to attend the brother George, in July, 1937, when struck by lightning, the only case of injury by a "fire ball" I have seen. ~~At the time~~ I have seen that the electric current, or bolt, goes upward from the earth, and not down from the clouds, as I supposed. Thought.

At the time George Ervine, Jr., was employed as farm hand on Cousin John Poage's Poage Lane, in Hurvost. A storm came up and George took refuge from rain under a large Red Oak, knocked out by the electric shock and when found was thought to be fatally injured. He had carried a gun to the field to shoot groundhogs, and held it in his hand. The gun was scored and bent, but may have served to conduct the current away. The sole of a heavy shoe, studded with nails, torn from the upper part, and blown from his foot. A red mark about one inch in width from sole of foot to upper thigh, where there was an exploding wound of exit, apparently.

When I arrived the injured man was

Sitting permanent injury, although the
patient ascribed the preceding illness
and weaknesses as ~~beginning~~ initially
having begun by being struck by lightning.
Injury to humans being by lightning
is an awesome thing, but comparatively
rare. More frequently animals taking
refuge from rains under trees are
killed; frequently reported, though I have
never seen the body of an animal thus killed.

Friday (2/19/60). Ten days of wide-spread
snows and cold. Feb. 13. (Saturday) Sub-
zero - the coldest of the winter; an eight-
inch snow, at Marlinton; again on the 18th
seven inches. (February 2, 1960, clear
throughout).

"Columbus Day be clear and bright
winters will take another flight"
Deep snows and cold waves reported from
the north-west and north-east, and extending
to Florida and Texas.

"All bitter chill it was, the awe for all his
feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trumbling through
the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
— The Eye of St Agnes"
(Wordsworth).

Saturday - 2/20/68 ⁴⁶⁸
4 am - Cold; rising winds.
Expensive fires and snow prevent freezing water.
Electric service crippled; the linemen and
electrician - and road crews - working
day and night.

The McCloud (McLeod) Clan.

Mary, daughter of Dr. George Ervine, much
resembled her mother, also named Mary.
First married William McCloud (McLeod)
and bore twelve children. The large
family noted for Native intelligence and
industry. Though not a "Landed"
family, each, usually, has acquired a
small farm, or a house, to which they
have clung tenaciously, in which to carry
on the simple life of living.

After the death of Bill McCloud - in
early middle life, Mrs. Mary Ervine-McCloud
married Antony Dominici, a native of Italy.
And they both live, past eighty years, in
their own house on Carrick Ridge, Big
Run, near the site of the one-time
"Italian Settlement," of which more will be
written. Mr. Dominici lost a leg a few
years ago from a circulatory ailment.

A good woman, Mrs. Dominici has
showered members of the McCloud Clan
with misfortune has overtaken any,
notably Mrs. Virginia Dickey whose tragic
life has recently ended - by a stroke - Paralysis.

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An unusually handsome, burly woman
of a pure Scotch type, she in early life
parted from a "a good husband," because
of human frailty and perversity. Her
former husband, Russell Dille, died again
married, and has recently died.
For more than fifty years Mrs. Mary
Dominici has been my loyal friend,
and by nature and inheritance kindly,
poised, and courageous through thick
and thin. Vaya con Dios.

Italian settlement at Big Run
Patsy Anastasio and his wife Anita in
youth emigrated from Italy to America.
Far above average Italian peasantry, devout
Catholics, intelligent and handsome in person.
By industry and thrift a family was
reared - American born - and Pat Ma-
Anastasio became a minor contractor on
railroad track building, rearing the
family on an "Italian" standard of
living, - and better.

At about fifty years, Mr. and Mrs.
Anastasio had saved some money.
They decided to settle down and dreamed
of founding a "settlement," where retired
people with a chapel of their faith,
where far removed from the cares of
a strange land they might end their
days in peace and plenty.
Land was bought at Big Run
and "Carroll Ridge," recent site of a
small mill. near the railroad at Carroll

below Clove Lick - 470

It is interesting to recall that Jeremiah O'Friel, Bond-man and kinsman of Jacob Warwick, in the 18th Century and ancestor of the O'Friel relationship, who, according to Price County History, settled first on "Curry Ridge" on land given him by Jacob Warwick.

In line with the standard of Italian Peasantry the well watered land looked good, though not up to the standard American standard of what makes good farm land, being rocky ridges with a predominantly northern exposure. Neither did the Greenbrier Valley possess the genial climate of the Mediterranean, an inland sea, on whose shores ^{and destined} our civilizations have arisen in ancient times.

However, rapid progress was made at Big Run; saw-mill shacks converted into comfortable houses, and native stone used freely in Italian architecture of a peasant type or style. Good water and fuel was abundant. By patient labor a mile-long road was dug out up Big Run and Curry Ridge - steep - but passable for a Ford Car. I have driven to Big Run in my car many times. At the time, I was impressed by the

Intelligence and dignity shown by Mr. and Mrs. Anastasio as they labored in middle age to construct a Little Italy. A flock of milk goats had been added to their live stock, and once when detained at Big Run, the only time I have fed on goats milk, which is excellent.

My hosts were unlearned in bookish lore, but rich in living, worded travel and good sense - written in their remembered faces. Mrs. Anti, especially, had a truly Madonna-like face, in late middle life. The marks of getting and giving had gone, leaving beauty and benevolence.

"Big Run" was not to endure for long. In the 1930's the auto age in America ~~was~~ had got going, and the second generation, took to second hand machines enthusiastically, with the usual result - idleness, extravagance and debt.

Some integration of the younger set with a predominantly Protestant people bewildered the Anastasio Elder Anastasios - devout Catholics.

The times hard; plagued by debts incurred for autos by the sons, "Patsy" Anastasio shot and killed himself. His body rests on Cemetery Ridge, marked by a handsome inlaid plastic Holy Cross, along with several of his family and Country-men. Vaya Con Dios.

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In after years, Mrs. Anita Anestasio went
with a son to California, and buried there
her spirit in the air.

Monday - 2/22/60 - 5 a.m. Milder weather.
Sunday, over-cast by "morning clouds". Dressed
in "Myler" blue. At home, the open fire
going cheerfully.

February 22, a "Bank Holiday" as decreed
by politicians, as though a weekly Holy Day
were not sufficient for human needs, if
properly observed - in fasting and prayer,
probably the lowest form of human ~~character~~
~~human~~ enterprise, to be an elected official in a
Ci Devant Republic.

The Stone Age in North America.

At an early age - ten years - in 1885, I became
intensely interested in Stone Age ~~artifacts~~ (Indian)
and for many years searched diligently
for "Relics" in ploughed fields eluded by
Spring Rams.

My search was stimulated by my eldest
brother, James, finding a fine Celt in the field
near my present residence, and in November
1885 I picked up near the Big Walnut Tree my
first Indian Relic - a flint "edge" about
three inches in length, ~~the~~ such as was
used in fleashing pelts of animals.

I soon discovered signs of an ancient
encampment on the plateau foot of Price
Hill, Price Run and the Limestone Run.
and soon had the beginnings of a much prized
collection of Indian Relics; not temporary
artist's calligraphy, but a true

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Archaeologists. Life-time study of all
the stone remains, burial places, and way
of life of a most interesting, vanished, race.
I was later to find among a heap of
field stones on the River bank a dozen or
more "Celts" which may have been
collected in my grand-parents time, and
needlessly discarded in "cleaning house"
after his death. ~~Little~~ Price was not

interested in ^{Indian} Relics - "sharp teeth"
also searched for "fossils" - "sharp teeth"
the "acorns" - The late Andrew Heaman,
who lived on the old field fork of Elk,
and Joseph McNeill, of Bucks Run,
generously gave many specimens; Indian
stone relics as well.

At the James Sharp Spring, on the Jericho
Road at Green Hill, there is plain evidence
of a "flint" quarry - flint nodules
scattered from exposed limestone ledges,
in the near-by fields, heaps of flint "spalls",
and implements - for the most part broken,
while being fashioned, have been exposed
by the plow. ^{and Warren Melvin}

The Sharp boys, Elmer, and their
sisters Mrs Talbert Sharp and Mrs. Harvey
Bright, traded me many a relic from
this ancient quarry and encampment -
a mound ~~encampment~~ near-by, which
was partly leveled when the Jericho
road was graded, early 19th Century. It
was at top of hill near the Adam Moore house.

Called (474)
My attention to the Jericho Road Mound
~~being called to my attention by the late~~
William B. Johnston, I at once dug a
trench through a portion remaining at
the road-side. Only the usual signs
of cremation-burial at the surface
of ground level - a strata of ashes
judged by the quantity of ashes and
burned earth remaining, ~~that~~ a lot of wood
had burned.

I still possess a large number of fine
stone-age specimens, to be carefully
preserved by posterity, or deposited if they
be in the ~~Lewisburg~~ ^{Greenbrier} Museum,
Valley Museum, at Lewisburg, W. Va.
Among the collection of exceptional
interest a partly broken war club head
of Hematite "Venez" - The broken part
exposing a water-worn pebble of the
Cretaceous or Medusa period, about $1\frac{1}{2}$
by 3 inches, overlaid with one-quarter
inch ~~thick~~ Hematite (Iron oxide) &
to be later found by a stone-age
man and adapted to his use in
war and the chase.

It is quite evident that the warrior's
ancient owner was unaware of what
lay at the core of his implement -
unless broken while in use. The specimen
is of the greatest interest and value both
from a geologic and ethnologic ~~view~~ ^{view}.

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Hematite and a favorite material utilized also for ornamental tokens - and ground with oil for ~~skin~~ ^{face} paint. The conchoidal stones of iron oxide or "paint stones" ~~are~~ is well known. Presumably, ever warrior and hunter was supplied with a paint rock.

My library once contained a complete set of Henshaw, profusely illustrated, Reports of the ~~American~~ ^{Smithsonian} Bureau of Ethnology Period 1885-1900, when the Bureau was under the excellent Major J. W. Powell as Director.

Major Powell lost an arm as a Northern Veteran of the War (1861). It is quite evident - aside from his position as Director of the Bureau, - that he had intense interest in Archeology. He is also remembered as the first to ~~explore~~ ^{discover} Canyon Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona, by a perilous trip through the mile-deep crevasse.

Though I never met Major Powell, I considered him a personal friend, who never failed to respond to my annual request for a copy of the Reports. These and other historical and geographic volumes, are now in the Library of the University at Morgantown W. Va. for safe keeping.

Wednesday - 2/24/60 ⁴⁷⁶ Three deep snow and
4.50 out. Temp - zero, at times, 7 p.m.
12-24, 1960. Milder; but much snow remains.
The rising sun near the base of Marlin
Mountains; sitting far beyond the Kee Knot
of Buck's Mountain.

A heavy package; two dozen "Blood"
oranges received from Mrs. Lillian Minnie Leeve-
Grie, ~~Box 2~~ Route 2, Box 66-M - Chandler,
Arizona - (Postage \$1.40). Mention has
been made of a similar package sent by
Norman, December, 1959. It contained also
fruits and commissary goods - the postage,
alone, about equals the value of the ration.
All very good, perhaps, as a gesture, but
impractical - expensive - and fruit perishable.

I would prefer that neither had done this.
Both Norman and Lillian (Minnie) are
employed in the public schools of Arizona;
probably as efficient as most, as both have
scholastic credits from the University of Tucson.

Norman an alcoholic, with twenty years
service with the "forces" as enlisted man,
and now ~~commiss~~ (sergeant) and may yet
be afflicted with drinking bouts - I do not
know.

Lillian - about fifty - "schizophrenic";
with homicidal tendencies - judging from
eccentricities exhibited over a long term of years.

She and Norman were married in
Honolulu - (California) about 1936.

In psychiatry, schizophrenia has many
shades of meaning applied to mentality and
human behavior; and frequently observed
in recent times - in ^{the} United States & America.

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The uses of some Stone age implement
are not much explained in the literature; the
~~conoidal~~ stones of hematite, referred to by me
as "paint rocks," not so called in Ethnologic
Nomenclature. As a matter of fact, no
description is attempted as to the probable use
of this most interesting artifact.
Differing explanations are offered a

Differing explanations are offered as to the meaning of the Discoidal Stones, of which fragments are frequently met with by antiquarians, though whole specimens are rare. I possess a fragment of one fashioned from quartz, ~~stone~~, but most are made of ~~stone~~ fine green sand-stone. Of a uniform size, about three inches in diameter by one inch thickness, with a central perforation, the implement fits snugly in the palm of ^{my} hand.

There is no question in my mind
the stone was used to reduce to meal
parched corn and other seeds and nuts,
~~which~~ away from camp or village, and
the usual mortar of wood and pestle
of stone not available.

The stone age man developed through many generations a high degree of skill chipping arrow and spear heads from flint, Jasper, Agate, Obsidian and even quartz, although the process differed in no respect from the early chipping of gun-flints used in fire-arms before the invention of percussion caps.

As a child, my early preference for "feminine" music has been observed

to in this memoir, and which fitted in well
enough with the deprivations of the Price
family life on the frontier, late 19th Century,
with my cherished 'Drop of Indian Blood',
~~and~~ early cultivated, quite successfully,
a real or assumed indifference to physical
pain, as in wounds or even driving
teeth, which has endured through life -
- an ordeal by fire, if necessary -

"A story of the woods;

A man without a bear."

- Campbells' "Last Man"

The driving out of the Eastern Indians from
Appalachian by the White Man, is comparable
to the ~~conquest~~ ^{conquest} of Canada, across the River
Jordan, by the Israelites ~~baggy~~ under
Joshua, and ~~that~~ that continued over
a long term of years -

"Thy shoes shall be Iron and brass;
And as thy day, so shall thy strength be."

- Blessing of Moses, Deut xxxiii

"Be strong and of a good courage, for
unto this people shalt thou divide for an
inheritance the land. Only be thou
strong and very courageous" - Joshua iii

The ancient Americans (Moorites, Mittites,
Iroquois, and so on) had warlike
qualities also; an agricultural people,

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in Waller City
in Waller City
Aboriginal
amongst
D.C.
\$60%
\$60%
\$60%

Living in Wales (Llewellyn), therefore
like the strongman, sitting at his feet
with his arms round the neck of the
king and queen, with their hands
A long, extraordinary history of both
for his holiness and some (what?)
of his reign the community (what?)
long and proud for their actions and their
fury; also the great crimes of these
great and old are native to the
emerged by the destruction of these
famous monuments, leaving destruction of
their towers, pillars and domes and
the ruins, birds and beasts by the
extermination.
"So, the poor Indian, who is
that good about the storm and
hears him in the wind."
The Indian could be very wise on
occasions, turning his eyes to the
sun, by his, in the morning, and
children; but, in the afternoon, by the
war or on birds, and in the night
white men's "treasures";
"This is the source of all human life,
To put the source of the day."
— Bryan —

His growing family. After a time
 the Fringers family returned to the
 "Civilization Cities" and with McNeel
 liquidation of "Little Blue Books" about 1940. I heard no more of my
 author I liked. His style is excellent,
 and while not psychoplastic in writing
 of eminent men and women, ancient
 and modern, does full justice to all.

That he admired those of whom he
 wrote is proven by the fact that he
 studied their lives to begin with.

Probably, in the course of human events
 Charles James Fringer's spirit has joined
 the innumerable host in the air - "Tito
 at wine with the Muses Nine" - *Vaya Cen Dios*.
 Not forgetting Waldeman - Julius and
 Ed Howe, of Kansas: "Their spirits
 purged of pride, because they died; -
 They prove the worth of their bays."
Vaya Cen Dios.

John McNeel - Little Level
 1844 - 1826

The interesting life of this early pioneer of
 the Little Level, and his descendants is well
 written of in Price's History of Frederick County
 (1901) in which it is hinted that young
 McNeel at about twenty years, fled from
 Frederick County to the wilderness
 because of a shooting duel or duelling.

Thought

Scrape. His life ⁴threatened, because his
opponent supposed to be fatally wounded
Names and other details not known to
history. Permit me to write that early
Biographers could well have followed
old Testament example and supplied
Names and details of the loves and
hates of ancestors unnamed.

It is told the wounded or wounded
duelist recovered, and after a time
oblivion; Young McNeil returned to
Frederick County, married Martha Davis,
Wash immigrant, ^{Frederick} living and dying
(1886) Near the bold spring where
McNeil's first camp was located in
our County. Both lie buried on
the elevated knoll, McNeil Cemetery,
their graves marked by flat, elevated
lettered slabs, the work of Thomas
Bruffery, of Brufferys Creek.

Jacob Warner and John McNeil
were contemporaries. The years of their
birth (1844) and deaths (1826) being
the same, or nearly so. Both bore
rifles in Gen. Andrew Lewis Army
that assembled at Leesburg, 1774,
and marched to Point Pleasant to
fight a bloody Indian Battle with
allied Indian tribes, under
Command of Supreme Chief Cornstalk.

As before stated in this memoir, they

Paternal Ancestor ^{4th} Jacob Warwick,
as Contractor - Indian Scout and fighter,
drove his own deer to supply the
Army of about twelve hundred men -
commanding a spread of herdsmen in
his employ, who were also armed
men and prepared to fight, which
they effectually did in a plausibly
attack on the day of battle, Oct. 10, 1744.

It is plausible that money earned
in this rugged manner in part was
applied buying more land of the
vast estate of Grandfather Jacob
Warwick, in three adjoining Counties
Butte, Pocahontas and Randolph - His
holdings - I am pleased to repeat -
included the 640 acres at Marlins
Bottom, wedding portions of my
great-grandmother, Nancy - Gatewood-
Poage, whose grave is in the Poage
Cemetery, Hamultons field.

The John McNeel line for two
hundred years large landed
Proprietors; his grandson Colonel
Paul McNeel, associated with -
William Admiston and John Yeager
located and pre-empted the vast
"Wilderness Country," rich in coal,
timber and wild game, later known
as the B. & O. Lands in these Counties.

But in land-owning Jacob Warwick
exceeded his comrade John McNeel;
his advantage born in what is now
Peach County, at ^{Sumner} ~~Sumner~~ ^{(named}
for Gov. Lord Sumner) and interesting,
to begin with, ~~more than almost~~ ^{more than almost} from
his birth, more than fifty thousand
acres, patented by his father, a Crown
officer named Lt. Warwick, as attested
in my paternal ancestry Memoirs.
In writing of the John McNeel line
I am to some extent ^{moved} to rescue from
what appears to be partial oblivion
the name of Lt. Colonel John Osborne
McNeel, M.C., U.S. Army (1905-1955)
Reserve Corps. ~~(1942)~~ (1941) ~~Reserve~~
Born at Mill Point, on ancestral lands,
eldest of three sons of John Lanty McNeel,
and Grace Wilson-McNeel, his father,
late President of the Bank of Marlinton;
and nephew of Matthew John McNeel,
(~~and~~ U.S. Army) and first President
of the Bank of Marlinton, until his death
in 1934, aged 94 years - a large
landed proprietor. M. J. McNeel seemed
destined to leave most of his wealth
to great nephew John, himself being
childless, - and so it proved.

Monday 1/4/1960 42° - Frosty - clearing - storm -
Blizzard in far west - Snow north and east.
Charles F. Frings "The Ice Age in America" relates the scientific fact that "Heat is a necessary preceedent to the formation of ice" - Supplying Moisture - The Phenomena of a receding ice cap appearing in cycles of about ten thousand years; hence a change in climate.

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths you have died I have
watched beside,
And the lives you have lived are mine.

Three Physicians and Surgeons of more than ordinary eminence and wealth, and their wives, have worked and had had their being in Marlinton in recent years. I refer to Kenneth J. Haunick, Mark L. Wilson and John Osborne McNeil.

By Co-incidence all Three met their future wives, employed as Nurses, while the young physicians served their internship years in Hospital in New York, Baltimore and Charlottesville, Va. All are dead, except K. J. Haunick, M.D., himself a broken man, aged and disabled, Surgeon, and Mrs. John O. McNeil.

As a son of Mrs. Portia Beatty Haunick ~~and~~ I have mentioned Dr. Haunick in this Memoir.

Wealth, acquired and inherited, while useful in the simple life of living, did not appear to lastingly benefit the lives of any.

In July, 1903, Dr. Mark Wilson and 15 took the prescribed ~~examinatory~~ practice, in Charleston, and returned together to ~~West~~ Marlinton. Dr. Wilson to engage in the practice at Wildell for a year, where the Wilson Brothers operated a large sawmill industry. Soon tiring of the monotony of "Company Practice" in a wilderness, and possessed of ~~Money~~ Means, and married, Dr. Wilson removed to Marlinton, in the course of years became prominent in business, President of a Lumber Company; also President of the First National Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson built an elegant home on extensive, elevated ground in the "Big Bend" of Knapps Creek, with a background of Hemlock Forest, Buckley Mountains.

Dr. Wilson also, served as Mayor of Marlinton at the time a tunnel flume was constructed, complete with "Water Wheel" to elevate Creek water to tanks on Marlin Mountain.

Retiring and unobtrusive but not especially prominent in Public affairs, Dr. Mark Wilson died in 1955; aged 77 years, Mr. Wilson surviving with two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Glad Smith - (divorced.)

Let me say, if I seem to write of the
intimate details in the lives of contemporaries
it is because I consider them worthy of
a memorial; also to "Point a moral
and adorn a tale". Otherwise, these
friends might be utterly forgotten, and
as though they had never been. Lived.

Mrs Martha Wilson an exemplary
home-keeper, Landscaper, extensive
lawn and gardener, her interest thus-
wise principal patron of the Episcopal
Church, which numbered few members in
the Village - about the year 1912
she actively led a "Crusade" to
banish cows and other live stock from
the streets and commons of Marlinton,
Many of whose "first citizens", my-
self included, kept a cow, dependent
on common for range - pasturage.

It required more than one ~~little~~
Annual Village election, with "Cow
Pasturage" the principal issue, before
sentiment was built up and a
majority returned, against it. To
the last, as a cow keeper, I was for
"Cows". But the gradual influx
of the more refined who objected, under-
standingly, to the useful cow feast
leaving "Calling Cards" (dumplings) on
streets and side-walks, prevailed
and the little cow business was abandoned.

Thursday 1/5/1960 473
"The American Association for the Advancement
of Science": currently meeting in Chicago.
The Tribune is giving space to its
conclusions, which, together with its
individual foreign and domestic "News"
service, a feature of this great newspaper,
formerly owned and "run" by Colonel
Robert McCormick. I have been a
subscriber to its 6-day Weekly for
nearly forty years.

In the issue of January 1, 1960, of the
Tribune, Reporter Roy Gibsen quotes
Dr. Chauncy D. Leake, President of the
A.A.S., warning of the possibility of
a disastrous flood because imminent
melting of the Polar ice cap, preceded
by a "Change in Climate", caused
through retentions of the sun's heat
through accumulations of ~~diapogers~~
gas in the atmosphere. Carbon Dioxide.
The "Remedy", plant more trees
to absorb ~~Diapogers~~, giving off oxygen.
Carbon dioxide

Following the death of Dr. Mark Wilson,
in 1955, Mrs. Wilson lived in retirement on
her estate until her violent death, in
1957 by gun-shot wound, of the body.
Presumed to be ~~abundant~~ instantly fatal,
and accidental. Her death of this
Indecent

~~The~~ cultivated and ⁴²⁴ pious lady is regretted -
Vaya Con Dios.

For a period of about twenty years
Kenneth D. Hawrck was Chief physician
and Surgeon at the Proctor's Memorial
Hospital, an institution as its name
indicates, built and effectively administered
[~~though~~ (expensively) as a public trust.
Emerita Dr. Hawrck acquired a
large estate, including the Shearer
ranch of nearly one thousand acres, and
~~other~~ and continuing surgical practice
despite ~~infirmity~~ maintaining (Bx-Ray) of
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery
in New York Hospital, several times.

Finally (1953) The County was
disturbed to learn ~~that~~ Surgeon Hawrck's
"license" ~~was~~ had been suspended by
the State Board of Health, because of
confessed drug addiction - Narcotics.

Public protest - extensive - of no
avail, and soon followed chaos.

The fine mansion and lands liquidated
and Mrs Hawrck (also ~~an~~ addict) and
young son removed to Pittsburg, Pa.

Followed division of the remaining
assets of which the lady and son
appeared to get the lion's share.

A "Blue-grass" Kentucky lady of most

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, located at the top of the page.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, located in the middle of the page.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, located at the bottom of the page.

9-24
The cultural and moral fabric is respected -
for a period of about twenty years.
Kenneth P. Howard was Chief Physician
and Surgeon at the Pennsylvania Memorial
Hospital, an institution as its name
indicates, built and financed by abundant
[things] (experiences) as a field, first
Professor Dr. Howard composed a
valuable estate, including his share
of much of money, one hundred acres, and
~~the~~ and continuing surgical practice
despite important machinery (Boyden) of
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery
in those York Hospital, otherwise failed.
Finally (1953) The country was
difficult to learn the foreign words
"because" it had been overlooked in
the state scene of health, because of
conference during education - Haverhill.
Public protest - extensive - of no
issue, and very few other ideas;
The fine manner and kind organization
and the Newark (also engaged) and
young very sensitive to Pittsburgh, Pa.
followed direction of the community
action of which the early and later
appeared to go by the doors there.
A five-year "Kintuck Early of great
excellence family, where philosophy life
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburgh
her body buried near her house in

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Cemetery Ridge, near the home she
built on Hamlet Field, her spirit
"in the air". Vaya Con Dios.

Dr Hamrick's "license" was restored
in 1956, (Son of Mrs Martha Beatty-
Hamrick, as it remembered) and the
Doctor labors on as Superintendent
of the Denmark home for ~~the~~ aged
incapables; though himself partially
disabled by age and crippling injury
to his hands. ~~He~~ Wearing his

Nature's "Bachelors
Night-Cap", Dr Hamrick occupies his
own house at Denmark, and offers
hospitality to his friends at his own fire.
A local paper records that last
Summer the Doctor landed the
second largest small-mouth
Bass of the season in Greenbrier
River.

John Osborne McNeil, M.D.

on the death, in 1937, of "General"
Matthew John McNeil, age 94 (and
General by brevet Confederate States
Veterans, 14th Va. Cavalry), it was
found that young John O. McNeil
had inherited the large landed
estate of his great uncle. The terms
of his Will was a well kept secret,
known by the late Attorney

Several years before the death of the testator. Always genial, though keeping his own counsel, ~~it is possible~~ and having no descent, it is possible that numerous relatives hoped to share in an estate ~~exceeding~~ by conservative estimate two hundred thousand. Except for a few minor bequests to the Presbyterian Church and allied interests, the whole was left to young Dr. John O. McNeel, who had completed his medical education and had served an extensive internship in the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Virginia, specializing in "Internal Medicine".

Soon after receiving his inheritance Dr. McNeel and a beautiful, cultivated lady from South Carolina, employed at the Hospital, were married; Mr. Wilson had studied art, an accomplished portrait painter. Both Dr. and Mrs. McNeel continued their employment at the Hospital, the Doctor an instructor in Medicine.

On the outbreak of War (1941) as a Reserve Medical Officer, Captain J. O. McNeel, M.R.C., accompanied the Hospital unit overseas, and stationed in Africa and Italy for (429)

From page
429

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Pv

more than two years, attending the
Sank Lt. Colonel Medical Corps, as
a cause of rift in families such long
separations is understandable. From
certain things which have occurred
to me, I remembered, General U.S. Grant
was married as a Captain, 4th Infantry
at a desolate Army post on the Pacific
Coast, his wife and three children in the East,
(1850-1852). He became a drunkard,
on "free" commissary whiskey, was
cashiered from the Army and left to
make his way home as best he could
by the Isthmus of Panama, and forced
to borrow money - in New York - from
his class-mate, Captain Boliver Buckner,
to reach his family in Missouri.

Nevertheless, General Aloysius Simpson
Grant, under Providence, lived to
command the Army, along with
Phil Sheridan - a "bad" man, to
roll like a juggernaut the Army of
the Potomac over the expiring
Confederate States Army. (1865.)

I sent my soul through the invisible
some letter of the after life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned
to me
and whispered that they are
Heaven and Hell -

4 ~~20~~ 28

After the war (1946) Colonel and Mrs McNeil (still childless) decided to live in his home County Pocatowito, and begin the general Practice of Medicine, having spent thirteen years since graduation in Medicine in ~~two~~ hospital, university teaching and in the Army.

No other physician was ever to locate here under equally favorable circumstance, large landed estate and much property, being the largest owner of stock in the Bank of Marlinton.

Brother James Price dying that year, John Laury McNeil succeeded as Bank President. Colonel J.O. McNeil being obviously next in line in the course of human events as this hereditary office in the McNeil line. It is true ~~Dr~~ President James W. Price is survived by his son Leo, for Leo Price, for many years a Director in the Bank, but failed to succeed his father as President. Brother James majority holding of stock having been split at his death may have been a cause. But that is another story. It is conceded that son Leo in his own right, not the equal of his father as a practicing "Capitalist."

430 430
Office Personality and independent
Means, on locality in Marlinton
(1946) a profitable practice was built
from the start. Truth to tell, Mrs McNeel
(a low-lander) did not appear to
"integrate" successfully either
with Mountain Villagers or her
~~married~~ husbands relatives. Perhaps
did not know "it takes a lot of
living to make a house a home."

Further, an unfortunate mis-
understanding between Dr. McNeel and
Surgeon Haurick over referral of
Surgical Cases at the Hospital to
Dr. Haurick, Dr. McNeel preferring
to practice as an internist. This
also became a feature cause of
Discontent. Carried so far, Dr.
Haurick is said to have bought the
Alex McNeel Place - adjoining
Dr. McNeel's holdings - as a "spite"
operation - the lands never came
in the Market during "Depression Days."

In about a year the McNeels
(still childless) went their separate
ways, the Dr. McNeel accepting
a well paid position in a Clinic
in Portland, Oregon, with occasional
"Jet Plane" visits home on business,
or trans-continental trips by auto.
- ~~usually~~ at job -

Followed several years arguing
over a property settlement and divorce,
in which Mrs. McNeel demonstrated, by
excessive pecuniary demands, the
dependence theory of 'lack of a sense
of justice in the female character'.
Finally settled at the cost about
half the McNeel estate, and nearly
the whole of the liquid assets.

Meanwhile Dr. McNeel returned
East, joining a Clinic at St. Louis, Mo.

In August, 1956, the County was
startled to hear that the body of
Colonel John Osborne McNeel, M.R.C.,
had been taken from the Mississippi
River about twenty miles below
St. Louis, ~~the Doctor~~ having been
missing about a week. ~~Identifications~~
Identifications ~~only~~ made by Dental
Clubs. There being no witnesses
to the manner of death, a verdict
of accidental drowning was returned
and rather large insurance claims
settled on that basis.

A will was found, in which Colonel
McNeel specified cremation, his ashes
to be given to the winds on the summit
of the "High Rocks", a bold peak
on the Stamping Creek Mountains
from which an extensive view is
had of the Little Level...

I have now yet learned if this request (similar to that of Judge G. A. McClellan) has been dutifully carried out. I hope that it has. ~~been~~ It was also written that the ashes, be scattered at the observances of a relatives who were visiting the High Rocks Cemetery.

Because of his tragic end, perhaps, ~~I saw~~ no public notice given of the funeral, at the service, at the home church (Presbyterian) in Willsboro; therefore failed to attend as a token of respect for the departed. That the body was represented by the traditional funeral "urn" of ashes a touch of the bizarre ^{not} to the rites.

at the church service appeared
(uninvited) the widow from her home
in South Carolina, dressed in deepest
mourning, ~~the effect~~ of interest to all
beholders.

The Niobe of Nations, there she
stands,
Childless and crownless in her
voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered
hands
Whose sacred dust, was scattered
long ago!

8 am. a light snow at day break
~~the~~ pages this morning. (A "Drops life.")

Wednesday 1/6/1960. 4 A.M. Mild - cloudy.
An Argumentative session of the County
Board of Mental Hygiene, at the County
Court Session, April 5. The subject,
Charles A. Allen, colored, seventeen years old,
colored "Boy" of the Billy Wilson Ethel,
his case first heard in October, when
Dr. Pitman and I declared him
"Mentally Ill." The late Richard
Currence arbitrarily "paralleled" him
in care of his family; and brought
before the Board on a new Complaint,
an over-growing (acomoyetic, or giant)
6 1/4 feet - unemployable and idle.
a public menace, as any idle negro
may become. Otherwise Normal.
President Brown Beard insisted his
"Parale" be continued, but objection
on my part prevailed. Through
time had been consumed on this
young rigger. Sentenced to "hard
labor" at the State Hospital at
Weston, indefinitely. A graphic
example of the workings of the
"Welfare State."

Part of the "evidence" leading to his
Constriction (Mentally ill) turning on the
radio or Television all hours day
and night, though begged to quit down.
- the family on old age public
assistance, in part, who indulged
in radio-TV necessities.

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A "lecture" to President Brown Beard,
(near eighty), on "Modern trend" in
dealing with "mentally ill misfits"
of no avail - of the same opinion
still; result a divided Board, but
the majority favoring commitment
to state hospital.

By good fortune I have found in a
"Little Blue Book, H. M. Tichenor's
"The Theory of Reincarnation Explained."
In short the "evolution" of the soul (spirit)
it may be in successive bodies. He
quotes extensively from Emerson,
Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, et al., in
support of his thesis.

Tichenor writes (and I believe) the
Modern Church might well adopt
a doctrine of spirit evolution!
thereby overcoming a stumbling
block as to our future estate -
How else explain the presence
among us in the flesh of superior
persons?

The German Philosopher Schopenhauer ^{was born} has
the distinction, almost alone, to write in
an understandable and pleasing way.
He once wrote 'the chief fault in the female
character its lack of a sense of justice.'

Wednesday 12/23/59 - 19

December 22, 10 AM - The winter solstice
came shortest day. Sunrise 8 AM. Light snow
and colder. Sun-set, 4:30 PM. Observed from
Post Office steps. A "fox-dog" far to south of,
the setting sun - a faint luminary with prominent
rays, resembling the rainbow

The William Sharp Family, of Platte Fork Elk River

The Pioneer William Sharp, and six sons -
owned an immense estate - several thousand
acres, on the waters of Platte Fork, Laurel
Fork and Big Spring Branch of Elk, extending
as a sheep ranch on Gauley Mountains.
During the war (1861) the three older
sons were killed in his irregular fighting.
Bernard Sharp falling at Duncans Lane
in the skirmish, under the purveyor Captain
Walt Allen with Captain McNeels Company
19th Virginia Cavalry.

Confederate General George M. Lee related
to me that his Company, under command of
Lt. J. Woods Price, in foot march up two or
three through his low place at the
Gauley Mountains to West Union where
Captain Allen's Company was found in the
Duncan Camp, Duncans Lane. An exchange
of shots and Bernard Sharp killed the
Gauley purveyor, retreated by way of Laurel
Creek and Red Lick Mountains, and the
Rebel Company, returning the way they had
come. Later George Lee appeared to
think a great deal had been made to
put the fight a squad of horse-dealing
partisan rangers. Captain Walt Allen - I cannot

The names of the two brothers of Bernard Sharp killed in 1861, during the fighting in Randolph County, possibly at Bull Mountain on the Beverly Road, a defeat for the Confederate army under General Garnett, and the subsequent retreat of General Lee's army in Western Virginia.

An incident of the ~~fight~~ Campaign was the death of Lt. Colonel John Washington, in Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. While riding with an escort near Elk Water the troop was freed upon from ambush and Colonel Washington killed by a rifle ball; quite evidently their assailants being Mountain men armed with rifles.

The dead officer, son Augustus Washington and nephew of the first President, created a sensation. ~~At the time~~ It was said the Sharp-shooter who fired the deadly shot was other than one of the Sharp Boys, of Blatty Fork of Elk. There may have been other casualties; be this as it may, the escort retreated leaving the Colonel's body. Traditionally, some trophies were taken, including an ornate dress sword, or rapier, with hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold. The ~~trophy~~ ^{weapon} was in the possession of Dr. James W. Price, and may yet be in possession of the Price family. No present possessor was known.

The younger surviving sons of the pioneer Washingtons, Giles, Herman and

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 duty possessors of extensive timber and coal
 lands, Elk and Guley Mountains. The
 Tharp family closely allied with the
 Hain family, descendants of the pioneer
 Joseph Hain, whose history is fully
 recorded in Price's Biographical History
 of Harman Tharp, portion included a thousand
 acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Guley Mountains.
 Rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
 of Harman Tharp and family removed to Elkins
 in Randolph County, where he and his son
 Albert Tharp resided until his death.

Lilas Tharp, whose extensive holdings
 were principally on the Laurel Fork and on
 Elk Mountains, has heretofore been written
 of as the hospitable, good man, whose
 roof sheltered me on occasional journeying
 to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
 An excellent man, devout, his memory
 is cherished.

Hugh Tharp, whose possessions lay
 in part on the Big Spring
 Branch, between Lilas and Harman places,
 and he included the ancestral home.
 Hugh lived and died unmarried — a
 good humored bachelor, who in some
 respects, I have thought, resembled my
 father.

city possessors of extensive timber and coal
lands, Elk and Guley mountains. The
Marp family closely allied with the
Hamm family, descendants of the pioneer
Joseph Hamm, whose history is fully
recorded in Price Biography. His wife
Harmen Marp, portion included a thousand
acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Guley Mountain.
Rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
Harmen Marp and family removed to Adams
in Randolph County, where he and his son
John Marp resided until his death.

Lilas Marp, whose extensive holdings
were principally on the Laurel Fork and on
Elk Mountain, has therefore been written
of as the hospitable, good man, whose
roof sheltered me on occasional journeying
to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
An excellent man, devout, his memory
is cherished.

Hugh Marp, whose possessions lay
in the most part on the Big Spring
Branch, between Lilas and Harmen places,
and he included the ancestral home -
Hugh lived and died unmarried - a
good humored bachelor, who in some
respects, I have thought, resembled my
bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.
As with other pioneer families on the
Elk was and the keeping of bees was
almost universal. With Uncle Hugh
Marp, a bachelor but not a recluse,

Bee-Culture was more than a utility,
but resembled a passion - of endless
interest and enjoyment. True, his bee
"colonies" were housed in sections of hollow
trees ("gums") or suspended board hives,
before the day of "super"-hives by ~~Wm~~ McWarr,
representing the destruction of a bee colony
to obtain needed honey. Much thought
permitted the escape of many a swarm
to the forest, rather than build up an needed
"gum". Also cut many a "bee tree"
rather than sacrifice his ~~family~~ domestic
colonies - his friends.

Mr. Hugh Hursp died many years ago,
and his spirit is roaming with the bees - and
among the bees.

The forests of the upper Elk and Teton
River valleys remarkable for natural
beauty and wealth, - a veritable
land flowing with milk and honey -
its early inhabitants, down to the present,
noted for a "high standard of living" -
including milk and honey, and other
provisions. The three ~~converging~~ ^{converging}
where three forks of Elk converged -
Lute Fork, Laurel Fork, and Big Spring
Branch, unusually strategic and
convenient of access, where everything
seemed to "come to the house down hill,"
as dreamed of by the pioneers.

December

(Sunday)

12/24/59

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"Christmas" Day - Remembrance of yester-year - { Continued Cold - Snow in North-east - Maine - cheerful fires in fire-places yesterday - }
A bleak childhood which has no memories of this season. - The winter solstice - anciently a pagan festival to the Sun - Customs of life. The time of giving gifts.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The death you have died I have watched beside
And the lives you have lived are mine."

In childhood and youth I have wondered - envied - the bounteous tables set by by Elk region housekeepers, where honey was served every day. Aunt Mary McLaughlin's meals also graced with honey, to which I applied myself on occasion. Strange, none of the prices kept bees, nor did ~~we~~ until Uncle Andrew McLaughlin stocked me up, in 1892, as told heretofore.

A saying was, 'only an honest man had luck with bees'. At the very least a bee-keeper, needs be, enterprising and industrious! - experienced - congenial with bees, at working time!

Silas Sharp had a son, and daughters, Mrs. Ellis Hamlin and Mrs. George Gibbons. Brief mention has been made of the wedding of Mrs. Lam Wood while attending a singing class conducted by Professor Luther David Sharp, at Salsbury, June 1934. At eighty-eight years Mr. Sharp still leads his choristers with spirit in singing gospel songs and psalms.

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Active as Merchant and Rancher; Principal
heir to his father's lands - Uncle Henry as well -
Mr. Humph had led an active life. Merrett the
second time, he resides on the Big Spruce
Branch, site of the Henry Sharp-house. At
one time ~~an~~ a frequent winter visitor, (and
investor) to Florida; not too fortunate in
investment in the South, but his losses, if
any, endured without complaint.

In June, 1908, while "swarming" a flight
of bees, and feeling a bit pain, Mr. Humph
heedlessly fell in a beehive bush and seriously
wounded his right eye. I was consulted,
and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration
and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration,
I journeyed with the patient to Baltimore,
where he was treated at a general hospital -
a measure of sight preserved, although
a noticeable scar remains.

As Union partisans in the War (1861)
with tragic losses, the Leary Fork Humphs
are Republicans. When Mrs. Franklin D.
Roosevelt passed through Pocahontas
County, May 1934, by auto, visiting her
former ~~community~~ ^{community} experiment, Asturdale, the
Cavalcade stopped at the Humph Filling
Station for gas. In a friendly manner she
talked to Luther, inquiring what he thought
of business prospects; his reply, in effect,
(not recognizing his distinguished customer)
was that in her opinion, things would be
"no better while that Man Roosevelt was
in the White House."
The President's wife did not identify
herself, and only after leaving, did Mr. Humph

know what ³⁸⁵ was he had talked to
I had a fleeting view of Mrs. Roosevelt
Roosevelt as she passed through, and whom I
instantly recognized from pictures, in this
manner.

I had paused ~~in my car~~ by the road
at a lookout point on Drum Ridge,
to observe the flowering wood, and was
standing by my car. Three "open" or
convertible cars approached, one in the
middle driven by a woman, from the
direction of West Marlton. Only when
directly opposite did I know who was
journeying, too late to come to "attention",
which I would have done had I known.
(Mrs. Roosevelt's itinerary had not been
announced) she had travelled by the
way of Hot Springs, Virginia. A few
days later I heard of the conversations
with Mr. Luther Mumf at his fellow Nations.

Mrs. Roosevelt was then at the height
of her fame, during President Roosevelt's
first term. For many years after
she drove her own car, usually
an open "convertible," by choice. A
very "Democratic" First Lady indeed!

Luther D. Mumf married the spirited and
beautiful Laura Morgan (first wife) the
only daughter of the Rev. Morgan-
Morgan, at that time Methodist
Circuit Rider and Minister at Elroy Church.
Mrs. Mumf's family of three young sons

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and two daughters among my first patients in the State of New York, 1905-1906 and after. As the happy mother of a family, Mrs. Laura Morgan Sharp impressed me by her robust energy, cheerfulness, capable management of the family and endurance under stress of serious illness. Paralytic in the family was treated. Also a more serious epidemic of Diphtheria, two or more cases, treated by the new and cumbersome, even painful, "antitoxin" of the period - all this at a distance of fifteen miles, by horse, from my office, until the advent of Ford's Model T about year 1912.

During my tour in the Army, 1914-1919, and after I saw the Sharp family infrequently, they having the children having become grown. Yet almost by chance I was present at Mrs. Laura Sharp's death, about 1930 in early Spring - from a heart affection. Not previously seen by me for several years. I was impressed by her worn, silent demeanor, although fully conscious; resigned, she seemed quite willing, even in haste to depart and died without a word or a cry - ~~surrounded by~~ ^{surrounded by} members of our family and her husband at her death bed, and equally composed.

The youngest daughter, Goldie Sharp, a beautiful, spirited girl of about sixteen years, a student in Marlinton, had died at

her home, about ³⁸ years before her
father's death (1920) of diphtheria, they have been
septic ever since. The time was ~~was~~
early spring, the road impassable for any
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been
seen by a Marlinton physician before her
return to her home when she became ill.
~~This was the~~ This was known to me, and
they have been a season I did not make
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp
home, when this almost frantic appeal
was made for medical help. Previously
I had done equally strenuous trips, and
now regret I did not make the effort.
I believe another physician by some means
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,
~~and~~ in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -
youngest of the family, and first to die -
Sara Ann Davis.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist
Circuit Rider, well known in Pocahontas
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan
appeared to be of the Ashbury-Centrelight
School of Methodism. At times
he preached in the Marlinton Community
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian,
seemed to approve his doctrines and
bold delivery. Present ~~when~~ became President.

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mother's death (1920) of what they have been
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he preached in the Marlinton Community
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian
seemed to approve his doctrines and
bold delivery. Present ~~when~~ ^{when} he was possible

And the preacher, invited to our house
a distinction worthy of mention. ~~He~~ There
was much that was militant about the
Circuit Rider; he may well have been
a Veteran of the Civil War.

Ma once repeated to me the story he
had related to her of an accident that
befell him as an aged man. He was then
living on Hills Creek; and in his journey
his horse fell on ice, injuring both
horse and rider. The weather was
~~just~~ zero. Though unable to walk,
Mr. Morgan literally crawled for
a half mile, in snow, until his neighbor
Shonts could be heard by neighbor
Tom Snuffy, who came to his assistance.
My mother seemed to admire his
courage and resolution in his fortune.

There may have been other children
in the Morgan family; Laura only remembered.

8 am. - Munday Day - Pages 383-388
The paper dealing with "Electricity".

The three sons of Laura and Luthy Hays
- Paul, Silas and Ivan - successful men
of business, far removed from the old
home on Hasty Fork. The elder
daughter, married and living in Richmond
Virginia, has recently died.

Luthy D. Hays, age 88, fully competent
and a leader of music - a valued friend.
Married the second time, living in harmony
for so, these many years. (Childless)

(Success)

December 25, 1959 (Friday) The entry of yester-
morning described "Christmas" under the impression
that Christmas always fell on a Thursday -
the illusion held until arriving at my office,
12.30 am, & observed more than the usual stir
of people and autos - business as usual - a
relative informed me (Jane Sharp) that it was
December 25, 1959. - Christmas Day.

As to the sisters of Mr. Luther D. Sharp, Mrs. Ellis
Hammill (Malinda) and Mrs. George Gibson
(Mollie), remembered as friends and clients
over many years, remarkable for beauty,
good sense and cheerfulness, whether in
prosperity or adversity, good or evil Report.
In their homes I have enjoyed their
hospitality many times, when journeying
'Down Elk'. Their spirit still lives, in a
degree, in their daughters, notably Mrs. Charles
Beale whose mother was Malinda Sharp-
Hammill; and Mrs. Forest Gibson, daughter of
Mollie Sharp-Gibson; who yet live
unimpaired for grace, beauty and a brittle spirit.
Their Ancestress, Mrs. Elias Sharp appears to
have died in middle age, whose name and
family I do not know at this moment, and
not remembered by me. She must have
been a notable woman to have reared
such daughters and grand-daughters to the
third and fourth generations. ~~Hammill~~
It was at my house Mr. Ellis ~~Sharp~~ died,
several days after an accident ~~and~~ ^{caused by an} over-
turned wagon, as told previously in these
annals. Mrs. Malinda Hammill was present
during this tragic scene, ~~and~~ ^{when} I had

and her address. Her
under equality at her
very about equity. But
I am all right.
I am all right.

Could observe her steadiness and strength of character under adversity. Her death occurred when about eighty at her home on the old Field Fork of Elk. About two years before she had suffered a hip fracture, and later moved in a wheel chair. Competent and cheerful to the last; she rests in hope - "in the air".

Mrs Mollie Thurf-Gibson also departed, at about eighty years, at her home on Elk - half way from Murlinton to the County Line. It was at her gate I paused in the Murlinton Run of September 24, 1898, when Mr. George Gibson brought me a life-saving drink of water (in a two-gallon bucket) in which I plunged my face, and swallowed a mouth-full. George Gibson has recently died (1940) aged eighty-six years. More than six feet in height, 200 pounds or more, a fast player of soccer football in a "forward" position when scarcely fifty years old past forty years. Always noted for his merry jest and ringing laughter, continued to the last, though preceded by a few years of declining health. His death occurred in his home. On the day he died, being asked how he felt, he replied, lie still, that he "felt with his fingers". Both George and Mollie Gibson were firm supporters of the "Mares Gibson Chapel" on Elk, named for Mrs. William Gibson. Their mother, ...

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Both George and James Gibson (King of
Elk) enjoyed annual hunts for the
deer and bear, and ~~had~~ their camps,
in Gauley Mountain. ~~But~~ mention ~~that~~ made
of James Gibson, ~~brother~~ ^{brother} of George, sons of
"Little Bill" Gibson, and dominant members
of the Gibson family in his generation.
Mr. James Gibson also remembered as a
tall athlete and player of soccer in middle life.
An extensive owner of lands, on which a
large family of sons and daughters were
settled. In the days of his prosperity a
very large frame house was built, which
still stands on old Freed Fork of Elk,
route 219. This is, undoubtedly, the
largest dwelling ever built in the
Century, and accepted by the family of
his son Forrest Gibson.

In James Gibson's dining room the
longest table I have ever seen in a
house, twenty feet, or more, in length.
No stranger was ever turned from his
door, or denied hospitality. I have
reasons to be grateful for Mr. Gibson's
support in my early years in business and
the profession.

His death occurred, ^{at his home,} a few years back
aged Eighty-Three years. He was an
honest man - "the noblest work of God". He
had a pious mother, and a statue above the
"Mem. Chapel" on Elk. was built as her memorial
(Vaya Con Dios. Go with God.).

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Mrs Mary Hannah Gibson, of the Joseph
Hannah line, reared her large family
and capably administered her large
Baronial Household; she went her
quiet way, not outwardly moved by
triumph or disaster. Though a
frequent professional visitor in her house,
I do not remember ever hearing her
complain of pain or illness. True, my
service as physician in the family
principally for her children and numerous
grand-children.

Quite late in life she underwent operations
(by Dr. R. J. Hamrick, I being present at the
operation) for a ruptured gall-bladder,
that might well have been followed ~~fatal~~
~~by death~~. Mrs. Gibson recovered and
lived several years thereafter. Her
daughter Mrs Mary Gibson-Miller now
living on her portion of ancestral
lands, most resembled her mother in
early beauty and strength of character.
Her husband Lieutenant Bill Miller
died recently. He was an ~~veteran~~
over-seas veteran of war of 1914.

In the decade of 1920- speculation in
cave stock and land ~~and~~ complicated by
a disastrous suit at law, Mr. Ed James
Gibson lost control, temporarily, of ~~the~~
his whole landed estate of many thousands
acres; yet continued to live on his own

house and on his own land until his death.
This was due, in part, to the Magnanimity
of Dr. James Ward Price, who took over
a blanket mortgage on all of Mr. Gibson's
lands - in amount \$12,000. This occurred
in 1933, due to "frozen" Bank assets, the
Mortgage originally held by Bank of Marlinton.

Several years before James Gibson
purchased the Theurer Lands, about one
thousand acres, on Laurel Creek, foothills
of Red Lick Mountain. In this connection
he entered into an easy-going partnership
with his nephew Pat Gay (now living
in Marlinton) to buy and sell livestock,
necessitating temporary borrowing at Bank.
Mr. Gay also purchased, for the most
part credit, the Levi Gay property, near
Marlinton. Bad markets, debt, land
mortgages and taxes incurred for the
~~most part~~ by Nephew Pat Gay, had the
usual result, and the Gay-Gibson
"Partnership" soon in trouble at the Bank.
An instance of Mr. Gibson's honest effort
to pay ~~back~~, a hopeless debacle, his son
Clark Gibson having, died on whose life
was five thousand insurance, his father
temporary. The whole of this went to
steer the tide, only to be lost.
A notable suit was begun, that
finally reached the Supreme Court, with

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Gibson vs. Gay - My brother Andrew
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also
representing Bank of Maryland interests,
the plaintiff attorneys alleging that Mr. Gay
had grossly exceeded his authority, ~~##~~
incurred debts. The whole cast system
of "partnership law" seemed broached.

At Brother Andrew's death I found
among his legal papers a copy of a "brief"
depositions, etc., relating to appeal in
the case. - I was especially interested
to read the deposition of James Gibson,
given forth-rightly, in humble and truthful
manner, but revealing that he had put
too much trust in Nephew "Patty's" diligence
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole
trying time, Mr. Gibson, now far advanced
in life, received little or no help from
several sons, with two exceptions.
Some of the boys, including the twins
Leamners and Winters, addicted to
drink, and drugs, some times in trouble
with the law, being in jail. Of all
my sons, seven in number, only two
survive.

Forest Gibson, however, and his good
wife, a daughter of George Gibson, have
redeemed a portion of lands and now
live in the ancestral mansion. Also
Quaker Mrs. Mary Miller, as previously

594 My brother Andrew
once being attorney for Pat Fay, and also
representing State of Maryland interests.
The plaintiff's attorney alleges that Mr. Fay
had possibly executed his authority, #
maintaining debt. The issue and system
of "maintenance law" seemed to be
of Mr. Andrew's death & family.
Among his legal papers a copy of a "true"
deposition, which relates to a dispute in
the case - I was exceedingly interested
to read the deposition of James Graham,
given forth-argued, in history and further
Matters, but observing that he had first
too much trust in Nathan "Patty's" deposition
and ability.
It is only truth to tell that in this whole
trying time, Mr. Graham has far advanced
in life, recovered little or no help from
severe pain, with few exceptions.
Some of the boys, including the living
farmers and others, admitted to
drink, and drug, some time in family
with the law, being in fact. Of all
the sons, seen in country, only that
Graham, John, Lawrence, and his great
brother, a daughter of George, have
received a portion of law and now
live in the ancestral mansion. Also
Andrew's son Mary Miller, as previously

Sunday - 12/27/59 - a winty fog - Mild -
 4:30 am - 25th century prices. Enjoyed
 had dinner - 25th century prices. Enjoyed
 conversation particularly with Isaac McNeil, age 55,
 son of Dr. Winners McNeil. For many years
 employed by the "State" in Charleston, in various
 "Public Relations" activities - Isaac supervised
 the historical "Markers" on State Highways,
 was attendant research - Schooled at Hampton
 Sydney College. At the present time an aid
 to Governor Underwood in Public Relations.
 Resides in Charleston. His wife Florence Price.
 mother of two sons, William P. and John McNeil.

The Meurer Lands

Mention has been made of the purchase of the
 "Meurer" Lands and Levi Gay placed by
 the "partners" James Gibson and Pat Gay,
 making large bank borrowings, with the
 resultant involvement in the Bank Debauch-
 "Holiday" of 1929.

The history of this tract of land, and
 its successive owners, is interesting; illustra-
 tive of land possession on the lines and
 fortunes of families.

Following the War (1861) there came from
 the vicinity of Lynchburg, in ^{Amelia} County, Va.
 William Henry Meurer with his ~~head~~ ^{young}
 young family of ~~four~~ two sons and four
 daughters, together with some negro family
 retainers or "hands". Mr. Meurer was
 a widower and remained single the
 remainder of his life. His "war" history
 is not known - Probably a Veteran.
 An aged man, he lived retired on his own
 the ~~ground~~ acres of land, high on Red Lick Mt.

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The young Shaver ladies, quite undeniably
had "advantages" - well educated, very
lady-like and devout - Methodists. Cell
spoke in marked ~~Eastern~~ Eastern Virginia
accent, or drawl, in contrast to the clipped
speech of Mountaineers.

Before removing from Eastern Virginia,
Mr. Shaver had engaged in clearing, or breaking,
many acres on Little Laurel Creek, and
building, settling on his land about 1880.
and continued to "hack" dense forests of
hemlock and hard woods; the potential
value of this timber, even for local
building, does not appear to have entered
the mind of the Shaver pioneers. Result
much grass land, little timber when early
in 20th Century the latter became valuable.

A vivid recollection of the Shavers, September
1885, just arrived in Pocahontas County,
the hilarious marriage of young W. H. Shaver,
junior to Miss Lallie McClure, aged sixteen,
daughters of James and Elizabeth McClure, head
of Stony Creek; assembly of the clans
with feasting and "Chari Vari", continued
for as Martins Battons - where we had
just arrived and begun "Pioneering", we
knew also from Eastern Virginia.

Unfortunately, I have not the names
of these cultivated, devout Shaver sisters,
only one of whom ever married -
another story. Each was by nature
emotional, of the "Mountain Methodist"
type, but restrained by true piety.

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There ~~has~~ must be a "downright" member of
the family, named ~~Margaret~~ ^{Margaret} I think, whom
I recall as the author of a Clever Allegory
printed in the Times entitled "NOT MILK RAM"
(MARTINOT) which may be found in the files
of that splendid paper. (Printed about 1894
(The article has a place in my "Oceap-book".

The lives of the Murre Fishers, or their
elevated ranch, were full of deprivations
and remunerations, but they had mental
resources and strong family affections.

Later, the Sisters ~~then~~ conducted a
school for young ladies in Willbore,
and were so accursed when I was a
student at Prof. Brower's academy
in the summer of 1891. All are long
dead - their spirits "in the air".

One sister married, about the year 1885,
her husband a "Renegade Jew" named
"H. Nathan" whose fortune it waste drift
into the mountains and become a tiller
of no soil, also to wed a "gentile".

The late J. Luther McNeill related to me
that in his youth he was sent, horse-back,
to summon Mrs. Elizabeth McClure from
her home on Stony Creek to attend as
midwife Mrs. Nathan in child-birth;
Mrs. Liz McClure being one of that noble
band of pioneer women Physicians
(obstetric) nurses and midwives that
I have referred to with appreciation.
Traveling in haste, Mrs. McClure and

Young Luther McNeill, splashing through deep mud in dense Hemlock forests at night, reached the Shear house with its beacon light, the ^{family} in a high state of excitement, and the patient at the chimney, giving birth to the first born. Miss Margaret ^{McNeill} appearing in the lighted doorway with a fervent "Bless the Lord" - Bless his ~~holy~~ name; Hallelujah" - as quoted by Luther.

On a more sordid note, I will relate that at a later date the Jewth. Nathans was accused of "rustling" a black steer from his "~~Clothing~~" place head of Stony Creek, ~~and~~ ^{and} skinning and cutting up the same. A search warrant turned up a black beef-~~steak~~ hide, positively identified by Mr. Gay as that of the missing steer. At a resulting indictment ^{three} cattle theft - a high crime and a ~~misdeemeanor~~, Nathans was cleared - with reservations! This ~~family~~ scandal - in part - resulted in removal from the family lands, after the death of the Patriarch H. H. Shear. In a study in psychology, the history of the Shear land, on Laurel Creek, and the McClure land on Stony Creek is given. ~~interesting~~ Tenaciously held on to, and encumbered with mortgages, by W. H. Shear, Jr, husband of Lillie McClure, for many ~~years~~ Later, these lands immovably ~~later~~

(Returning to Mr. Shear Gay)

* (Gift F. H.) Place

* "The best of the farmer is the best for the stock."

valuable, being well in timber. After brief ownership by the Gibsons - Gay "Partnership" and Supreme Court litigation these tracts together about eighteen hundred acres, held by Bank & Marlenders for many years for debt - unprofitable.

In 1940, Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick bought the Laurel Creek tract, proceeding actively to fence, stock and improve the land with lime. As a "Gentleman Rancher" and actively engaged as the Counties leading Surgeon, it did not prove a profitable investment for Dr. Hamrick, and eventually sold, at a loss.

* The heroic efforts of "H. Theurer, Jr." over many years to administer the lands ended in failure, and he died ~~bankrupt~~ bankrupt, but uncompromising, about 1918, to his very last year endeavoring to buy and sell live stock.

The home of Henry and Lillie Meares was on the Indian Draft, where their family of five sons and two daughters were reared. Mrs. Meares has recently died, a cordial friend to ~~the~~ thorough life (Vaya Con Dios).

At this instant Miss Rose Perry Hunter a substantial citizen (the same who "torn up fence thirteen months (in 1918) and never fired a gun") lives on the very peak of Elk Mountain, a section of the Red Loch Tract.

+ It was my Dad's duty, as a warrior physician
to save Henry's body

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His brother, Henry Meares, third, also
an over-seas soldier, but not a "Tourist",
who later found Civilian life too com-
plicated to be borne. Killed himself with
a rifle head shot, about 1934. This
occurred near where 219 crosses Elk
Mountain through the "low place" elevations
3350 feet. Henry had ~~evidently~~ con-
templated death by hanging, a rope
found suspended over a limb, but
decided shooting was best for a soldier,
and blew out his brains.

* "When wounded and left on aftermaths
Plains,
And the women come out to cut up
What remains,
Then roll to your rifle and blow
out your brains
And go to your ~~death~~ like a soldier's"

Thus it is seen that generations of the
Meares family have lived, and died.
On Little Laurel and Red Lick lands.
All were honorable men and women, if at
times unfortunate in land holdings.
At the present ~~owner~~ the Laurel Creek
tract part of the extensive holdings of
Mr. George Edgar and son, Captain Thomas
A. Edgar, who lost both legs by shell
fire on Normandy Beach, June 6, 1944.

Wednesday - 12/30/59⁴⁰¹
4 am -

The weather cold -
a light frost. 1959

As measured by the Gregorian Calendar, drawing
to its close; a year measured in affairs
of mankind a new "high" achievements
scientific, and a "Low" government
and economics. As to the low estate
the Public Service has become locally, a
"disabled" Coal miner, Proprietor of a disreputable
boot-legging dram tavern, Gilbert Jack,
the put announced candidate for County
Treasurer, or Sheriff - in the election 1960.

The approaches to Bridge and street
fence ~~put in~~ built preparatory for use,
though unfinished, the wooden Bridge
removed as a menace in winter ice
and ~~floods~~ high water.

A March Ride (1913) on Elk.

1913 As member and Chairman of the County Court.
These years past, I was attempting to give
personal attention, to far as possible, to
all details of County government ~~for that~~
lay in the field of the Board. Long
before ~~the~~ State Bureau for the aged,
a Board of Mental Hygiene, or even a
County Health Officer, usually a physician.
Commitments to "Weston" was a rare occurrence,
totally denied to the merely aged and senile aged.
The County almshouse, or "Poor farm," the
sole house of refuge reserved for the
most extreme cases of destitution, at that

In March, 1913, James Gibson called my attention to such a one. An aged recluse Mrs. Josephine Griffin existed for some time on the charity of neighbors, and ~~suppose~~ mentally ill. As District member and executive of the County Board it was my duty to investigate (without pay other than the \$2. two dollars per day when in session ~~at the~~ ^{in the} Courts Chambers at the Court House.)

Such cases today are heard before the "County Board of Mental Hygiene" by the ~~Court~~ Sheriff and deputies, with two physicians and two lawyers in attendance (paid) all constitutional rights of the "Defendant" scrupulously observed.

A muddy thaw had rendered the road impassable in places for my Model T Ford, so mounted on a ^{western} buck-skin pony from the West, commandeered for at Wilbur Clark's Livery Stable I set out the March day ideal.

Accustomed to taller horses, I had doubt of the ability of the Buck skin to plow the ~~new~~ level sections, the hills parts comparatively dry, but was assured by Wilbur the pony was tough.

As a matter of fact was able to "lope" tirelessly considerable distance on the more level portions, especially in the

Folds bordering ⁴⁰⁵ the road, gates being
left open for the convenience of an
occasional horseman or team in winter
and spring. My mount proved a
genuine Olden Buckskin, roan in
color, tireless and easy on the lope.
It is sufficient to say, that I made
the thirty mile ride, going and returning
without pausing for provender, horse or
Rider.

I found Mrs. Griffin alone in her
small house near the mouth of the Big
Spring Branch, and not far from
the present site of the large public
school building at Flenty Fork.
Aged and gaunt in appearance, she
did not utter a word during the
interview; emaciated, almost starving,
but not helpless. At times she
appeared to grope in the ashes of a fire-
less hearth for fragments of food;
indeed I observed crumbs of corn-bread
and ~~bones~~ meat bones ^{on} the hearth;
otherwise no food visible in the house.

~~Some time~~ Previously ~~she~~ her son
and family had abandoned her, ~~or~~
or had been driven from the home,
by the recluse, who also had
refused to leave, though offered

404 Mrs.

At the time her son and family were
living on the Greenbrier at Harpers, a mill town.
Aged and mentally ill, Josephine
Griffin exhibited a residue of strength
and instinctive ability of a wild
animal to survive, long as shelter
and food were to be had.

Considering her situation urgent,
I assured the kind Mrs. Luther Sharp
she would be given shelter in the
County House of Refuge - the "Poor Farm"
in the Little Level, at the time being
conducted in a more than ordinary
cleanly manner by my friend David
Gladwell.

I may here state that the excellent
Dave Gladwell, originally from
the Dry River section of Rockingham
County, near my birth-place, met his
death some years later by accidental
gun-shot around while hunting
rabbits on the farm, and crossing
a fence. He was one of those
- Easterners, including Sergeant John
Payne, 62nd Va. Infantry (Wattsburg
Veteran), who came to our County
following the war (1861). Sergeant
Payne was born in 1843. He was present
with our squad at the Little Level on
July 1913, where I formed a friendship

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His home was west of Hillsboro in
the Caesar Mountain section. The
soldier of slight build and height
remarkably youthful in appearance
at past seventy years, able to do a
day's work on the farm until any-
how years before his death; past
eighty, and his wife dead, he returned
to his birth-place and resided with
a son.

Talking to Sergeant Payne early in
1917, the subject was in Europe which
had become somewhat stale from this
distance, and my possible "calling up"
as a Reservist, in case America
declared war, he did not appear
at all enthusiastic about the war,
remarking: "Once burnt, twice
shy." I think this attitude was
quite general, in 1917, among numerous
survivors of the Civil War, ^{living} living.
Soon after my ~~was~~ Return to
Marlinton from my "inspector's visit"
March, 1913, at my request Sheriff
Lincoln Cochran (Republican) drove
to Flaty Fork and persuaded Mrs.
Joseph Griffin to accompany him
to the "House of Refuge" in My Lewis,
where she resided until her death a

I never saw this old Spartan woman
thence, but was assured by Mr. Gladwell
she "gave little trouble," did not
become bed-fast until near the end;
rarely attempting to speak, making
no complaint, ~~by~~ entering into
death without a cry.

I have written in detail of the Buckskin
horse, and one of my last long rides in
the practice, year 1913. Mr. Clark
continued in his livery business, but with
less success, until about 1920, and I
occasionally hired a horse when the roads
were impassable for Ford cars, I having
used nine "Model T" in succession
1912 - 1926 inclusive.

For several years the "Buckskin"
Tray appeared to be a favorite mount
for amateurs and riders at the County
Fair grounds; then faded from memory,
sold or traded, with the decline
of horsemanship locally.

In 1920 the Army Remount Experiment
with Arabian Horses, with the view of
improving ~~native~~ ^{pure} stock by infusion of
blood of this beautiful horse - with names
"Chifaisaw," "Palomar" and other breeds.

Three "Arabians" were placed with
Mr. Clark for a time, but the use of
autos was so advanced, together with

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building of hard roads, the breeding of horses among the things that were before.

I believe the Army Remount Station at Front Royal, Virginia, had some success in cross breeding with Arabian horses. Mention has been made of the beautiful gaited Dark bay Mare, of medium size, ridden by me while in Active Reserve training at Fort Belvoir in August, 1925-

~~In~~ The year 1928 saw the introduction of the Ford Model A, - the most practical, enduring and economical car ever built in America. In many respects it is regrettable that the "evolution" of the motor car did not pause with the "Model A" for a time. It is said that Mr. Henry Ford was satisfied with the performance of this car, and objected to the more radical changes of later models of the Ford ~~car~~. Attaining the robustness of the present day, which like the reptiles of the Pleistocene, appear to be declining because of over-weight, deadliness, - and expense! The last tax cut may well break the motor cars back!

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Mr. Marvin Burr, who died in 1958,
aged eighty, kept a Model A Ford
24 (1931) in use until his death, and
10 still being driven by Mrs. Bessie Burr

Literary Note

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About the year 1950, daughter Jean wrote
a ~~Mystery~~ Book size "Mystery" entitled
"Dead as a Door Nail". While at home
on vacation from Port Arthur, Texas, where
she resided at the time; the month of
August was industriously spent in this
essay, ~~centered~~ on a reading topic
which interested her. Moreover, it
appeared possible to capture a market
flooded with trash literature rampant
in published books and Magazine "flicks".

Masters in the art, of whom Conan-
Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe stand alone,
even Ben Ames Williams - stand alone -
appear rarely in a Century.

Hacks, ~~counted~~ bred and born in the literary
stables of some publishers, turn out such
providence, endlessly; eagerly devoured
by the Non-Cognocenti among their
readers; served up with illustrations
done ⁱⁿ modern ~~art~~, degenerate art.

It is apparent, also, that some well
known names are being lent to work
done by ghost writers and Hacks.

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If this were not so, the recent series
published under the name of Clarence Buddington
Kelland are far below the standard in
imagination and style set by earlier
work, notably "Foot-lights" and
"Arizona". Such counterfitting appears
to be confined to the New York "Clicks".
Mrs. Jean Stockwell authored a
sprightly story, frankly written "For the
Market," but found no publisher in
a "Rigged" Literary Market.

Run of mine "Who done its ~~How~~
(and "Memoirs") should be postponed
to the Ninth decade in life of the
author - and not for immediate
publication. If fortunate, by that
time he can "Paint his picture for the
God of things as they are".

The typed "proofs" of Mrs. Stockwell's
Book is among my prized ~~writings~~
manuscripts.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth
upward; or the spirit of a beast that
goeth downward to the earth?"

— Wisdom

Friday 1/11/1960
4 A.M.

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Light Frost; snow

of yesterday nearly gone.

Retired at 7 p.m. Promptly

at midnight books were exploded by restless
souls about Martin Luther, as a saint to 1960
this continued at intervals for two hours.
Having slept well, I arose at 3.30 and
started my usual fire in bathroom "Library".

This is our lot if we live so long
And labor until the end.

That we shall outlive the impatient
youth, and the much too patient friend;
And because we know we have breath
in our nostrils

And thus we have thoughts in our head,
we shall assume that we are alive,
Whereas we are really dead.
— The Old Man.

The Sheldon Hammall Family
(of Elk River).

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once wrote a most
story intitled "The Good Husband", going
on to describe the life of the only
good husband ever known in his part
of the State of Kansas Neighborhood.

As Ed parted with his own wife
when both were old, he should know in
a negative fashion what a "good
husband" is, or was, in his vicinity.
Several years past an elderly man

Called on me at my office, instantly
 recognized although we had not met
 for forty years. Frank Hamann of
 a large Elk River family; well
 appointed, even youthful, with a touch
 of ~~the~~ "man of the world", as ~~he~~ might
 well be, having in youth attached
 himself to a travelling circus, or
 Carnival, afterwards marrying the
 widow of the Principal owner, thereafter
 accepted as an assistant Manager.
 Frank had returned from ~~the~~ sad
 errand, ~~burying~~ burying his wife at her old
 home somewhere in Pennsylvania;
~~not~~ and calling on relatives and friends
 in Robertson County.

Thoroughly undermanned, I sensed
 that Frank Hamann was deeply grieved
 at the death of his past middle-aged
 wife. He quietly recounted some
 incident of their somewhat nomadic
 life during many seasons in the
 Carnival business, and their home
 life in Pennsylvania. It appeared
 Mrs. Hamann's death was sudden,
 and occurred "on tour" in the Valley
 of Virginia.

I was pleased that Frank Hamann
 thought to renew acquaintance, being friends
 in youth; interested in ~~the~~ ^{his} adventurous
 life through which he had passed
 and hoped to meet again.

However, Frank's death was reported
not long thereafter, his body buried ~~at~~
~~his home~~ beside that of his wife, and
their spirits in the air - (Vaya Con Dios.)
I am positive that Frank Hammett was a
"good husband". ~~He was one of a~~
~~the large family of~~

The Patriarch Melden Hammett was of
the Joseph Hammett line, well credited
of in Price's County History, in the third
generation; Mrs Hammett a daughter
of Samuel Moore of Marlin, Maryland
near Marlinton. Their whole industrious
lives, rearing a large family, spent
at the ancestral home old Fred
Fork of Elk. When quite old,
Mr Moore was thrown from a
run-away wagon, suffering a severe
deep wound, but recovering, also
treated Melden Hammett for an
infected wound that entirely penetrated
his foot, having "jumped bare-foot"
from the house porch and stepped on
a "Rusty" piece of wire. His patient,
uncomplaining while being treated for
a dangerous infection is remembered
past eighty years. Lived some years
following the ~~injury~~. While being
treated for his foot wound, Mr. Hammett
stopped with his daughter Mrs. John
Pumphrey, thus living in West Marlinton,

The eldest son ⁴¹³ Mulder and Martha
more Hannah, ~~that~~ Hannah has recently
died (1958) past eighty years, carefully
attended by his daughter Mrs. Fitzgerald, at
his ancestral home. ~~David's~~ wife, a Miss
Johnson, died many years ago, leaving
three daughters, their infant, his life
thereafter devoted to their care and rearing.
~~Chloe~~ Chloe married Mr. ^{Eden} Gibson, fifteen year
veteran U.S. Army, at present coal miner,
and Mary married Jacob Van Meter, of a
prominent Berkeley County family, recently
died in an auto accident, and was
occupation coal miner. Mr. Fitzgerald
a retired railroad worker.

All three sisters have passed through
hardships peculiar to being left orphans
at an early age, and bring my up
families under many difficulties,
through which each has come with
colors flying from Blood will tell!

Mrs. Chlover for a time was had a
mental illness treated at State Hospital,
but for several years recovered, and
with her family of grown children.
Mrs. Fitzgerald lives at the home place
on Elk. It is thus seen several
generations of the Joseph Hannah line
have spent their lives in the beautiful
and rich Elk River Valley at its
source and many branches or "forks".
All have been ~~to~~ my friends and patients.

Sunday 1/3/60 4:14
4 am. A storm in the North-East;
Record high tides on New England Coast.
Locally, Rain-snow-fog! Slept well
before an open window, rising 4 am.

Charles J. Finger

A middle west Journalist, Historian and
Biographer, the past generations, not too
well known in literature, but successful.
His excellent short Biographies of Washington,
Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, and "Pepys"
Diary (Edited with notes) also "The
Anatomy of Melancholy"; the latter
favorite reading of Thomas A. Edison in
youth and age. Mr. Edison also
wrote his own auto-biography, not
notable for style, but revealing.

Many thousand copies of Finger's
essays printed as "Little Blue Books"
at five cents the copy by the Late
Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kansas,
thoroughly performing a valuable public
service, early twentieth century.
I have several hundred copies "Little
Blue Books" in the fields of Biography,
History, Literature, Essays, Translations.

A renegade Jew (agnostic-infidel)
with business ability, H-Julius built
up a publishing business which he
valued at one million dollars. For a

longtime published weekly a newspaper
broadsheet entitled "Appeal to Reason"
on a materialistic note, denying any
"First Cause". This feature of his publishing
business, though sent gratuitously to me
for some years, I considered "in error"
and of no interest, an ~~ancient~~ Race
of "Mereh of the Race of Ancient Race
of Aryan People", his mind darkened,
Haldeman-Julius was found dead in
his bath, a suicide. ~~Though a~~
leading "Materialist", it seems that
he was unable to live out his days
on a planet whose earth, sea and air
is filled with the glory of the Most High.

Mr. Finger worked as a journalist
in several Mid-Western States, and
Cleveland, ~~Ohio~~, In late middle age
made the interesting experiment sub-
sisting a large family in Rural
Arkansas, on an Ozark Mountains
farm, meanwhile continuing his
Literary output - a regular "Dogs
Life," which he described minutely,
giving totals of animal ~~food~~, ~~consumed~~
foods consumed by a family of eight,
and other provender, much of it of
New York husbandry.
Finger, in my opinion, showed
great good sense in contrasting
a term of education in the rough for

Marlinton, W. Va.
December 18, 1959
4:30 am

Dear Jean:

I am sending a batch of the Memoirs-
pages (2d Volume) 322-348-456 - one
of my greatest pleasures to read the
typed "~~proofs~~" proofs - a most excellent
notion of yours to continue the typing.

You may think a rather lengthy
"Memorial" of Dick Currence unnecessary -
but it pleases me. He will have no other.
Even living in a fine mansion - the
Hamrick House (built on soldiers graves) -
"lucky" - as it undoubtedly was for
Dr. Hamrick and family - haunted!

"There are ~~more~~ things in Heaven and
Earth than thou hast dreamed
of, Horatio!" - Hamlet.

(Dick died on his own door-step, trying
to get home from the Kee Flat - golf course -
Strangely, he did not stop at Hospital -
Fate!

I mailed you Medicines; including
"Pimellin S-procaine". Be sure to try
a dose or two - I find it beneficial
for arthritis! It even prolongs life!
Vaya Con Dios

N. B. Price

PS - I read the manuscript hurriedly -
you may make minor corrections if
needed - particularly in punctuation.
Fewer "Commas" and "semi-colons" could
do no harm. A "dash" always
in here and there might help!
NRP

Nan K. Roderick (naufmum) Fredericks
Maryland, sent me a card. Says she
is a great-grandmother - Her son
born (1912) in August.

I have just written her a three-page
letter - She will be surprised!

NRP

PS - Perhaps Jean Cee find time
to help with the typing during her
vacations. Some practice won't
hurt. I typed for 45 years - and
never good.

NRP

Tuesday 12/1/39 3.30 P.M. - Cold weather continues;

No snow locally, except on "high ground".
Second day of the "Deep Kill" - As to the
Native Black Bear, Brother Cal Price,
for many years in his "bear stores," urged
the extermination of the bear, as a menace
to sheep husbandry. This was error,
fully recognized in his last years. The
bear rarely disturbs domestic animals,
because of his natural sense, and wholesome
fear of retaliation, with guns; and only
they when driven from his wilds.

Even so, the species has survived here
because, while ranging bears, early and
late of spring and autumn, principally are
males; the female were retiring in
habits, before ^{during} and after entering her
"long sleep."

The Black Bear, one of the most
interesting of wild animals, ~~in~~ lives
~~around us~~; as is true of the Great
Horned Owl, aptly termed by Deane
"the Tiger of the air." ~~The~~ A predator
and "drinker of blood," the Horned owl
~~has~~ has been relentlessly destroyed
by "civilized" man in America from the
earliest times, but ~~has~~ ^{the species} managed to
survive. A night hunter; a dweller
by day in the darkest and most remote
pine forests. Uttering, at times, in the
night savage howls and chattering, along
with its usual "Hoo-hoo-an-hoo."

Nesting in early March, indifferent
to snow or ice on bark and ~~the~~ ^{its} eyrie
of sticks, after an abandoned Hawk
~~nest~~ or crow nest.

Mr. George Beatty
(of Mingo) Flt. W. Va.

A native of Eastern Virginia, and a veteran
from start to finish of the Confederate Army
(1861-65), following the War, removed
to Mingo Flats and for forty years
carried on the trade of Smith in the
Village of Mingo; He married, his
family including four fine daughters,
whose lives I wish to memorialize.

Of Mrs. Beatty's back ground, even
her appearance, I have no remembrance,
only meeting her once or twice when
called to attend her husband when he
suffered fracture of the femur (1905)
that she was truly a "Mother in Sack"
is exemplified in the lives of four
beautiful and cultured daughters,
deared on the Randolph-Pocahontas
County frontier, following the war, 1861.

Mr. George Beatty exemplified
Longfellow's ideal "Black Smith" none
nearer than any I have met.

Under a spreading Chestnut Tree
The Village Smithy stands;
The Smith a mighty man is he,
With strong and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as Bran Ba's.

(Quoting a hymn of the Presbyterian Church;)
"He went on Sunday to the Church,
and heard his daughters' voice
singing in the Village Choir."

I, of course, not even an "under-thing"
 of Brother James, the ~~Doct~~ Surgeon; but
 I recall taking my turn, with others,
 in passing the night with the aged,
 suffering Veteran Wooddell. A
 "good patient," who made "no bones"
 of his injury, and gentle for aid.
 I am pleased to record that Mr.
 Wooddell recovered from his injury,
 lived for some years thereafter.

During a period of fifty years
 I have seen a dozen or more similar
 cases, in aged persons, notably
 Cousin Emma Warwick, in 1923, 1920
 who then resided with her sister
 Cousin Maggie Laidridge at the
 Minnehaha Springs, who recovered,
 dying in 1940. Another story.

In the year 1912, Cousin Agnes
~~Clark~~ Beard-Clark also "broke her
 hip," and again I claimed to be
 in the Level, being her together
 with Dr. Winters H. McNeel. Cousin
 Agnes, being ~~ag~~ of heavy weight
 and advanced in years, succumbed
 to complicating illness, dying at
 her home. A most excellent woman
 and the daughter of the late
 Josiah Beard, whose life and
 achievements are recorded in Miss
 Biographical History of the County.

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At a later date, Mrs. Moss Miller
the recluse, living at her home on
the heights of Leavenworth, died from effects
of a neglected hip fracture, stubbornly
refusing aid, and applying quantities
of "liniment". Her sister, Rebecca
known, neighbors rallied in force and
I was summoned. She was found
in extremis, and died before she
could be removed to a hospital.

Mrs. Nora Young, - always a leader
in the Buckeye Community, was foremost
in rescuing Mrs. Moss Miller.

Moss and ~~the~~ Miller, (the latter dying
many years ago) single, reclusive,
lived in the ruinous old house, then
standing on the bald promontory over-
looking Leavenworth north of Swag Creek;
previously noted as the site of an
"Indian Mound" explored by me, 1895.
This home near Prof. G.D. McKee's
present-day mansion, whose voluminous
historical and other writings known to
many.

Incidentally, "G.D." broke his hip
on the streets of Elkins some years
before retirement as Professor of
Historical English at D. and G. College.
His injury was treated by a "specialist"
in ~~Leavenworth~~ ^{Leavenworth} by the "open" method,
a modern wonder of surgery.

The Moss sisters were of
distinguished ancestry, their father

Colonel Gattay Miller, in his day
landowner and before the war of 1861
commanded the 12th Regiment of
Militia. An aged veteran of the
Confederacy, he died with only a
remnant of land, and near the home
of Captain James McNeil of the
Nicholas Blues, C.S. Army.

The sisters had a sorry time in
the simple rule of living; their ineffectual
efforts to garden and provide fuel
witnessed by worn-out hoes and
axes I have seen at this home.

Late in life, the "old house" at
last uninhabitable, a new cottage was
built from proceeds of a sale of timber,
where Mrs. Mass died.

Pride of race, fiercely independent,
Mrs. Miller scorned aid of any sort.

To the last, dying without a cry-
her passion was for flowers, wild
ones especially. At times she

appeared in Marlinton, usually
with bundles of flowers, usually
stopping to see Mrs. Jean Price,
who Mrs. Mass instinctively liked, and
always a customer for a bunch of
wild flowers. Forth sent, Mrs.

Miller submitted for fruits, berries and
a rather poorly cultivated garden.
She may have kept a few ^{flowers} perhaps
perhaps a pig. Certainly she never

Toll or begged - would have turned
first in near chronic food starvation,
being chronically in lat.

During her active life, in occasional
brief talks with Miss Moss. I have sought
to judge her intellectual life; also
questioned my wife, Jean, as to her observations
of the "Recluse". The result was
negative. The sisters apparently not
"Readers" - no evidence of a "Library".

^{in the house} ~~her breath~~ ^{Do} ~~the breath~~ of
I can ~~also~~ ever attached to the lives
of either ^{sister} I have some time thought
Louise McNeil's short poem applied
to Moss Meller.

Renunciation.

Renunciations, large and small,
Were as stones upon the wall;
And she labored hard and long,
To build it high and strong,
Till at last she could see
Nothing but Eternity!

When she stopped to catch her breath,
There was nothing left but death.

~~By~~ ^{My} the Covenant of grace, doubtless the
spirit of Moss Meller in the air together
with her mother long dead, surrounded
by the her loved wild flowers

(This scrap of biography is for the pleasure
of myself and posterity; I have no thought or
care how far I wander from the subject.)

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During the Autumn I received a letter from Mr. Beatty, thanking me for ~~services~~ treatment, and requesting a bill be sent for services. The bill, when sent, was in amount ~~20~~ twenty dollars, which could be considered nominal, and promptly paid. George Beatty was a good man; he and his family within my covenant.

The four beautiful and cultured daughters, on marriage became Mrs. Edwin Hall, Mrs. Kenneth J. Hawick Jr., Mrs. Lem Wood and Mrs. Pratt Marshall.

All the girls "taught school" at one time and another, thus adding an invaluable experience ~~know~~ wisdom and experience to each education.

The best way to learn how to do is by doing.

Biography of Captain Jacob Marshall and family will follow.

Mrs. Edwin Hall spent her useful life on the Hall Farm, Valley or Valley Mountain, Tygart's Valley.

I remember her son Edwin, Jr. - an amiable youth, who died in middle age, while residing at Elkins.

He was a player of Ducker on the Mingo team.

Mrs. Lem Wood (whose name I do not recall), who in middle age

a vigorous leader in all Church and Community activities. & It was Mrs. Wood who promoted the and

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largely built the Statue of a Confederate
Soldier on the site of Lee Army Camp,
Wm. O. Flax, and the notable "Remains"
of Confederate Veterans, about 1928,
also the "Indian girl" statue at her
residence.

Mr. Lem Wood for many years
successful ~~merchant~~ merchant at Wm. O.
on one occasion conversing with ~~Mr.~~
Lem Wood, it appeared to me that
~~Mr.~~ Mr. Wood had spent many
years in a state of surprise from
being the husband of such a beautiful
and cultured woman!
always a devoted "Daughter
of the Confederacy" It was my
pleasure to meet and converse with
Mr. Wood at an assembly at
C. C. Camp Andrew Price, Deep
Mountain Battle Field Park, in the
year 1933.

Vivacious, bustling and of a
statuesque beauty in late middle
age, it was my intention at the
time to further cultivate Mr. Wood's
acquaintance, but press of other
business in "hard times" prevented.
Within a year after the meeting
"on Deep" I regretted to hear of the
death of this lovely lady, which
occurred from a sudden in church
at Slaty Fork, while attending a
Sunday Community Singing
Conducted by Prof. Luther D. Sharp,

Sunday 12/6/69

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The anticipated snow of yesterday, turned into a gentle rain at day-break. After late rising (9:30 am) and competitors of chess and breakfast, detained at the horse, last evening the Cal. Prices - Mabel, Florence McNeil, Jane Sharp and young John McNeil, of Charleston, called with congratulations of my birthday, I having completed ~~my~~ ^{my} and one half decades - Eighty five years - I have long observed that continuous ~~or long~~ employment in literary writing, a "dog's life," time consuming, which might better be used, for example, gathering wood in the forest for the morning and evening fires!

The writing of books is sacrificial in nature, and bought at a price. The last end of many notable authors, as judged by their biographers, is not Peace.

Even Rudyard Kipling in old age, (73) remarked ~~that~~ he had heard and read of "contented old age," but for himself, he had not seen any. (Cabrington)

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and fallies of the wise.
From Marlborough's eye, the streams of
Aotage flow;
And ~~flame~~ ^{flame} expires, a driveller and a shrew!"

The life of Mary Beatty - Marshall and he memorialized in the Hatch of Captain Jacob Marshall and family.

Lastly, Mrs Portia Beatty - Hamrick.
(Known by her friends as "Potty") about my

teacher in the public schools of Raleigh
and Greene Counties; until recently,
at 82 years of age, refusing retirement
pay, able and willing to teach. Ma
Recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,
because of the remarkable life of this lady
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of
life being "Real and earnest; not making
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,
upon her marriage to R. J. Haurick, to
whose occupation was sanctifying, together
with many years employment as teacher
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.
Portia, also, taught school in early life.
This home was on the Point Mountain,
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her
family of eight sons and daughters, all
attained their majorities; liberally educated.
Notable Kenneth J. Haurick, M.D., (College
Principal in early life), now Lecturer
of the Denver State School of Medicine
incurable. And a good Samaritan
Following the war of 1917-18, in which
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Haurick
located in Marlinton, soon becoming
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial
Hospital, and for many years

Age (85) and in the "News" as an active
teacher in the public schools of Logan
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement
pay, able and willing to teach. In a
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,
because of the remarkable life of this lady
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of
life being "Real and earnest"; not merely
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,
upon her marriage to R. J. Hawrick, Esq.
whose occupation was sanding, together
with many years employment as teacher
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.
Portia, also, taught school in early life.
Their home was on the Point Mountain
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her
family of eight sons and daughters, all
attained their majorities; liberally educated,
Notably Kenneth J. Hawrick, M.D. (school
principal in early life), now Superintendent
of the Denmar State Sanatorium for the
Incurable, and aged.

Following the war of 1917-18, in which
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Hawrick
located in Marlinton, soon becoming
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial
Hospital, and for many years with
an enviable record as a successful
surgeon and physician.

His wife a Kentucky lady. Her next
wife both were employed in a New York
City Hospital. They have a son, and

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A Junior Officer U.S. Army. The imposing
Mansion with ample grounds, built by De-
and Mrs. Hamrick of Hamlet's Field in
the early history of that fashionable suburb
of Marlinton. Within its grounds the
Reserved Confederate Cemetery. Fearlessly
noted.

His routine use of Roentgen Ray (x-ray)
of ~~cases~~, almost daily in ~~and~~ Hospital
practice. With characteristic speed and
energy in his work, Dr. Ferguson Hamrick
may have exposed himself unduly to
the deadly x-ray, with the result,
gradual loss of several fingers of both
hands, greatly limiting his surgical
skill, along with the middle years of life.

The life of my friend H. K. J. Hamrick, Jr.
(Son of Partin Beatty) has been highly
tragic in some of its phases, in recent
years, involving loss of property as well,
met with indomitable courage.
Mrs. Hamrick has recently died. While
residing in Pittsburg, Penn., and
lies buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Vaya Con Dios.

The early settlement of the Hamrick clan
on the headwaters of the Elk River
and its numerous branches in Webster,
Randolph and Pocahontas Counties is not
in antiquity - certainly in late times
of "Indian Occupations". Necessarily,
frontiermen and hunters for several generations -
relatively developed, but strong nature.
good sure and better than average physical
development in height, strength and speed.

To cut-off, by Highway) and cemeteries during the "Civil War" - was Webster County, ~~that~~ ^{which} ~~territory~~ was lost with either part of the divided state of Virginia, Webster County, known for several years thereafter as "The Independent State of Webster".

(Poi) I recall a Mr. Hamrick from the Point Mountain, about 1887, in the autumn, stopping at our house for the night. Alone, he was driving a three-horse team, going to the mill at Mill Point for ~~ground~~ meal and flour. Of late middle age, average height, and athletic.

I recall vividly his appearance and story. He related to Uncle James and I that in his youth he was the "best runner" in his community; also his high jump equaled his height. Possibly seventy inches - possibly also exhibited a peculiar deformity of the leg that was proof of an accident he suffered in early life; a polished spur of ivory-white bone protruded from the tibia, about two inches in length. The result of an old compound fracture; a marvel; recovery without loss of a limb. His story that in some way he was washed over a "Water Wheel" at a grist mill and mangled.

Mr. Hamrick and his team were shown hospitality by Uncle James and our family, the next day going on to Mill Point, and heard of no more.

The Hamrick clan have responded to public educators, many notable scholars and successful in business. Most are ~~not~~ ^{dark} ~~Brown~~ with very dark eyes and hair. Quite late in life Portia Beaty and R. J. Hamrick agreed to live separately, each going separately, though not divorced. Mr. Hamrick now dead. Two of the Hamrick clan, both at one time public officials, have and living in Pocahontas County, have died ~~as~~ suicidal; one by shooting and one by monoxide gas poisoning, doubtless as inheritances from this remote frontiersman, bear-hunting forebears. Having long out-lived her father's family, Portia Beaty-Hamrick retains Serenity and Peace. Vaya Con Dios.

Tuesday 12/8/59 - December 7, 1959 - the first 4 AM. now (two miles) at Morgantown. and more fleecy throughout the day; most clouds indicated more snow at night, but cold fronts from the North resulted in a clear, cool dawn. Wearing cloth "Arctics" and my Army "Truck Coat" - Comfortable, walked to the office and returned. Stopped at Dilleys Clinic and was given a "shot in the arm" by Dr. Pitman and his nurse, Mary Vanceva-Friel. The medicine for Neuritis in the neck - Truematic and packages of Arthritis, left knee, also Truematic - (Remedy - 300,000 units, one cubic centimeter) which I have Anitopre found beneficial. There is a peculiar exhilaration in the "first snow" of winter; lends a new charm to the landscape; if oft-repeated with accompanying cold winds, may become a bit

Chapter - Tuesday! a Dogs Life

The winters blasts ³³⁶ and obtain sufficient exercise in the open.

It snows! cries the schoolboy, Hurrah!
and his shout
Is echoed through mansions and halls;
And quick as the wing of a swallow he's
To join his fellows at ball!

"It snows!" cries the widow, ^{old stage} "Reader!"
and her sigh, ^{God!} "God!" and
her sigh, ^{to be poor when it snows!}

Saturday, the 6th ^{Christie (reading)} conversing with my
Niece Jane Price-Sharp, also has taken over
as owner-editor the Local Notes Times. I
inquired if she was aware that in doing
so she was beginning a "Dogs Life" in
Literature? ~~She~~ Jane said she was not
so aware!

My father and Mother, Teachers and Writers
from early youth, but with little acclaim,
and no financial reward, from Published
work whatsoever, escaped much of the
daily grind. Their rearing and education
of a large family in the period following
the war (1861) required the most strenuous
efforts, professionally, of Pa; and was ~~was~~
~~but~~ the light of her strength bearing and
sustaining the family. Under Providence
of the most high, the end of both, in
extreme old age, was Peace.

Brothers Andrew and Calvin; each employed
for many years in the daily grind of

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"Copy" writing, resulting in much popular
acceptance; but, as neither entered the highly
competitive field of authors and "writers",
financial reward was meagre, in an age when
many authors ~~enjoy~~ make money—
"big by" income" taxes.

Moreover, both Brothers were popular
"readers" and speakers; for the most part
"guests" all leading to much honor, but
little "beer and shillies".

(Note: R.W. Emerson demanded a "gate"
when referred to as a "Reader of Essays"; as
did Charles Dickens on his endless "tours"
in Europe and America.)

In the year 1929, on invitation Brother
Andrew attended as guest speaker and
Reader, all at his own charges, seventeen
~~successive~~ "Teachers Institutes" in as
many West Virginia Counties, ~~in~~
~~seventeen successive weeks~~, all to the
tune of innumerable "Contact" and
conversations with his peers and fellow
wits, male and female, together with
Hotel and lodgmg, ~~with~~ a wide acquaintance
in the state, leading a regular
"Dog's life"!.

As could have been foreseen, and at
age 58, this was followed by ~~an~~ a
near "nervous break-down" and acute
illness (Facial Herpes, or "Mingle"),
involving his left eye, for which he
was treated in two hospitals, Richmond,
Va. and Montgomery, W. Va., autumn
of 1928, and from which illness he

Never recovered, dying March 26, 1926,
from a cancerous affection of the liver,
and Portal system, for which operation
was attempted at the Greenlee Hospital
at Little Rock, Ark.

Brother Calvin's death, age 46, after
a short illness, June 15, 1904, after a short
~~illness~~ of a heart affection, which may
have been precipitated by acute illness
in the later course of a meal of work-
melon, in all probability.
As a nature writer, his name is
commemorated in the Carl Price State
Forest of North Carolina, and in the
adjacent to the Watago State Park
and game refuge.

Sister Susan ~~from~~ from an early age,
~~contributed~~ wrote special articles for
the family paper, in later life wrote
descriptive and historical articles,
mainly about the "Restoration" of the
old City of Virginia Capital City,
Williamsburg, where she resided in
the restored DeWiddie Mansion.
Some of ~~her~~ ^{her letters} illustrated, and sold to
slick magazines. Such writing did
not prove helpful in applying her
thought and care to the work of her
profession as a general practitioner
of medicine and the management of

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A considerable sum of money, then
in her possession.

Brother James, with ample means
and leisure, if so desired, late in life
displayed a centricity in his reading
and writing. I have frequently seen
him poring over will worn volumes
of a mythical character; the "Pyramid
Book" among others, professing to
explain pre-historic disasters on the earth,
and including the "Lost Continents of
Atlantis" and its high civilization, before
the flood. The "Seven Pillars of
Wisdom", probably, would have met with
his approval ~~at this time~~. All this
was there exposed on his shelves a
mighty-volume set of "Worlds Greatest
Literature", which following his death
showed little evidence of use; and
which today is a valued set of books
in my library. The ~~set~~ ^{volume} containing
essays by the best English, French
and American authors, ancient and
modern, and many others.

Of course Dr. James Price "searched
the Scriptures and kept informed of
modern events; yet I somewhat
hesitated at his interpretation thereof

which, to me, appeared plain statement
of wisdom and truth.
Perhaps as a belated literary expression,
which he had not ~~permitted himself~~ in
~~in~~ early youth, he also permittedingles
and abstractions to run through his head,
often of a trivial nature; some of these
appeared in the Times and certain
publications of the period, designed to
attract and interest ~~amateur~~ writers.
This was not wise; unnecessary;
even though little harm done.
Off-hand shooting does not serve in
writing genuine verses. Even a
Kipling in "resting verses in writing"
searched for days for the fitting
word or phrase.

Quoting, again, Taine, in the History
of literature in Europe:

"We cannot endure the intense
emotion, nor repeat the marvellous
accent of the Psalms."

In my mature opinion my own
childhood was prolonged far
beyond the period of adolescence,
in part due to deprivations of the
frontiers first encountered at age 10.
At least the important feature of
education gained by helping ~~from~~ an

early age in gaining a living for
myself and family was not lacking.
At ten years reading with some pleasure,
but little understanding the works of
Charles Dickens; himself a product of poverty,
son of a father in Debtors Prison.
Whatever the faults in the life and works
books of Dickens, he tells a story well.
In boyhood I acutely felt the lack
of suitable clothing; which well fitting
and of good quality ~~this made~~ By
nature retiring, this alone ~~helped~~ made
me shun the herd; perhaps better
dressed and less sensitive than I.
I loved solitude, and spent much
time in the forest and along the lovely
Green River. Not without ambition,
I early realized if success was ever
to be achieved in my life much
time was necessary. The society
of horses, range cattle and the wild deer
was educational.
Apprenticed early to the Printing trade -
also highly educational. I worked
diligently on the mechanical part of the
business, leaving writing to my gifted
elder brother and sister and parents.
Becoming interested in Athletics,
computative sports, and physical culture,
I also learned to labor and to wait.
All this has been outlined in previous
sections of this opus but recounted as part

Monday, 12/10/59 343

4:30 4:40

The 9th clear - merely
snow melted - a frosty night

"Of the making of Books there is no end,
and much study is weariness to the flesh,
unless I continually observe, and with pains,
form a clear, round 'hand', I relapse
into 'hand writing', therefore illegible.

Hand-movement not yet habitual.

I have in my library a complete file of
The American Mercury, while under the
editorship of Henry L. Menckin, 1920-1935,
inclusive; highly valued and frequently
consulted. Recently, opening a "Mercury",
it proved to be the issue of January, 1930,
terminating Menckin's "The Library". I was
amazed to find a mass review of
fifteen Biographies and auto-biographies;
the of the last, Calvin Coolidge and
Alfred E. Smith, "abominably written,"
(Menckin) full of "transparent fraudulences
and evasions;" yet "Menckin's to
make it interesting!"

"Who ever heard, indeed, of an auto-
biography that was not? I can recall
none in the history of the world."

And so on -

Others among the fifteen, John Brown,
Jefferson Davis, Wm. J. Bryan, A. Lincoln,
Sam Houston, George Harvey, Emma Willard,
Com. Daniel Porter, Mark Hanna, Washington,
- a rare lot. Four magazine pages
in Mr. Menckin's style. The "discovery"
of this review I regard as timely in

my work, and encouraging

H. L. Menckens: "Happy Days," before noted covers a period, only, of childhood and youth, but interestingly.

In a personal letter (1846) he refers to his causing to write for publications about 1843; living together with his brother, August Menckens, in the house where both were born, 1400 Hallius Street, Baltimore. "Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitation" - (Wisdom).

Twenty years before, Menckens was briefly married to a ~~beaut~~ lady, from Alabama, whose writings at times appeared in Mercury - a literary "discovery" of Editor Menckens, always searching for talent in the young. Mrs Menckens soon died, and doubtless her spirit sits at wine with the Muse still.

And thy gods of the elder days."

Aware of the value - necessity of regular exercise, though a life-long dweller in cities, he made garden and saved wood for his open fire, referring to the shovel the hoe and saw his favorite sports - and writing of "Diabetic golf," a game of many.

In a rare interview given "Life" the writer speaks of Menckens for getting a table leg on the fire, meanwhile lunching on a pie, with accessory food and drink and smoking a cigar.

At times, Dray-men were invited to throw discarded furniture in the Menckens yard, which reduced to kindling by Jensen and August Menckens, served

as fuel for this open fire. The Menckey
house a modest, ancient building, similar
to others in the block, West Baltimore.
His father, German immigrant, also named
August, made cigars and had a
retail business in tobacco. As a matter
of course, all the Menckey Men used
tobacco and drank Beer; if Henry's
writings on both are to be believed. He
one was ~~author~~ of a classic essay on
German brews, with a discriminating taste!

The Menckey fortune, which is considerably,
quietly administered by brother August,
and at the death of Henry descended,
doubtless, to him; with no needless
publicity. August Menckey still lives,
probably, but unknown to fame except
as the brother of Henry Lewis Menckey.

H. L. Menckey despised pedantic
and evasions in the so-called great, and
with unequalled force drove his spear
home. Of his existence and writings
were known to the "Captains and the
Knigs" they ignored him as beneath
their power to crush. No decorations
or ~~decorations~~ honors bestowed by their
governments and colleges, either foreign
or domestic; or if tendered would have
been instantly rejected; not even a
Jury ~~award~~ S.P.!

In the middle, or dark, ages Henry L.
Menckey would have been be-headed for
reasons, or as a Heretic suffered
martyrdom at the stake. It was his
misfortune to die in bed, rich and famous!

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In the year 1948, and about 62 years old, ironically Mr. Menckey suffered a slight stroke, which so affected at times his memory he was often at a loss for a word in conversations; but retaining his interest in current affairs; disappointingly, for the most part.

At the last, ~~the~~ 1956, he was found dead in bed by Brother August; his body to be later borne on his shield, to its home in the grave.

Vaya con dios!
A "Dog's Life," but compensated by thirteen years retirement in age, a rich man, living quietly in his house.

I would quote, at length, from the "Review of the Fifties," Mercury, Jan. 1930, but refrain.

Anyone interested may consult my files, if in existence during future years, or the Public Depositories and Libraries, archived at the University of Va. Briefly, referring to "Dr. Coolidge's

"The style of his autobiography is that of a somewhat backward schoolboy, yet manages to make it interesting," and so on "no matter how clumsily he does his job, something of his own glow gets into it." --- It is vilely written ---

full of transparent fraudulence and evasions. But these deficiencies cannot conceal the man; on the contrary, they only serve to make him the more vivid. "It is a shameless and appalling demonstration of what the public service has come to among us. Here is a man

Who sat in the Chair of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln and Cleveland "etc." and got the contents of his cranium, revealed innocently by himself, turns out to be hardly distinguishable from what fills the brain-pan of an average garage attendant."

In the Review. Munkay deals harshly with the other aspirants and incumbents in succession, Jimmy Cox (1920), John W. Davis (1924), Dr. Hoover (1928), Al Smith (1928) — and Dr. Hoover — all self-deceived as to their chances of being elected, although apparent to nearly every one that each was a "gone coon", except the least the incredible fraud — Dr. Hoover — in a sloppy
As to Al Smith: "writes ~~loose~~ in a sloppy and unimpressive manner," ~~loose~~ "but the extraordinary charm of the man radiates from every page" — "Al has something far less common than wisdom — — — He can make people like him." — "Al managed to carry the affections of thousands through five terms as governor of New York, and would have carried it — if Providence had been kinder, to Washington; — and so on —
What Munkay writes of Al Smith being able to make people like him, is singularly true of our own "J.H."

and with more power than five
hundred Zars or even a modern
Russian Dictator, many millions
"like He". In spite of the lack of wisdom
nay, the incredible follies of his long
reign; at this blessed minute on a
"Nineteen Day" good will" journey
round the world, a father would
soon confess a liking for

Personally, I confess a liking for
"He" "Ike", and voted for him both
times, ~~though~~ (a Democrat), though
depreciating his abilities both as an
allied Commander in War ~~and~~ as President,
an "integrationalist" and "internationalist",
it is true; but so was our old Mary-
Adlee & Stevensons; the latter besides
dislikeable? ~~honest~~ -

Adlai E. Stevenson, ~~personally~~ ^{personally} dispirable? ~~based~~ -
I am pleased that Menefee, in, 1930,
accented the "likability" of Al Smith,
which I vaguely felt was an alternate
Delegate to the Forestry Commission.

which I regard as
Delegate to the Forestry, Cementum, and
Gleed as a truly supporter
Trampsey, President Eisenhower
My name Category as a
F. D. Roosevelt as a
Brilliant, for
Due really long
unreco. President

for even years past the excitement
and with more than a million
"American" people, the lack of wisdom
"like the" people of the world
now, the mistake of the world
people, at this point, make on a
mistake, say "good will" for
around the world, a false picture!
Personally, I consider a lifetime for
the "life" and credit for him both
true, though (Dissident), through
defeating his critics, both as an
actual commander in, was as President,
an "international" and "international"
if to true, but as we see now,
after a few years, the latter (Dissident)
personally as a whole, (Dissident) -
I am headed "that" (Dissident), 1930,
accepted the "life" of a Smith,
which I really felt was an attempt
to get to the "life" (Dissident), 1928,
Dissident, (Dissident) is in
my own category as a "life" man,
F.D. Roosevelt, (Dissident), the
Gulbani, (Dissident), as to his
the really life (Dissident) for office,
they said the latter x

Letting Day 12/12/59 349

4 A.M. a steady rain and thaw
throughout the night. Perhaps paving
on road and bridge will get be finished
next morning when I begin to write
for a time I am careful to form the
letters round and clear, with sufficient
pressure to obtain a good carbon copy,
"forearm" and wrist action. Then as I
warm up to composition I slipse into
hand and finger "illegibility".

Last evening, at 5 pm. I stumbled
on a loose picket, bail and fell heavily
(on back porch) with 9 glass ware in each
hand; eat up with parts of a glass jar
and a bottle in my hands, and severe
cuts on fingers, bruises as well.

Bleeding stopped by applications
of sediment from the healing
spring; "white ointment" and business
as usual; left well from seven
o'clock until 4 am.

September 1954. The death of the
Chairman of the Board, United States Steel
was reported from an accidental stab
wound, by a kitchen knife while he was
"assist" with the supper dishes at
his country estate.

I consider my most recent escape
from serious injury a cause for thankfulness.
"They shall keep thee as in their hands,
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Yesterday I visited the Circuit Clerk's
office on business, and for nearly two
hours had interesting conversation with
Clerk Grady More and attorneys Curran

and Cooper on ³³³ Literary and ~~the~~ Local History. I was able to inform them why the Court House is located in its present inconvenient place, three-fourths mile from business center of Marlinton. In 1894 a block, 1/2 square, was donated for the building, ~~to~~ its location at the pleasure of the County Commissioners. Mr. Amos Babler was the donating member of the Court, and insisted that it be on higher ground; hence its location above high water mark of Creek and River.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
a fast flying meteor, a swift passing cloud;
a touch of the wave,
Man passes from life to his home in the grave."

General Robert Edward Lee

Something ~~from~~ ^{with} (1861) a local historical background may be written of the military campaign intended to hold Western Virginia in Union. This mountainous section of the old Dominion being largely pro-Union and recruiting Regiments - 1. State troops and Unionists. Grafton in Taylor County was selected as the objective to be taken and held and a march begun, in two columns, one under General Garnett, ~~later~~ over by Staunton and Parkersburg turn-pike (former of turn-pike - 1858 style in western Virginia); the other under General Lee on the

Warm Springs - Martins Battery and
 Huttonville Turnpikes. This memoir, my
 father accompanied as Chaplain (armed
 with a shot-gun, ~~and aged 31 years~~) General
 Garnett's forces, starting from Monterey,
 in Highland County. This brochure of
 about fifty pages, first printed in the
~~year~~ serially, in 1901, was set by myself
 on the linotype and staple bound.
 It is listed as a rarity and command,
 a premium today. It is entitled "On
 to Grafton."

The building of the magnificent
 new bridge, 1959, on interstate
 highway 39, and third ~~at~~ at this
 fording of the Greenbrier River, is
 epochal.

It has recently come to my attention
 that grandfather James Atlee ~~had~~ saved
 the timber for the first wooden arch
 bridge (1853); also had a quarrying
 contract for stone used in the pier
 and abutments. The saw-mill
 site at the "Saw-Mill Meadow"
 now Riverside, adjoining Martins
 on the north.

The second Concrete Arch Bridge
 (1915); its large metal plate bearing the
 names of ~~County~~ localities, County officials,
 myself as President of the County
 Commissioners, now reposes on
 my front porch - a relic!

An Engineer, General Lee, brought his heavy field artillery into the mountains, with its heavy munitions, caissons and teams, as many as four teams of artillery horses to a gun and caissons. This required much "corduroying" of roads with timbers, remnants of which were still visible on the road near the tunnel, top of Allegheny, late as 1930. A useless encumbrance, except for the terror the "Big guns" might inspire in Yankee "invaders"; the artillery worse than useless, only serving to render the roads nearly impassable for necessary supply wagons, either advancing or retreating.

It is not known, or remembered whether the bridge served for the artillery or if it ~~was~~ crossed the Greenbrier at the Island Ford, (Tanner).

In my youth, late as 1912, artillery emplacements were clearly visible on "Fortification Hill," one fourth mile from the "Tall House." The "Hill" slipped into the newly located Road year 1912.

It is my considered opinion the War (1861) was largely lost to the Confederate States because of dependence on the artillery and too many large all-out pitched, and supposedly "decisive" battles. Of the battles, Manassas, ~~the~~ Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,

Also Cedar Creek, Frankfurt and
Atlanta. were decisive for any-body,
it was for the invaders.

Large bodies of mounted men, freely
mobile, especially at the in the first
two years, could have made it very
unhealthy for the patriots from the
North; their horses of Europeans
"county jumpers" as well, particularly
if, as an invaded country, our armies
got a bit careless of taking prisoners.

The Battle of Kings Mountain, (1781),
was won by mounted frontiersmen, fighting
on foot; no artillery, wiping out
Colonel Fergusons band of Tories, ~~the~~
~~the worst part~~, bent on raiding the
Carolina-Virginia border. The
frontier men, under Colonel Cleveland,
Melby and Campbell, had the choice

of stopping the Tory army, or being
plundered and killed separately.
Kings Mountain, like San Jacinto,
remarkable for the large "mortality"
among the defeated "forces." Most
historians treat this aspect of the battle
tenderly; but the truth is little,
for ~~there~~ no quarter was given Tories
and "Mexicans" who may have
offered to "surrender" in little
band of Tories" in the South after
Kings Mountain, or Mexicans in

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W. W. Woodward in his excellent
"Washington" takes the view the Revolution
(1776) was needlessly prolonged because
of General Washington's predilection for
the use of "artillery"; and formal
"Military Courtesy" and pitched battles,
none of which is classed as "decisive";
Leave "Peratoga", alone, (1777), largely
forgot by frontiersmen from New England
rendered desperate, in part, because
the British army was accompanied
by bordering H. families Indians from
Canada, who had harassed their
frontiers for generations. (Read Ken Roberts "Rogers Rangers"
and "North-West Passage.")
Fifty "Civil War" reading recommended
as to "why" we lost the War, to Mrs.
Chestnut's Diary (edited by Ben
Ames Williams); and the latter
"House Divided" (Mr. Williams
was born in the South and "raised"
in Connecticut - therefore competent to
judge). - Lastly, "Gone with the
Wind" is a vivid account of General
Sherman's carrying on while "Marching
Through Georgia". A few good
ambuscades, in force, and mobile troops
could have been most unpleasant
what Lee was Kennerly, General Grant

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It is a fact, documented, that R. E. Lee in person had headquarters in the "Tall House" (still in use as restaurant and filling station) as previously referred to. Summer and autumn of 1861, while he made futile "advances" far as Mingo Flats in Randolph County.

His staff, was young Colonel John Washington, nephew of the first President) who later was ambushed and killed by a sharp-shooter (named Sharp) while reconnoitering at near Elk-water, of which more anon, in a chapter of the Sharp brothers, of Staty Fork of Elk-river-way, while the considerable forces in West Virginia almost forgotten, by Richmond; President Jeff Davis and Secretary of War Benjamin- with their generals Beauregard, Lee and Johnston leisurely prepared for a "Decisive" Battle (Bull Run, July 1861) and the equally "slow" McClellan prepared to "crush" the "rebels" - so much so that President Abraham Lincoln requested the "loan" of the Army if General McClellan had no immediate use for it!

Dr. George Douglas McNeill has well written of Lees 1861 Campaign in the Mountains that it added less than nothing to his fame as Commander.

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As a Commander of Armies, General Lee had the sure quality of "Likeability" by the soldiers. Personally, courageous, a fighting general, he mingled with the troops, exposed himself in battle, and shared the hardships of the camp.

In 1861, a professional soldier, turned to the Command of a "Citizens' Infantry" and no mountaineer, (like "Stewart" Jackson) failure and hardship accompanied his campaign.

"Mounted Infantry", Mobile, instead of foot soldiers and artillery, could have, with effective ambuscade, made it discouraging for "invaders", especially. Such troops were later organized (1863) by West Virginia notably the 10th W. Va. Infantry, that played a part at Droop Mountain (1863).

The war game, played without intricate ~~and~~ laws, would have suited our resolute volunteers from Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, making of Lee's Command. Trees could have served as "breast works," and Mountains for Artillery "emplacements."

It is said that when a group of men from the 12th Georgia, reported to their Commander "they" had not come that far from home to run from.

35
Houkees; the Regiment was threatened
with Mass "arrest" for insubordination!

The incident of 1st Lt. Woods Price
formal Call (the Captain McNeel's Company
of Rangers - 19th Cavalry) formal Call on
General Lee, at the Bell House Headquarters
has been referred to... to the General
somewhat abrupt inquiry why he was
not "with his Regiment," Uncle Woods
could only reply that some of the
Company were engaged in "Scouting,"
as familiar with the Mountains; also
awaiting Call to assemble and keep
in check. Captain Walt Allen's equally
aggressive band of Northern Rangers,
for the most part bent on horse stealing.
It will be recalled the three Price
brothers were quartered at their home,
when surprised, in 1863, Uncle Calvin
wounded in the thigh and Uncle James
taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.

"Uncle" Harry McDowell, ex-slave,
once told me that he, personally, could
see "no sense" in making war by
"scouts" running horses to death" to
inform General Lee that his "rear"
was threatened ~~by an~~ advance in Ball's
or Greubler permits, or that
McClellan was advancing up the
Lygarts and Elk valleys, whereupon
the General would order a new

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stand for the artillery, and cutting
wire brush trees, in the road far side
of Elk Mountain, to be laboriously
removed when an advance or retreat
was ordered.

It is a fact Lee got his Artillery
out of the mountains, while burning
and abandoning wagons loaded
with munitions and small arms.

With the military (1776-1861) it was
fashionable to estimate the out-come of
a military force by the number of
"guns," East or West. Even "Old
Steuwall," himself an artillery man,
insisted on "having the guns," also
"a wheel-barrow," if necessary.

Furthermore, it is clear that Lee's
Army in Western Virginia was neglected
in the matter of supply, in part unavoidably
but more by criminal sloth and cupidity
of "Contractors," and other vermin.
Many years ago an interesting
book ~~that~~ was published anonymously by
a volunteer soldier in the ranks of the
8th Tennessee Infantry. Some years
ago this book ran serially in the
Potomac Times, most interesting
following the campaign through in detail
to its debacle, Rich Mountain and
Chant. There was no need for
withholding his name - he told nothing

35-9
put the truth; but published soon following
the war, some might and many soldiers
yet living, soon might more considered
the author too "revealing", and made
subject to reprisals.

The book, clipped from the Times, is
a valued feature of a voluminous
Scrap-book which I have.

That Lee's Army used Martins Butte
as principal "base" until late fall
is attested by stone pile remains of
"Chumney" emplacement and trenches
extending above the Bridge far as the
Island Ford; also two well populated
"Cemeteries" before described. Forts
were made far as Mingo Flats and
Elkwater. Meanwhile, until Sumter's
retreat, and death at Currier's Ford,
while suspecting the "rear" made
retreat in haste from the Mountains
imavoidable.

General McClellan's success in
clearing Western Virginia of "Rebel"
forces a feature of his promotions
and elevation to Supreme Command
by President Lincoln. McClellan
was able, and lucky. He "stopped"
the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, and
extracted his army from the Peninsula
(1862) when the "Rebellers" was in flower.

560
Poorly supplied, with shelter and food
bedding, medicine and clothing. The
Army lay in leafy tents and huts
in the mud of Marcus Patton, and
many perished of enteric disease, typhoid
and dysentery. Something could have
been done by returning the useless
"artillery" to the low-lands, making
an occasional sanitary "change of
base". Also giving our ~~resolute~~
young volunteers from Georgia a chance
"to run from Yankees" or over-running
their encampments, giving no quarter,
as Lousy invaders of the South land!
Kipling's "Mesopotamia", 1917, gives
an exact picture ~~of~~ ^{of the} Western Virginia
Campaign, 1861 -

They shall not return to us, the
Desolate, the Young;
The eager and whole-hearted whom
we gave,
But the men who left them terrified
to die in their own land,
Shall they come in years and honor
to the grave?

(Twelve pages this morning, - 4:30-9 am -
despite my "accident" last evening
this morning - a genuine "draw".

Monday - 12/14/59 - 4.30 AM -
Clear - Cool - The nearly full moon sitting
over Price Hill. 5 AM: The sun rising over
the Eastern Mountains. 7.35 - AM - "No Heavens
declare the glory of God; the earth sheweth
his handiwork; day unto day uttereth
speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Imperfect sympathies":

Particularly of late, I have been impressed
by the beauty that shines in the faces of
women and men, of ~~late~~ middle age -
even old. You seldom see a silly
expression among the Jews. Gain and
the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage.
I never heard of an idiot born among
them. Some admire the Jewish physiognomy.
I admire it but with trembling. I all had
those full dark inscrutable eyes.
In the Negro countenance you will
often meet with strong traces of benignity.
I have felt drawn to these countenances
towards some of these faces - or rather
masks - that have looked out kindly
upon me in casual encounters in the
thick ~~and~~ highway. - These "images of
God out in ebony." But I should not
like to associate with them, to share my
meals and my good nights with them -
because they are black.
Borrow from Charles Lamb's excellent Essay
of "Hudibras" Chapter: Casto Quakers.
"I love Quaker way and Quaker worship
- But I cannot like the Quakers (as
I would say) to live with them."

I should ^{36 1/2} stare at their primitive bangs.
My appetites are too high for the salads
which (according to Evelyn) Eve prepared
dressed for the angel.

Though I love to behold beauty,
benignity and intelligence in the faces
of many aged women and men, of all
races, I ~~would~~ should not ~~choose~~ to
associate daily with them, or even
~~occupy~~ the same house with any - "To
live with them!"

So much for "Imperfect Sympathies".

Major General Daniel Sickles, U.S. Army
(Volunteers - 1861)
(1823 - 1914)

Congressman, from New York City; Ambassador
to Spain (where he married a Spanish
Lady); Commander of the 6th Corps, U.S. Army
at the sorry battle of Chancellorsville, May,
1863; hero of Gettysburg, where he
lost his Right leg at the hip, July 2, 1863,
in the "Peach Orchard" episode in
General James Longstreet's Corps in
this drive on the Union left at
Little Round Top, which if taken
by Longstreet's men would have been
decisive.

Dan Sickles neglected to write his
autobiography, and if a good biography
exists I am not aware of it. G. & J.
Met General Sickles, July 2, 1913, at his
"headquarters" on the Emmitsburg Road
(a farmhouse); shook him by the hand,

363
And as a "Son of a Confederate soldier,"
gave him the time of day! Then in his
90th year, he sat in a porch alone,
his empty right trouser leg trailing on
the floor - Next year (1914) was
"poked out" in Europe - Another story.

The high ranking hero of the Yankee
Army at the battle, his leg mangled by
a base shot and amputated, "on the
field" without any other assistance than
stiff shots of Brandy, Gen. F. S. Greene
was even named as an honored guest
at the 50th anniversary of the battle, by
a mobbish "Regular Army" in charge
of the celebration, they marked the first
Joint "Re-unions" of the Civil War (1861-1865)
Old and infirm, in "Disgrace,"
whereupon Sam Fickles rented the farm
house, near the "Peach Orchard" as head-
quarters, which were shared by Mrs. Fickles
Long Street - also a voluntary "guest"
of the "Committee" in arrangements.

Gen. Fickles' fall from grace
began, before the war, when he shot and
killed the socially prominent son of Friend
Deat Kay, Man about town in Washington
who had held rendezvous with Fickles
Spanish-born wife in a modest little house on
K-Street.

Not specially pleased
or prosecuted for killing the ^{no-account} ~~blackguard~~
Kay, Gen. Fickles' "disgrace" ~~was in public~~
estimation, was ⁱⁿ forgiving his wife
and restoring his home life - Mrs.
Fickles, still a few years thereafter.

I may add, that ³⁶⁴ as a one-legged general,
Lyles saw no active service after
decisive Gettysburg. A current super-
stition in the war was that maimed
generals were unlucky. One-legged
Maj. Gen. Dick Cade ~~was~~ ^{was} commended a
Army Corps at Gettysburg, making a crucial
thrust on ~~the~~ July 3, 1861.

The destruction of the 5th Army Corps
at Chancellerville, by Gen. H. G. ~~General~~
Stevenson Jackson's ^{own} historic;
Jackson losing his left arm in the melee,
(and his life) in the melee. Perhaps
if Jackson had survived amputation, of
arm and resumed command, his "luck"
might have failed ~~else~~ thereafter -
who knows.

St. Gen. John Hood lost his leg at
Chicamauga; but commanded at the
Battle of Atlanta - and ^{was} defeated
by a resolute citizenry, (and the Army)
had burned the city of Atlanta, instead
of leaving it to the Parsonist General
Sherman, ^{to burn} had risen en-masse, cutting
the ~~enemy~~ ^{Army} ~~commenced~~ ^{commenced} supplies and
ambushing the Army and its "bummers"
on ~~at~~ ~~at~~ every hand, a different story
might have been told of "Marching
through Georgia!" A second
"Piney Mountain," also attending to
"Native Tories" - (Unionists) by drum-
head court-martial, or shot on sight.

Gen. H. G. Howard - one of the
commenced

365
As to 'Tories' elsewhere in the South,
and in Western Virginia (1861) they
also should have been exterminated
early in the war - or driven North.

(Set the fields of decision,
Bleach the bones of many thousands")

My Mother's first cousin, ex-federal
Congressman Botts, of Culpeper County,
is yet a favorite with Northern historians
of the Civil War as a leading "Tory" of
the South. Too old for military
duty, yet an agent of disruption
and should have been shot for error.
Yet his full page picture, and his
Mansion in Culpeper - spared by the
Yankees - appears in the Photographic
History of the Civil War. In the same
volume (no. x) a full page picture
of General John Mosby and his officers
including my second cousin
Jt. Norman V. Randolph appears.
"House Divided", and Mrs. Mary
Christman's "Civil War Diary" - indeed!
not forgetting "Gone with the Wind".

As to General Lee's further "disgrace",
black-balled by the Army "administration"
vide 1913. For past the normal Span,
old and poor, denied "retirement" as
a general not of the Regular Army,

366

New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found 'short' in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~therefore~~ ~~thereafter~~ to be provided by the Regular Army and New York finances, (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

~~When~~ Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manufacture, by treaty and diplomacy, France into the war ~~for the side~~ our side, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was decisive with France as ally of the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~ten~~ ground.

Franklin's cool retort is classic:
"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth
out the corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe during the American Revolution. If written, he probably would have dismissed

366

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Monday 12/17/59 - 367
3.30 AM.

I sent my soul through the invincible
Long letter of the after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And whispered "They thyself art Heavely
And Well." — Ruben at.

Revised
In my entry of Saturday, Dec. 12, I noted
the day before conversing with Attorney
R. F. Currence, in the Clerk's Office at the
Courthouse, he appeared in unusually
good health and cheer. For some years
past I had noted — with disapproval — in
his demeanor a certain impatience, even
rudeness, at times, which I chose to think
because of "incompetence" in me. This I
resented, to the extent of writing Jean
to employ any attorney she chose, though
in "instructions" filed with Currence I had
named him as preferred attorney. As a
long-time paying client I did not under-
stand such rudeness.

December 15, 2 pm he ~~was~~ seized (became
ill on the golf course, and returning to his
home, died on his own door-step age 49.

An expert "land lawyer," and Bank
Attorney, noted for well prepared briefs
in discovery, and other legal papers, he
unquestionably led a "Dope Life" for many
years in research and legal "Literature."
Matters will be made later of the celebrated
and important suit of Fisk Brothers of New
York, dealers in metals, vs. Versus Jander and
Norman Price, et al., for recovery of twenty-
three thousand dollars (Vocadentes Iron Company)

Last evening at 4³⁰ PM. I viewed Dick
Currence's body at the Mortuary and signed
the Registrar's Ceremony. The burial
today at 2 PM. in the McNeill Plot at
Cypress Hill. Price lot on Century Ridge.
He resided in the Hamrick Mansion
Hawthorn Field. Industrious, he cultivated
a large and excellent garden, as one of
his exercise hobbies; also for beauty
and utility. That his garden, even his
house, encroached on the Confederate
Cemetery - a observation - was unfortunate.
This error, ^{originally} committed by the builders
of the Hamrick ~~House~~ ^{Mansion} and attached houses
Many years ago, but in my recollection,
there were stone markers golders graves
on both sides of the old ~~terrace~~
wall ^{spring} and Marlin Bottoms terrace.
about one acre of second growth white
oak - now well grown - had been
allowed to spring up in the "Cemetery".

In 1943, at age 35, Dick Currence
"joined the War" (Navy) as a Lt. Junior grade.
That his action was voluntary, being at the
time ~~an~~ an elected County official (attorney)
and following "dual" in Mergations and
Seamanship put in command of a small
sloop, or "beach boat" operating among
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.
The usual "disturbances" of modern
war in far places resulted. The
service was honorable, in the highest

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degree, but ~~ordained~~ ^{in a degree}, as I
And well understand from personal
experience in the army of 1917. Military
life is ~~boresome~~, at times dull, and may
be tragic - even comic. - ~~It~~ Currence told
me that at one time his ~~Be~~ beach boat
was engaged in carrying bananas!
- through in stormy and Japanese
infested seas!

The navy, as well as the army, moves
on its belly; so it is necessary to get
there first with the most - bananas -
or other foods.

Richard Forrest Currence, age 49 years,
Gentleman, Soldier and scholar, his
early death lamented -

We shall grieve, and, faith, we

~~shall~~ ^{will} need it; -

Lie down for an hour or two,

Till the Master of all Good Workmen
shall put us to work anew

- Kipling

Captain Jacob Marshall, -
1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

Jacob Marshall and his brother Hezekiah
at an early day came from Eastern
Virginia and spent the remainder of
their days at Mingo and Mingo Falls
Randolph Counties.

Later, both were soldiers in the Southern Army, Jacob commanding a company of Rangers, their efforts directed to holding Western Virginia within the Confederation. Known as Captain Marshall's Company of the 19th Cavalry. Captain Marshall was present with his command at Droop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863; later in the valley at Cedar Creek, receiving a chest wound from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, dying in 1896.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Attorney Adam See, who in turn was son-in-law of Jacob Warwick. Price's Biography of Hales that Adam See was the largest land-owner ~~that~~ that ever resided in Randolph County, much of it derived from Jacob Henry Warwick land.

Hezekiah Marshall also owned a land on the Middle Mountain, Dry Branch road, where his son Clyde Marshall lately resided.

~~His sons~~ of Mrs Elizabeth Marshall died in early middle age, the Captain remaining a single until his death.

Their sons were Payatt, Cecil, Leon and Adam Marshall; daughters Mary and Elizabeth Nina, who married the brothers Ed Lam and Ed Hall.

Merchants late 19th Century at Marlinton and Wellsboro. Older citizens remember the beautiful and cultured Mary and Nina Marshall - 1896

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All six children of Captain Marshall were schooled in Lewisburg, Hillsboro and Marlinton.

Lamuel and Edward Helt, brothers born in Putnam County, Randolph Valley, well educated and merchants, having married the Marshall sisters, built department stores in Marlinton and Hillsboro about 1892. Both are remembered as gentlemen-merchants, prominent in Presbyterian Church work. Due to reverses in business in the fall of 1893, they and their families removed elsewhere. The store built in Marlinton only this year (1899) ~~removed~~ removed to make room for the new "Golden" Building, owned by Mrs Fannie Golden-Oberholt.

Cecil Marshall, epileptic from birth, nonetheless a student in Prof. Mack Byrds Academy, Marlinton, in 1894, with his brothers Ligon and Adam.

Cecil Marshall later married Miss Gay; lived and died on his ~~large~~ portion of land ~~at~~ Valley Mountain. Despite his affliction always a gentleman. Country landed gentleman, as befitted his ancestry. His death occurred about 1910.

342
At this time (1905) Dr. Wm. T. Cameron
who lived on his ranch nearby on the
Valley Mountain, had removed for
the winter to Beechammy to school
his two daughters.

Adam Marshall, youngest of the
brothers, died of malignant typhoid
fever, at his home, about 1899.
He was a promising lad, well
educated, who would have acquitted
himself well as a country gentleman,
in business and politics.

Ligon Marshall graduated in
Medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in
1896, and for a year or two set up
practice in Marlinton. Not very successful
in gaining practice, ~~as~~ being young and
inexperienced and among "home folks"
and relatives, he removed to the Valley
at Dayton and Broadway, where he
married and practiced rural medicine
until his death in an automobile
about 1930. A daughter survives.

Dr. Ligon Marshall is remembered
as a handsome young man, and
always a gentleman. Perhaps the life
traditional life as a country gentleman
and rancher would have better suited
him as a life vocation, rather than
the practice of Rural Medicine.

372 373
I knew Cecil Marshall well, and as a
relative of the Jacob ~~at~~ Warwick line,
sympathized with him. His Malady,
at times, took the form of a "Fever" &
when numerous seizures continued
for days, threatening death - from
exhaustion. I recall a visit, horse-
back, in the winter of 1905 to his home
to attend him. Night approaching
when I arrived at the Dry Branch
of Elk, Harvey Doyle, (1872-1959)
agreed to pilot me a "Near way"
or Short-Cut over the Mountains
by the James Hebdorn ranch. In the
forest and at night, even Harvey
Doyle found difficulty on the
trail, but we finally arrived
late at night at the Marshall House.

The prolonged seizure of ~~the~~
Grand Mal had about worn
away, and I returned to Martinsburg
the next day. Cecil recovered,
~~at the time~~ living for several years
thereafter.

I mention this as an incident of
early ~~Medical~~ Practice of medicine,
a ~~single horse~~ ^{ride} ~~ride~~, more than
fifty miles on horse, ~~328~~ hours
at about time - for fifteen Dollars.

274
Peyatt Marshall, the dominant brother,
after the preliminary schooling and the
death of Captain Marshall, married
Mary Beatty, one of four beautiful and
cultured sisters, and lived at the
Marshall home. He Peyatt soon became
Sheriff of Randolph County, early 20th
Century, and the leading citizen
of the Mingo Flats, in the heart of
the English Colony, whose members
of the best English type he had
observed since his boyhood. #

Sheriff Marshall developed fine
executive ability, and added to the
extensive Marshall lands. He was
of fine appearance and personality,
a leader in the community. I have
been his guest, on one occasion
called in professionally in some minor
ailment of the children, when I, of
course had occasion to observe
and admire Mrs. Mary Marshall,
fine beauty and fine house-keeping
and table service, as the happy
mother of several children.

I will add that Peyatt and Mrs.
Marshall were tenaciously loyal to
their family physicians, Painsman
as well, Dr. W. T. Camron, long as he
was available and able to treat them.

274 275
Aunt, Sheriff Marshall, assisted me
when called to attend an injured
Man, Charles Beale, Moritt of Dry Branch,
suffering amputation of the left thumb
from an axe wound.

Sheriff Peyatt Marshall's ~~death~~
death occurred, aged not ~~past~~ more
than fifty years, recalling the death of
yesterday night R. F. Curpue. Peyatt
had sons who have become prominent
in Professional teaching careers, and
Sir ~~Walter~~ Arthur Lawson's estate
"Duffys" added to the ^{family} lands.

~~Mrs~~ Mrs Mary Marshall lived
intensely at the Marshall Place
for more than thirty years following
Peyatt's death, dying in 1958.

The ancient homestead a ruin,
a new house was built near by
where she lived, with retainers, until
the end; all her children removed
elsewhere, but supplying her with
every need; besides her own
right of tenure in extensive lands.
Only her sister, the remarkable Portia
Haworth, survives of the George Beale
family.

In ~~the~~ the Autumn of 1945, while
returning from a call to the Moritt of

378 396
Dry Branch (old Road) I chanced
to meet Mrs Marshall, who was on
foot returning from a visit to neighbors
or tenants, perhaps. I ~~paused~~ I
stopped my auto for a brief salutation,
and regret I did not accept her
polite invitation to enter her home,
Near-by - In my fancied hurry to
"return to base" from a "long call"
which formerly and on a horse would
have required ~~forty~~ two days -

Mrs Marshall was correctly dressed,
in some dark material, and of good
appearance, but in my brief pause, I
~~felt~~ thought the old vivacity gone -

Thinking this over, as I journeyed
home I wondered if ~~an~~ an almost
monastic life for thirty years, where
"only" picture and book remained,
together with age, could have caused
deterioration. (I then had not learned
to observe beauty in the faces of
the middle-aged and old.)

Later, I did intend to call on Mrs. Marshall
at some time, and talk about the Beauty
Lesters and her parents, but never did.

This I regret. Long after, within the
past three years, I learned from Lyon Louie
tenant on Marshall land, that "Mrs Marshall's
mind was unbalanced" but she died
at home -

Friday - 12/18/89 377

3.30 P.M. - A gentle rain (winter)
yesterday and this morning. Bridge and
8th Street (2d and 3d Avenues) open for traffic
if necessary -

It is but a tent where takes his noontide rest
A Sultan to the Realm of Death addressed;
The Sultan rises and the Dark Ferrash
strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

Visited the open grave in Forenoon; no one
in the Cemetery; T. Sumner McNeil, Lt.
The tent of the Dark Ferrash over the grave -
an excellent modern custom

"When walking among the graves of your
fellows step carefully - Your own grave
lies open at your feet"

— Ambrose Bierce

I noted, with concern, no vault had been
provided - an oversight - as in Brother
Calvin's grave - prevents irregular sinking of earth.

Returned to the office, the day spent
pleasantly - ~~at~~ The new pavilion opened
for the funeral cortege - the first dead
man to pass over -

Promptly at 2 P.M. I put on my "Trunk
Coat" with insignia the 14th Division (1918)
and repaired on foot to the Church. The
house was filled but got my preferred
seat, rear row.

A fine display of funeral exotic flowers,
which I approve at funerals - and hang the
expense - although the family had requested
that "Flowers be omitted"
When I entered the preacher ~~was~~
Arthur (Pierce or Pinch) was introduced through his

Nose and without expression from the word, followed by lengthy prayers — also without much grace. Educated, though young, Rev. Pierce (or Pinch) may learn of greater length of days. The music (no voices) low on the new ^{Prince} Jackson Organ, excellent.

I admired the exterior, interior and location of the Presbyterian Church, on the site of the old building, near the bridge and on Main Street of Marlinton. I was a member of the Building Committee in 1915 — and contributed five hundred

Dollars — well spent. Elder Edward David King, (a veteran and a good man) the Contractor-builder — at a record low price ten thousand dollars — complete. (1915).

The Benediction pronounced — lifelessly — ~~and~~ the large assembly arose as if by one impulse and hurried from ~~the~~ the door, as though pursued by the very Demon of unrest. The Portage and Morimers also left with needless haste, entered Autos and took off at speed.

I also arose from my rear seat, on the left of entrance, but stood my ground, — among the last to leave.

"Come one, Come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
— Rodent Dhu.

"Vaya Con Dios."

Wed - 11/18/99

256

3 PM -

Clear - Below freezing, end result of a
"Montana" Blizzard. As usual,
left in a fireless room, windows open to
the north a bit, cold for age. Road
and bridge building being hampered
by the freeze; delay in finishing due to
unwise, ~~delay~~, faulty engineering.

Mrs. Mary Vance McClintic -

(1830 - 1910)

Named for her great-grandmother Mary
Vance Warwick; Mary Vance McClintic,
devout, a Presbyterian from a girl, whose
hard to by example and discipline
to train and educate a turbulent
husband and five sons, all born
in the period of the Great War - (1861)
all ~~are among~~ ^{have joined} the "innumerable host,"
and within the Covenant of grace.
In a quiet way, she was dominant in
the family; a landed proprietor in her
own right. One of the family enterprises
the McClintic "grist" mill, processing
wheat, corn and buck-wheat, powered
by a "race" and "flume" turbine from
Leavada Creek. The mill, a successor
of the Mrs. Phoebe McNeil Mill, written
of by my father, and where he as a
young boy carried "grists" horseback
also, as a boy toted horseback, ~~or~~ on
or a mule, many grists to the McClintic
mill and awaited my turn for service.

Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, is husband of
Crisin Mary, of the Bath County family,
and veteran of the "Bath Squadron", after
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent
temper, on occasion he was subject
to rages, approaching insanity in this
violence; possibly a ~~propagator~~ "hang-over" from
~~the war~~ active service in war; a
divergence from that of many Confederate
Veterans, and all this remaining
life were noted for piety.

It has been told that, at times, Mr.
Bell Hunt ~~has~~ had an aura of a
temperamental "fit" or explosion,
when he would warn his beloved
wife to "go in the house" so that she
would not be grieved by his violent
language and actions. At such
times he has been known to throw
down refractory horses, or cattle,
and abandon their carcasses to the
fox and the raven.

I believe such behavior was rare,
and regretted of and apologized for.
As the Manager of a large landed
estate, respected, even feared, by the
Neighbors, as a man may be
tamed with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is
when on occasional visits to the
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin
Mary's invitation.

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Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, Jr. husband of
Crisin Mary, of the Bath County family,
and Veteran of the "Bath Spreaders", 1861-62,
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent
temper, on occasion he was subject
to rages, approaching insanity in this
violence; Possibly a ~~hanging~~ ^{hanging} ~~other~~ ^{other} from
~~the war~~ active service in war; a
divergence from that of many Confederate
Veterans, also all this continuing
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that, at times, Mr.
Bell Hunt ~~has~~ had an aura of a
temperamental "fit" or explosions,
when he would warn his beloved
wife to "go in the house", so that she
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down refractory horses, or cattle,
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I believe such violence was rare,
and repented of and apologized for.
As the Manager of a large landed
estate, respected, even feared, by the
neighbors, as a man not to be
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is
when on occasional visits to the
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin
Mary's invitation, and mindful

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of our families needs. I stood in
awe of my cousin's husband, because of
his reputed violence; and on one
occasion meeting him, horseback, on
my farm, I thought he rather disapproved
of an agile youth over-running his
cherry trees. Derisively, his square
expression was habitual, misinterpreted.
At that time the region abounded
~~both in sweet, cherry and black~~
cherry trees, usually growing from
seedlings in fence rows. This fine
fruit tree, like the chestnut, almost
extinct because of parasitic infections.

"We shall not admit that old stars
and brighter planets arise;
That the cere burs buds, and the
desert blooms
and the ancient well-head dries;
Or ~~and~~ with newer compass, newer
men adventure 'nearly new skies'."

The Matthews family cemetery is on
the parcel at Mill Pond, where
cousin Mary Vane McClintic and her
husband William Henry McClintic are
buried.

Lockhart Matthews McClintic was
educated as a Lawyer; spent his entire
life in Pocahontas County; served as
County attorney and member of the State

Legislature, and ²⁸⁴ successful as a
practicing Attorney. By circumstances
he was denied his Principal Political
ambition to become Judge of the
Circuit, mainly because the office was
usually won by residents of the
more populous Counties, Greenbrier
and Monroe. My friend Frank
B. Hill was defeated for Circuit Judge
at a time when his election appeared
to be assured, as has been related in
his memoir. Only once has this
well paid and honorable office been
filled by a Pocahontas County native
Judge Sumner H. Sharp, who yet lives
a citizen of Marlinton, No. Meade City.
Mrs "Jack" McClintic, Alice (or
Ollie) one of seven beautiful Slaves
sisters, notable in their day, had
of Greenbrier at Bartow. She has
recently died at the great age 94
years, competent to the last.
L. M. McClintic died in 1928, and is
buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Surviving children; John H. McClintic
McClintic is a lawyer of Charleston and
partner in the Lehigh Beaver Dam
family estate together with Mrs Bettie
McClintic.
Captain John H. McClintic, a Comrade
of the First Officers Training Camp, Fort

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Mr J. H. McClutchie the daughter of the late
C. A. Dunsen, who came from Hagerstown
Maryland, as is remembered as McPherson
of the Dunsen family. Her mother, the
name a Cornubian ^{group} Dunsen and
Maryland.

Mrs. McClutchie, ~~childless~~, was
crippled in ~~her~~ early middle life from
the effects of anti-rabies vaccine
administered ^{to a} horse dog was
pronounced rabid. For a time
her hope was despaired of, and she
also became nearly blind. The
danger of the vaccine is admitted,
even in its present form, especially
if given in the absence of wound
or dog-bite. Rabies, usually
in human life, occurs from the bite
of animals, is a terrible and
incorably fatal infection; so the
~~so~~ occasional risk of anaphylaxis
must be endured.

Personally, I do not like house
dogs; in this I agree with Bernard
Shaw, who recommended a tiger,
or especially a cheetah, to his friend
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as a companion
in age. Bernard said he had
tried the last - a cheetah.

The tragic death of young George
McClutchie, aged 8 years, commented.
This occurred from falling from a horse
and trampling a mile restlessness with

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with companions from Felling in Knapps
Creek, Va. ~~1898~~ 1896-
Mrs. Mary McClintic - Herd; twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
and widely known to County people
and in Charleston. Over a period of years, she has
been collecting stamps, and has an
extensive and valuable collection.
A strange mortality has ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen}
on the Mattheos-McClintic family;
now in the sixth generations of the
Jacob Warwick line.
Miss Lockhart McClintic, only
daughter and child of Mr. John Ware,
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore
live on a portion of the Leveyo
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellesley ^{College}, and
is the only survivor in her
generation of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County. ~~as~~

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with companions from Battling in Knapps
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - Bend; twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
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in the Mattheos-McClintic family,
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daughter and child of Mr. John Moore,
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore
who live on a portion of the Levay
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellesley College, and
is the only survivor in her
generation of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County - ~~elsewhere~~, ~~as far as is known to me~~.
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative
and much older than I, sometimes
differs violently on matters of public
policy, after I gained a seat on the
County Court, but always courteous.

In his last years we were sympathetic
relatives and friends.

Both Cousins "Loek" and "Wiz"
were social drinkers, in their youth
and manhood on occasion - once
I attended, by invitation, a banquet
~~but~~ and drinking party
given by the contractor Mr. Griffin
for the men working on the new Canal
house then in course of building,
the year 1894.

Griffin and his men, the King
brothers and Larry May, married
for the winter in Marlinton because
of Pocahontas County was in financial
trouble, due to Sheriff Mayor
Crump's arrogant shortage in the
cash - and the depression of 1893 -

Brother James and Andrew were
among the guests; also the Peer
Associations of the County; Perhaps
other of the "Chest House Ring."
The meeting place Mr. C. A. Yeager's
Hotel, Mrs. Alice (Allie) Yeager
hostess. I was strangely out
of place, a youth of twenty years, who
totally abstained from drinking
and the mild gambling following.
I enjoyed the banquet, marvelled
at the antics of some of the
exhilarated guests, and left early!
But that is another story.

I have referred ²⁶³ to differences of Public Policy with Cousin "Wiz". In the year 1916 I was a candidate for re-election to the County Court. The previous year had witnessed the gigantic effort to complete the Concrete-steel Bridge, replacing the wooden arch structure, one of the State of Virginia "internal improvements" - bonded - at the strategic fording junction of three Turnpike Roads - also bonded internal improvements.

I may her state, forcibly, that a healthy remembrance of "The Internal Improvement Bonds", antedating the Civil war of 1860, largely kept the Mother State of Virginia on a "pay-as-you-go" Policy to this day, an example that could well have been followed in the year 1920, and for the forty years just past, in the matter of building roads, Bridges and public co-educational schools and colleges, - especially "Turnpikes".
In 1916, ~~Andrew Wilson~~

Thursday 11/19/59 264

3:30 am - a record record-breaking freeze (Nov. 13, 1911-16+) Last night reported in Charleston, 10+- The year 1911 remembered as a "Dry year." Pouring Cement stopped, for a time, the W. dries clear, no snow, as yet.

In 1916 a beginning had been made hard surface ~~the road~~ south of town, far as the Lee flats; where the road to Swago leaves the Pike, to again join at Buckeye, the distance being about equal. It was known that I favored the old route, Mr. Withrow McCludic strongly in favor of the ~~the~~ new. He argued for the new creation; also discussed the matter, with some heat, with me personally. (In Parenthesis, I will add, in 1926 the Swago road prevailed, at present part of 219. I still think its status should be that of a secondary road.)

Because of this, and other matters, "Wiz" opposed me, actively, both for re-nominations and in the Primary, and general election, heretofore mentioned; going so far as to have a pamphlet printed (signed), among other crimes, stating I had written against President Wilson's famous "preparedness" address of the previous year, therefore high treason. A vulnerable point in my record on the Commission, and its claimant, was

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we had, illegally, run the Bridge
Lvy ~~into~~ in defiance one year, 1915,
in order to raise the gigantic sum
of \$17,500 to complete the Greubrier
River Bridge, at Marlinton, a project
especially promoted by me. Had the
question been raised at that time, the
entire Board could, probably, have
removed from office, as exceeding its
authority in its ambitious attempts
to build Bridges.

Mr. Jacob Carey, of Hutesville, was
my opponent in the Primary election.
Jake Carey had come to Pocahontas
from Hagerstown, therefore an outlander.
His upbringing as a Catholic not
favored by some, at that time "day
and time", as the saying goes. But
I won the nomination in the May primary, 1916.
Jacob Carey was an able woods
foreman, who about the year 1924
met death by violence, while foreman
for the Wilson Lumber Company, in Leslie
County, Kentucky; it is supposed
in some labor trouble, his death
being made to appear an "accident"
on a logging railway. He was
a good man.

In the general election (Presidential
and Hotly Contested) the County cast
a total of 3255 votes; my total
1655 - Mr. ~~Carey~~ 1600, my luck holding
as I still commanded a good part of

the "Northern" vote. The mill men
 backing to some extent my ambitious
 Road and Bridge Building.
 Like Cresser, I was said to be "ambitious",
 dominating the Commission, in one
 particular, retaining the Chairmanship,
 or "President of the Court" the entire
 term of six years, 1910-1916 inclusive.
 As stated, at length, heretofore I
 had discovered the rare faculty of
 concentrating on a subject for hours
 without fatigue; also, in developing
 well laid plans - knowing your own
 mind -; refusing to wander "on the
 plains of indecision," and thus prevail.
 Such political Philosophy, when put
 in effect, necessarily is not popular
 in public life.

President Woodrow Wilson nearly
 beaten for re-election; so close, in fact,
 Charles Evans Hughes was declared the
 winner on early returns; to be
 upset by the California vote, when
 officially counted; that state supposed
 to be Republican in sentiment.
 The leading Republican at this time
 in California a "son of the wild
 west" named Hiram Johnson,

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by my admirable Hughes in the
Campaign, and retaliated; and
Wilson was re-elected by the skin
of his teeth!

By 1916, the World War in Europe had
settled down to High explosives, trenches,
Poison gas, & Cilia. America was
prospering, lending money and selling
"Munitions of War" to the "Allies".
With Wilson's secret approval.

Nevertheless, his Slogan, "He Kept
us out of war," and "Preparedness"
was popular with the ignorant, the
and thoughtless, to some extent.

A somnolent War Department
awoke and began recruiting, especially
the Medical Reserve Corps; & and
many others being invited to join up
by a form letter from the Surgeon
General. Never a "Pacifist," and

open to reason on President Wilson's
"Preparedness" platform, I journeyed
to Washington, was examined by Lt. Col.

McIntosh, M.C., in the Medical
Library, and duly recommended for
a Commission as 1st Lt. Med. R.C.

~~Being~~ signed by the Commander
in Chief of the Army, Aug. 22, 1916.

following date

This Commission carried me, along

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with Woodrow W. Wilson, into active
duty, when war was declared
by the Congress, April 6, 1914. Being
called "to the colors" the following
~~May 2~~ by telegram, ~~the~~ May 25, 1914.

Woodrow William Wilson

To his intimates, "Bill" Wilson, a life-
long Ivy League mate, a civilian,
called from his Ivory tower to be
Governor of New Jersey, going on to
be President of the United States.
A student of history, unable to
learn from the past, through the
author of books, entranced by
ideals of "a League of Nations",
and convinced with a disagreeable
"war to end wars"! By virtue of
his high office, Commander in
Chief of the "forces"!

His equally naive Secretary of War
was Newton David Baker, "Newt" to
his intimates and the Army and Navy,
in no degree measuring up to his
~~the~~ responsibilities, fulfilling in
his high office the description
in "The Book of Wisdom"
"a servant whom the king deigneth to
honor to the end."

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A "Good Man" educated, Literate,
Bill Wilson did not measure up to
or nearly lack, of being a "great"
President. His long-rising death
caused by "paralysis", in late middle
age, that of a man "Cursed ~~by~~ of
his Maker", obstinately holding on
from a sick bed to his high office.
He did much that was well in
his reign, - lacked understanding.

A Wilsonian cult of Politicians,
and others, at one time attempted
to build him up as a Mythological
Strong Man, describing his manner
of death as being a "War Casualty".
If true, it was because of inability
to meet, and enjoy, responsibility,
and "rejoice as a strong man to run
a race;" and under the Blessing of
the Almighty granted long life.
Wilson had no luck.

In the Book of Kings, Israel had far
more rulers that "Did evil" than the
few recorded as "Wise and did
good" during this period. ~~Did~~ That
which was right in the sight of the
Almighty. We all are taught to seek
after wisdom, and meditate upon it,
in the day and night.

240
The excellent Mrs. W. W. Wilson, dying
in the White House; she was sincerely
grieved by her husband. She left
in his care three marriageable daughters,
highly "educated" and "uncertain" age.
All three soon married, usually as
"plural wives" ~~to~~ ^{to eligible} "contacts"
while residing in the "White House".

Mr. Wilson, still President and in
his second term, highly "eligible"
a frequenter of State Society ^{dinner} and the
Presbyterian Church, had time to cast
an appraising eye on the ladies.

If time permits, at age 85, I shall
write a book - at the least a chapter
on the implications of spiritually of
true "Marriage"; the true union
of souls - as well as bodies.

Pure and faithful, enduring "in
the air", not "until death does us
part", - as falsely incorporated in
the usual "religious ceremony",
favored by Hollywood ~~celebrities~~ ^{celebrities},
and ~~also~~ the pampered "Rich".

The subject is intriguing, and of
endless imaginings and intuitions.

There is no record that King
David or even his son King Solomon
had more than one true, virginal wife.

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Although the strange customs of the
East permitted these wise Rulers to
have many Morganatic wives and
Concubines; and many sons and
daughters born in their palaces; all
"Vandy and Vegetations of spirit," as
the poet truly wrote.

As Trader Horn remarked to his
quest writer, or apothecary, a bit of humor
must be added to any Memoir:

I quote:
Solomon and David led merry,
Merry lives;
Had many Concubines and many
many wives; (Morganatic?)
But when old age came creeping on
with its many, many grumbles,
Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
and David wrote the Psalms."

On the other hand President Wilson
had no "wisdom, or knowledge," of
the demands on a legally "Married"
Husband by a Modern American
wife. In addition to being chinically
over-fed at home and in hotels,
he is carried to "dinners," Church
or state; forced to wear "store
teeth," a long, uncomfortable clothes,
and endless, increasing "nagging"
as the helpless "subject" grows older.

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Denied the refuge of a "Nursing home" or "Poor House" because of his "Position in Society," and freedom from nagging, there is nothing left but death!

Enough. The subject will be expanded in a forth-coming work, unique in its field.

Briefly, President Bill Wilson was caught almost at the first cast of the hook, by the attractive, childless, Widow Edith Ballenger, thus securing for a time, her name in history, of the distinguished Princess Pocahontas' descent, a tutor of sculps! Besides, she had wealth, her deceased former husband a predatory Washington Jeweler! She never bore children, therefore unfortunate; though "armed and engaged for the same."

She "went along" to the Versailles Peace Conference. There is documented evidence she had ~~been~~ ^{been} at the end of Club dinners, as well as state functions, while Wilson's associates Clemenceau and Lloyd George "Marked the Cards" and formed an unholy alliance to double cross and have ~~to~~ Bill Wilson lose our Collective National Shirt at the sessions that followed.

Friday 11/20/59 273

4 A.M.
a frosty night, rising temperatures. Concrete
work resumed on street, bedded with straw-
coats? The late "frost" favorable for the
Persimmons - a fine fruit - if eaten ripe,
and judiciously. I esteem it a special
"Providence" to have grown a fine tree
in Preakness County, where it is rare.
eaten as food, slightly laxative and
diuretic.

drunk with light
"If ~~lost~~ ^{lost} in ~~loss~~ ^{loss} of Power we loose
vain ~~words~~ ^{words} that have not their awe;
such boasts as the Gentile use,
or ~~and~~ lesser Brees, without the Law -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

In Europe, President Wilson, ^{Recessional}
~~Crowned~~ ^{Crowned} with "World Leadership";
his notions and utterances hailed as
little more of inspirations; befuddled
with an impractical "League of
Nations"; forerunner of "United Nations";
also unworkable - as yet - in an
Earth planet whose peoples and
races are, for the most part, "Ruled
by Servants."

Returning, with Mrs. Edith Bolling
Wilson, the President disconcerted by
finding the Nation largely not
interested in his Messianic Motions;
and the Senate refusing to ratify
his top-heavy Peace Treaty, along
with the League of Nations; a

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Followed Dr. Woodrow William Wilson
"Sales talk" for a League of Nations,
a dismal failure; his Stroke, Paralysis,
ruled as a "war casualty" by the Wilson cult,
and early death; but plainly due to bad
diet, and ~~lack of~~ proper exercise with the ax, the
shovel and the hoe, "in the sweat of his
brow"; his only known "exercise" an
occasional round of "Diabetic" Golf, as
stated ~~diagnosed~~ by Henry L. Minkes
in Mercury Magazine.

Unless the Lord keep the house, they
Labor in vain that build it. Unless
My Lord keep the City, the Watchman
watcheth in vain - (Isaiah)

It is not my purpose to write of Recent
American History, notably the reigns
of the False Prophets Harding,
Coolidge and Lord Herbert Hoover,
in the Roaring Twenties and
early Thirties of the Century.
Adieu! and Farewell!

Dr Frank J. McClintic -
Year 1884, a recent graduate in Medicine
Dr McClintic came, from Bath County,
Virginia, locating at Edray. Of
excellent training and habits; Personable.
The young doctor ambitious and
every thing the young Doctor was
successful. A fine horseman,

And always well mounted, he used riding horses exclusively in his for-pleasing practice. ~~The Doctor~~

Doctor McClinton, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Warwick Fignor were married, and soon thereafter, second daughter of Cousin Lallie Fignor, at Clover Lick, were married; soon thereafter moving to Hillsboro, where a fine ~~new~~ house was built about 1891; this house a frame structure, ^{still} excellent affair, owned and occupied (1959) by Mr. Fenton Chapman, retired R.R. Engineer aged 84 years. ~~For~~ The three Chapman brothers, ^{Frank, Fenton and George} came from Ireland, when about grown, locating in Marlinton year 1888; and for ~~a~~ time the three young bachelors winter of that year the three young bachelors occupied the "Tall House" as quarters.

Here I will write something of the brothers, Frank, Fenton and George. I have a vivid remembrance when they wintered "at the Tall House". I, at least of ~~former~~ thirty years, at times visited them and sat before the fireplace, indifferently "stoked" with green wood; recalling the efforts of the Irish boys, and their

the recent conversation with Mr. Feintor, we did not appear
to have remembered of Mr. "Wend" under that name
1888-89. Feintor's youth in Ireland prepared.

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unaccustomed to frontier life, even in
the matter of open wood fires. Of
the higher class "Irish immigrants",
educated; it was evident they were
not well supplied with money; had
come a considerable way to better their
~~fortune~~ as a youth with about three
years experience on the "Frontier";
I could appreciate the Irishman's
dedication, and a sympathetic
of service of their early struggle to
"survive". They were "Norths of
Ireland" folk, therefore Protestants.
More presence on our frontier
rather than in the large centres,
they have been due to the English-
Irish settlement of "Penitence Men",
but not of the colony, being "landless".
Following their "hard winter" in
the tall house, the Chapmans got
employment in the Levels as farm
workers, at the prevailing wage
fifteen Dollars a month (or less)
and board. For a time Feintor
worked for Mr. W. J. McNeil.
All three survive, at a great age,
Frank and George in Missouri;
have kept in touch, and successful.

Sanya Ann Davis

Sat- 11/21/59

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3.30 AM - a mild night, though frosty. Slept
Rested well - 7 pm - 3 AM - before an
open window. An item in the "Journal"
(local paper) says "Dr. Norman Price,
because of longevity, and connections of
his wife family in the history of three
bridges, invited to drive his car, the first
over the bridge, when opened for use -
"one more River to Cross; "Roll, Jordan, Roll;"

Of late, I have been impressed with
the possibility of sentient life of the
spirit, and reunion of souls, "in the
air". Not a nebulous and far-off
"Heaven or Hell". A reading of
Hans Anderson story, "The Little
Mermaid," inspirational. It may
be "Guardian Angels, yet that excede
in strength; that do His Commandments".
Explanatory of John Burroughs
Verses: "What

Lerene, I fold my hands and wait;
What is my own will come to me."

And again -

What if her soul ^{could} cast her dust aside,
And naked on the air of Heaven ride;
Were it not a shame ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~to~~
In this clay carcass ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ abide!

My first meeting Dr. Frank T. McLintic,
whom he was called to attend Brother
Laurie, Autumn 1885; shortly after we
reached this frontier, he having been

been kicked in the face by Uncle Andrew McLaughlin's favorite Riding Mule, ~~Don~~ Mule, named "John", knocked out, his nose broken.

This occurred a Sunday evening, visiting, and driving in the stock ~~from~~ ~~the range~~. Fortunately, he was struck at extreme ^{kicking} range, while erect; otherwise the "John's" accurate ~~blow~~ kick may well have been fatal.

Dr. McClintic was James was brought home, and Dr. McClintic summoned, from Carey, by messenger, who rode the mule ~~to John~~ at top speed.

I have a vivid remembrance of ~~at~~ all that squarely between the eyes, his nose broken, the victim carried a noticeable depression and slight deformity of the nose through life.

Dr. McClintic had a wide practice in the Little Belts District, until he abruptly quit medical and surgical work to go into real estate and lumber, in which he was highly successful, removing to Marlinton and building a fine brick mansion, about the year 1907. The largest stockholder and President of the First National Bank until his death which occurred in 1930, due to a "coronary occlusion," at age seventy. Truly interested in the new autos,

the Doctor operated on the first car
in Marlinton, and also invested in a
large ~~gas~~ Public garage business.
Twice this car mixed up in accidents
with resulting injuries; first to a "Jay-
Walker" named ~~Buck~~ Jesse Buckhaman, the
which I witnessed on the street in Marlinton
that I witnessed from my office window.
The car moving slowly, the aged Mr. B.
heedlessly crossing the street, the victim
touched the left front fender with his right
hand, then gently fell down, or was
pinned down. The front wheel ~~stop~~ of the
light car rolled slowly over his prostrate
body, and came to rest.

Buckhaman ~~passed~~ "complained",
was taken to the Hospital; an inguinal
hernia found, (which probably existed
before the accident) and the wealthy
Buckhaman sued for damages -
auto insurance not yet evolved.

The ageing Attorney Charles Curry,
former "strong man" of Rockingdon
County, was employed by the Buckhamans,
and came from Stuntz to prosecute
with his famed oratory, somewhat
checked by age. Lawyer Curry
proclaimed in his address to the jury
Dr. McClintock had heedlessly and
recklessly charged down the street
thus a ~~lost~~ Madam Highway, at speed
of twenty-five miles or more, which was

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refuted by eye-witnesses — myself and others — Mr. Buckham, after all the fuss and flurry of a circuit court trial was settled with by the payment of a few hundred; and no more than offered before trial to cover expenses.

On another ~~the~~ other ~~was~~ break, the collision with a car driven by Miss Anna Wallace at the Leebart Road Junction with No. 219, and in which Miss Cera Cloonan suffered a compound fracture of ~~the~~ leg. This appeared to be a case of negligence, and unavowedly by all involved. Miss Cloonan a passenger in this Wallace Ford car. a "Convertible" Model 7.

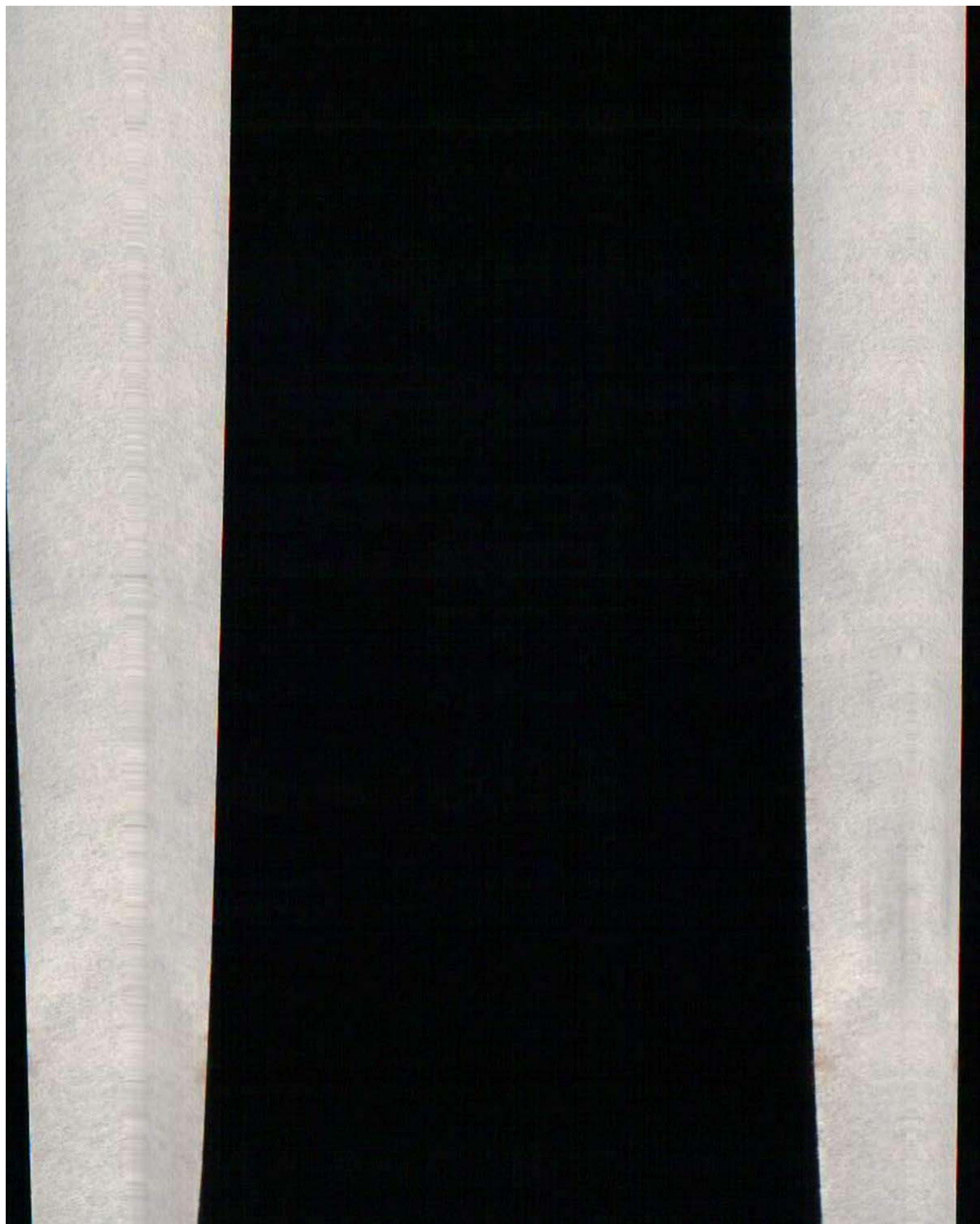
Cousin Lizzie McClintic's four beautiful daughters, Genevieve, Lucille, Merle and Elise, all born while the family lived in Hillsboro. All four were sent to finishing schools for young ladies. In later life, only Miss Merle chose not to marry; and the four sisters — Genevieve and Lucille widowed — live in Savannah, Georgia.

As stated heretofore, the intimate Mr. James Baldwin — O'Kyles ~~to~~ resided in Savannah at his death, and was a friend of Mrs. Lucille McClintic while

Dr. McIntire once ²⁸¹ told me that the
only "Real money" he had ever
made as a Recruit Physician in our
County, about the year 1896, when
an epidemic of small pox occurred
in the Logging Camp of Captain
Daniel O. Cornell, then cutting
the virgin white pine timber in the
Burr Valley and adjacent Beaver
Lick Mountains, and "splashed"
down Laurel Run to Greider River.
At that time small pox was greatly
feared, and when cases appeared
a general quarantine was proclaimed
by the County Court, as late as
~~1914~~ 1914, all three Commissioners
drove a livery rig to Slaty Fork
on Elk River to "quarantine" small-
pox cases ^{in a} Logging Camp.

The disease in a modified form,
then referred to as "Varioloid" and
not confluent "Variola".

In the year 1896, Universal Vaccination
was in order, and, although I ^{firmly}
vaccinated ~~in~~ at one year I
suffered a thorough inoculation.
An athletic youth, I was surprised
by the febrile symptoms, "Night
Sweats" and malaise I suffered
as a result of a simple sore on my back!



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The results ~~was~~ was thorough,
because when routinely vaccinated
on entering the Army, in 1917, it did
not "take".

In 1896 the County Court proclaimed
an embargo, ~~stationed~~ & secured on Deep
Mountain prohibiting travel, cases
of smallpox ^{heralded} discovered in Greenbrier
County. But cases broke out in

Dem. O'Connell's Camp on Laurel Run.
about fifty in number; the ~~men~~
were forbidden to leave Camp, and
work largely suspended. The
job was prosperous, and the
Doctor riding perhaps ten miles
or even spending days in camp,
together in camp.

Every general practitioner of
medicine is familiar with general
alarm in the presence of epidemic
disease and the "Cold Plague" of
the pioneers, as builders of practice.

Smallpox at the Camp was not
universal, and no deaths occurred
as far as is known.

Nearly years after the White pine
was logged, the hard woods were
cut by Mr. Dennis's Mill at
Dennis.
This interesting region of Laurel

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Run and Beaver Fork Mountain,
~~is, in part,~~ abounding in Deer, ~~Antelope~~
wild turkey, and lesser fauna,
including the Poisonous ~~Snake~~ ~~Scorpion~~
Rattlesnake; ~~is, in part~~ comprises
the "Coolidge State Park," of about
ten thousand acres; a reflected
honor to the Price family, of the Jacob
Warwick Line.

Mrs. Elizabeth Legon-McClutic
death occurred in 1912, after following
a lingering heart failure; quietly
at her home in Marlinton
patiently and quietly borne. She
was buried in the Warwick family
Cemetery on the elevated plateau
or terraced plain, at Clover Lick,
where her grandmother, twice
removed, Mary Vance Warwick
lies in ~~her grave~~, yet unmarked.

The McClutic family are
Episcopalians; the Chapel in Marlinton
of that denomination the work
of their hands.

Dr. Frank J. McClutic, real estate
Dealer, Bank President, Capitalist,
suffered severe financial loss in the
"Debacle of 1929, and after, when
the First National Bank in Marlinton
along with the other County banks,
Five in Number also were "Re-organized."

Friday - 11/22/59 607 Lay abed Ten hours,
leaving at 5-am. The previous day,
"Aloft" 16 hours of 24. November 21, 1959
Brother James' day of birth (1868) - His
age 91 years; died May 7, 1946 - Kaya
Cop Dies. Brother Calvin born Nov. 20,
1880; died June 15, 1957. Jean Kinsey Price
November 23, 1880; died March 10, 1928. all
"Purged of Pride", ~~have~~ their spirits,
have joined other elect spirits, "in
the air" - ~~Kaya Cop Dies~~.

As a sequel of the Bank "shake-down",
the Banks of Durbin and Hillsboro,
were with their remaining assets, were
absorbed by Brother James' Prices Bank
of Marlinton; and the Farmers and
Merchants, Judge S. H. Sloop, President
removed to Franklin, Pendleton County,
where a local Bank had also failed.
The words "Bank Holiday", then
coined - of Bitter Memory - financially
speaking.

Dr. McClinton continued as President
of the First National Bank in Marlinton
until his death, which followed a
short illness (Coronary occlusion)
in the year 1933 aged seventy.
Frank McClinton won his "Bachelor's
Night Cup" thirty years following the
death of his beloved wife Lizzy
W. Lyon. His body buried in the Warrier
Cemetery. ~~Alfred~~ ~~Ida~~ ~~Kaya~~ ~~Cop Dies~~.

Monday - 11/23/59 285

4 AM

Sam Kinseps Birth-day, Nov. 23, 1880 - 89
(79) Rectory, Faglar County, Virginia.
Yesterday, Climbed Persimmon tree, and
gathered a large quantity, frozen fruit, -
Nature's own "Deep Freeze". In the
afternoon walked in the forest and
meadow. Found all in excellent
shape for winter; the meadow sod
heavy; the forest, "as an oak tree, whose
substance is within them when they
have shed their leaves." - I said, in
Sunday morning frosty; the day
mild, sunny.

There is virtue in retaining ancestral
Land - and luck. "Grow trees
and live long," a true adage.

Happy the man whose thought and
care ancestral acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

His trees in summer give him shade;
In winter, fire. - Alexander Pope.

The Burgess Family in Pocahontas.
Dr. W. T. Pyles County History has an account
of the Burgess clan in New York,
Virginia, and our County, Pocahontas.
John Burgess, Sr., veteran of the
Revolution, and an artilleryman at
the decisive Battle, Saratogo, 1777.
Remained from York State after the

Devotion, settled near Harrisonburg.
His son John Burgess Jr. came
to the Levels and founded the Buchanan
branch of the family. ^{Supplementary}
Additional memories of this interesting
group were set down.
John Burgess, Jr. was a skillful
builder and worker in wood and iron.
Some specimens of his work remain;
notably the Sherman Clark House and
the Jordan barn, near Hillsboro.
In later life he removed to the Grace
Flat, head of Devago, where he lived
and lies buried, atop a high
knoll, viewed from the head of
Beaver Dam Creek vicinity. A
love of ancestral land is marked
in his descendants, though never
large land holders, or wealthy.
Their habitations on the high ranges
of the Williams River and on Laurel
Creek.

The name Burgess is Irish.
~~of Irish descent.~~ Far removed from
educational advantages, their families
usually large, the descendants of John
Burgess sometimes lived in huts and
hives with near "earthy" floors,
such as are described in Carlyle's
"Latter Descartes" as typical of bog-
dwelling Irish families, or Thomas
Irish Immigrant near Concord, Mass.
once, when visiting the family of Mrs.

Haunau ~~Daley~~ Burgess - Daley, near
in the Marion Chapel vicinity, I approached
the house walking on plank laid on
muddy ground, and continued in the
house on planks on the bare ground
as a "fleeing". The time of the year
was late ~~spring~~, the family weaving
spent the winter under such conditions.

Nevertheless, the average intelligence
of the Burgeses was high; some of its
members thinkers and searchers after
truth. In recent years with
economic and educational opportunity
remarkable progress has been made
by some, particularly in the finer
branch of the family.

Of an ancient heritage, if not
"born on Irish soil", most have been
dependable citizens; hard workers,
honest; ~~warriors~~ ~~men of war~~; The women
pure, the men faithful.

James Burgess, who has recently
died aged 84 at his home at Laurel
Creek, head of Honey Creek, all his long
life a reader and thinker, but not
content with his lot. His wife ~~the~~
Mutter Barlow, only child of John Wesley
Barlow, ~~the~~ Veteran Quaker, 1861, and
Mutter Barlow - Burgess a strong minded
woman in her own right and a landed
proprietor, who reared a family of twelve

Mother Margaret Moore - Barlow

"on her own ground." and still lives past eighty years. Her life has, at times, been stormy, but marked by a spirit of independence and courage, truly admirable. ~~Not very~~ Quite recently on a casual meeting in the street, Mrs. Burgess remarked, ~~that~~ in effect, she had no patience with Dollars, and enjoined me not to become "Dolty"! In Church "Class", James Burgess has been known to arise and with eloquence and at length declaim, gathering from memory the Psalms, and Isaiah's.

A year or two before his death, James Burgess called at my office for treatment of a face wound. The day before he was struck on the cheek by a rock, accurately thrown, and with malice, by a daughter-in-law. Mr. Burgess told me he had come, also, to "swear out a Warrent" for the woman.

After dressing his wound, which I did complimentary as a service to an old friend, we discussed the emergency, and a hundred topics. I reminded Brother Burgess, that as an aged believer and in charity with "struck on one cheek, turn the other also," to which he assented.

~~After~~ In conversation I quoted the opening line of Cowper's Hymn,

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"God moves in a mysterious way his
Wonders to perform."
To my surprise, James Burgess took
up the verse and repeated the whole
Poem.

I also reminded friend James that
"The female of the species ~~was~~ more
deadly than the male," and should
be down with to the death, if necessary.

No "Warrant" was applied for, and
James Burgess returned to his home.
He made excellent recovery from his
facial wound.

Following his death, which occurred in
1948, his step-son Clarence Barlow,
remarked to me he "Reckoned James
Burgess was at East Content".
He had a good heart, and is of the
Covenant of Grace. ~~Vaya Dios~~

Clarence Barlow, "natural" son of Mrs.
Mattie Burgess, born before her marriage
to friend James Burgess, is a skilled
and useful blacksmith, his shop near
my residence Junction 219 and Old
Jericho Road. A Veteran of 1914
Veterinary Corps, whose principal ~~army~~
duty during his Army "stitch" was
shoeing Army mules - sufficiently
hazardous. Now in his 64th
year he enjoys a pension awarded
by the Australian Government.

Mention must be made of the remarkable
Hannah Burgess-Dolan-Coleyne,
younger sister of James, and who has also
recently died aged 74 years.
In her blooming youth well remembered
by me as a vigorous, hustling,
talkative Irish-American lass, resident
of the Beaver Dam, head of Williams
River.

Growing up ^{under} true pioneering
conditions in the then "Wilderness"
of the Williams River, Hannah Burgess
had many admirers, and I have
heard, in my youth, stories repeated
of her boldness and courage
in repelling successfully, uncouth
males whose intentions may have
been something less than honorable
or regards the female.

However ^{she} fell in love, fate being
unkind, she bore a "natural" son,
christened with his father's name,
and who ~~was~~ ^{was} when grown enlisted
in the army, and slain in the war.
His G.I. insurance named ~~Hannah~~ his
mother Beneficiary; Hannah at ~~that~~ the
time the wife of George Dolan and
the mother of a family of ~~eight~~ ^{seven} ~~sons~~
~~sons~~ ^{and daughters} Needless to say the monthly
payments over a period of twenty years
appreciated.

George Dolan, Irish, woodsman and
 logger on River Drives, a powerful
 man, who worked, when work was
 available in the Camps; a dutiful family
 man, turning over his earnings to Mrs
 Burgess regularly; usually in a good
 humor; faithful and no drunkard.
 George came to Pocatello in the early & late
 19th Century from Pennsylvania older
 than his wife; passing his days for all
 most part in the lumber Camps. His life
 was obscure, dying in 1920, he has
 passed from history.

† Mrs. Burgess once exhibited to
 me "two lovely black eyes," which she
 explained had been given her by
 George Dolan as discipline during
 an argument or difference of opinion.
 She did not appear resentful;
 only slightly grieved about the
 occurrence; reared in a parson
 school!

I was quite frequently called to her home
 to attend the children in minor sickness,
 but rarely, if ever, to prescribe for their
 mother, apparently never ill. All her
 children born without attendance, other
 than the "old women."

Always valuable, Hannah loved to
 talk, but never vulgar or profane,
 and usually with a solemn face,

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a skilled horse-woman from youth. She
~~left~~ always riding astride. She knew
horse flesh and appeared well in the saddle,
erect and apt at speed. Mrs. Dolan
once confided to me she "had no patience"
with complaining women; for herself
never a pain in the head, back, or even
headache; a truly remarkable record.
Horse-riding, child bearing and hard
work had done her no injury, she claimed.
Her new wealth, formerly money, from
her first-born son, slain in the war, made
no difference in Mrs. Dolan's manner of life,
except that she bought a small farm
and log cabin on a side road in the
woods near Marion Chapel, and ceased
to live a nomadic life as a tenant on
leased ground. A "high standard" of
living, in tenement and dress, did not
appeal to Mrs. Dolan. She spent her
money for that which is breeds. True,
she opened a bank account, and though
not literate, invariably tendered a
check for goods and services. Not
skilled in book-keeping, her account
was usually over-drawn at the Bank,
the book-keeper good-naturedly
keeping a special file and paying the check
in order, far as her monthly deposit would
go, in order of issuing. No recipient was
ever known to protest Mrs. Hannah Dolan's
check, a gold-star Mother! Unlike
"Best Business Note" not "Good Business Note"

No reference is to ²⁹³ his ancient Land Grant
of Benjamin Burden, and comes down from
an early day in the Valley of Virginia.
On my occasional professional visits
Hannah's check was invariably accepted with
thanks. Mr. Dolan's account was never
unreasonably over-drawn, and I think all
checks eventually paid, without protest.
I met satisfied with a check, heartless
breeders, storekeepers, had the privilege
of demanding cash and carry.

Mr. Dolan once remarked to me that
Frank Hunter (my brother in law) always
treated her courteously, as he could
well do, as she "gave all her business"
to the Bank of Marlinton!

Following the death of George Dolan
and in late Middle Age, Mr. Dolan
married ~~the~~ Adeline Collogue, an
outlander unknown to me personally,
advanced in years, and in her last days,
her children far away, Hannah had
some one to talk to. Both are now
numbered with the spirits in the air.
From youth to age, a "character" in local
annals, remembered with affection
by her family and friends. She
had a good heart.

Her body rests nearby scenes of
her youth on the lofty height ~~and~~
the Spruce Flat. in the Burgess
Cemetery.

Tuesday 11/24/59 294

Constant rain (fog) for 24 hours - If there should follow a "November" Rise in the River, such as the historical flood Nov. 1885, following our families' arrival on this frontier, the new Bridge is available. If washed down, the "temporary" structure could hit with a heavy impact, as a starter. Second Avenue (Candee) now open as a detour.

Mr. Arthur Lawson
(of "Duppy II")

Hear me, Mother Earth, behold of Heaven;
Hav' I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not had my doubts, my heart

Rivers,
and only way to desperation driven,
Because not ~~at all~~ of such clay
As suits the souls of those whom I knew.

The quotation is from Lord Byron's
Wilmot, who like our own Native Gen.
John Randolph of Roanoke, sought
escape from realities in alcohol
and ~~the~~ dope drugs.

Arthur Lawson a prototype either, though
in his unhappy life in America he sought
"escape" in drink or drugs.

a younger son of Sir Wilfred Lawson,
Member of Parliament for many years;
Wealthy, and widely notorious as an
anomaly of the British ruling class,
a Professional "Dry" - a prohibitionist
of ~~the~~ England.

A younger son, considered eccentric,
a divergent and a misfit, Young Lawson
was given his portion of inheritance and
joined the English Colony in Poreulwita
and Randolph Counties, about the year
1891, its sole representative of Nobility.
It is true the Brucks, Archie and Reginald,
were of an ancient Scottish house, and
successful in America. Mr. Archie Bruce
on his return to England, many years
ago, sent his friend Uncle Andrew
McLaughlin a thousand pounds (in
Dallan) as a contribution to the
Maxwellton Presbyterian Church and
hall, was promoting, and in the shadow
of which he lies buried, in Greenbrier County.
Viscount Lawson, of uncertain age -
not old - but quite bald; the crown
of his head of a ~~fixed~~ noticeable
conical shape, probably from a birth
injury. A bachelor, he wore his
"Night-Cap" through life, as did his
prototypes, Byron and Randolph,
~~as did they~~ probably realizing
his temperament not adaptable to

the "Terrible Thurn-bit of marriage
unlike the "Prodigal son" of the
Parable, Lord Lawson was fortunate
in buying land in the "Far Country";
Purchasing a noble estate of about
one thousand acres, belonging to the
Lee family, and anciently Jacob
Warwick Land. There was much
grazing land on Mill Run and
the slopes of Valley mountains extending
into Pocahontas County, and the
timbered slopes of Cheat Mountain
crowned with Black Spruce forests.
A substantial tenant house, with
outbuildings; even an ancient grist
mill; with grind-stones, on Mill
Run; the purchase price twenty-
five thousand dollars, cash.

Lawson promptly moved in
naming his Castle "Duffryn".

A noble spring, supplying a
large horse trough near from a
Poplar log was at the door, in
which trough I have taken my
morning dip in cold spring water
"When visiting Lord Lawson's
Castle Duffryn".

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Mr. Lawson, also, probably had his
 "Mummy bath", although at the time the
 "Curtle" not supplied with water,
 either hot or cold. It is not known
 that he ever used the "Horse trough"
 for his bath. Of slight build and
 height, not particularly athletic,
 although always playing the
 position of Goal-Keeper in Soccer.
 He led his "international" team
 to Marlinton, late as November, 1905,
 where was played the last game
 with the English Colony in which
 I participated.

Living alone, but not a "solitary"
 and accustomed from youth to English
 "servants," he was at times unsuccessful
 in keeping "tenants" in the house;
 his unconcealed mannerisms and
 eccentricities distasteful to the "free-
 born" natives of the tenant class.
~~Of which, more will be written.~~

Hospitable, even generous; at
 other times "sparing."
 When the spirit moved, he would
 make long journeys, horse-back.

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it might be cleaning my stack, and
dogs, even wild animals, in this
"Zoo" to fend for themselves, which
they could well do in the Natural
Paradise that was "Duffryn"-estate.
A large flock of half-wild turkeys
usually ran at large; shot down
as "wild" when needed for food
or the "market" or as gifts to the
neighbors.

Mr. ~~Lord~~ Lawson loved to write;
kept voluminous "Diaries" and "scrap-
books", all of which, unfortunately,
were ~~destroyed~~ ^{burned} in the fire that
destroyed the castle in 1903. He
also contributed articles to the
Times; numerous letters of local
events, accounts of athletic meetings,
even poems. He dubbed the
late James Gibson "King of Elk",
as acknowledged strong man
and ~~the~~ leader of his clan.
I have a postal card written in in
perse, inviting me to his castle on
an outing, - but I anticipate.

(year 1898)

The English Colony had a strong
impact on the social life of the
Community the end of the 19th Century.

I know that at ²⁹⁹ was an important factor in my "education" ~~over~~ at a formative time of life, for which I am grateful. When "accepted" the Englishman's hospitality is admirable.

~~At the British~~ Englishman is a "brute"; he is a "Just Brute."

There lived at White Sulphur Spring the Montague family. Miss Margaret ~~Mont~~ and brother Percival. Miss Montague was literary, and has published books. Young Percy scholarly and extremely near-sighted; destined for the Church. At times he made journeys to the ~~large~~ Colony, as a kindred spirit, although American by birth. On at least one occasion he stopped at our house for the night. At one family morning devotions and recognizing his youthful piety, Pa requested him to lead, which he did reading a chapter of the word and kneeling in impromptu prayer, - rather haltingly - ~~being~~ and in deference to the

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"Low Church" (Presbyterian) of the family, ^{and} being accustomed to the magnificent accent of the Book of Common Prayer. — In due time the Right Reverend Bishop Percival Montague Presided over the Diocese of Richmond, Virginia. Sir Wilfred Lawson has been cited as a "Professional Prohibitionist" in the English Parliament; but none has ever doubted his sincerity as an enemy of the traffic in alcohol as a Beverage. In his day,

the United States of America was building up the sentiment which culminated, in 1920, by the enactment of the 18th Constitutional amendment; the incredible Volstead enforcement bill; and the collapse of the movement in a matter of corruption, graft and legal tyranny in 1932; heretofore rated by students in my life period the #9 third decade 20th Century.

The son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, Arthur, was subject to "moods" varying from high vivacity to "lows" during which his actions

might appear a bit "Mad", and
so regarded by friends and neighbors.
Hence his difficulty in keeping
tenants, or "servants," on the estate
"Duffryn." Once when I was
his guest as a member of the Loocher
visiting team, ^{Mr.} Ford Lawson proceeded
to shoot and hastily dress a turkey
"booking" the half-pickled carcass in a
wash-boiler, in the yard, skinning
off the feathers and other debris;
the result a broth and "water turkey"
served up as food, Indian fashion,
which revolted most of his guests.

His ample fire-place he at times
filled with sections of logs, tended
and watched as ~~the wood~~ was
consumed; an ancient Pioneer
Custom to save chopping and
splitting bulky sections of ~~firewood~~.

It is reported that a long
"stake pole" was introduced by
Lawson through a window and
fed in the fire place. Later, the
fire supposed to be out, ~~the~~ Mr.
Lawson thoughtlessly left the house,
the stake pole, with the "Perseverance"
of the most "loved" and "cherished"

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Burned to the ground; his library,
diaries, scrap-books, all lost.

Mr. Lawson never rebuilt Duffryn;
took up his residence with Mr.
Seymour Mace, an old friend,
and several years later returned
to England. The house burned
in the ~~fall~~ ^{Spring} of 1906/1903

Lawson made a heroic effort
to replace his scrap-books, even
calling on me from my collections
and Pocahontas Lint's files for
his articles and accounts of
sporting events.

I have in my "scrapbook" an
ornate post-card in colored inks
and in verse, dated ~~Sept 11~~ ^{Oct 11} 1898,
an invitation to visit him in his
Castle, beginning:

"Dear Norman Baled,

So far from "Cold"

And ending ^{your note I got.} "Gosh! Aint it Hot!"

"Be sure to Come

And Rest up some!"

Naturally arising "Mammy" quotes
of English & divous, and exclamations
Mammy:

The last line referring to the receipt
Marathon Race, Sept. 24, 1898.

330 AM. 303
Wednesday 11/25/59 - Clearing, 48 hours rain
a restorer of "ground water" under
the mercy of God. "The whole earth is
full of this glory" Work suspended on
the Street for two days - "Farm Census"
for 1960, begun.

Responding to Sir Arthur Lawson's
pressing invitation to visit him, in
~~September~~ 1898, I journey, riding
the grey gelding, to Duffryn.
Previously, in May, 1896, a mass
group, men and women, from Marlinton
were the guests of Sir Arthur, going
in chaises, carts, buggies and horse-
back for the May Day festivities.
Comprising Luccer, Polo and track.
Duffryn was filled to over-flowing;
the rest housed by friends and relatives,
and at Wm. Marshall's Wingo Inn.
Among the girls remembered Misses
Fannie and Edith McLaughlin, Emma
and Anna King, Gertrude and Elva
Byrd, a lady guest of Mrs. Bratters,
from Virginia, escorted by Sam Leatt,
and a few others - Our Soccer and
Polo team and track runners. I rode
the grey gelding.
Sam B. Leatt and Walter Yeager
had thoughtfully provided a few
flasks of Bootleg liquor, stored in

Every "Rigo" in which they each carried their lady friends; I am escorting the Virginia Visiter. Within a mile from the start, at the Meadows, the ladies discovered the liquor, which they confiscated, hurling the bottles in the "Slough" after which said the journey resumed in the enjoyment and innocence of youth.

Later Sam Scott told me he had returned and searched diligently for the treasure, found nothing. But as a prospector had preceded him, or the ~~leg~~ whiskey bottles had sunk in the mire of the "Slough" did, truly a "Slough of Despond."

On May 1, 1896, our Palo Verde team J. G. Wilson, Sam B. Scott, Walter Yeager and I played our first and only game of polo, on the Mingo Football field, Mingo Flats. Opposing Sir Arthur Lawson's team, on which besides Lawson, were Arnet Hedley, Jack Forster and Latimer Lake.

I rode the grey gelding, aged; who responded remarkably well in the rushes, I thought. Personally, I have thought that I took instinctively to the game, and might have become a better than average player. Of Polo, hitting the ball accurately with the line

Mullet and made a goal or two.
 The rules of the game are simple,
 relating to off-side play and interference.
 Our mounts, livery stable stock,
 responded nobly, as horses, even
 "Crocks," do when charging by squadrons
 and "mell[ing] the Battle from afar."
 I do not recall the score, but Mingo
 probably won, as the more experienced
 Many years after, August, 1925, team
 I observed a polo game in Fairfax
 Loudon County, Virginia, played by
 gentlemen farmers. A game for rich
 (men) dwelling quietly in their houses -
 endowed with wisdom.

Following polo, a soccer game
 (international) was played; strangely
 I do not recall which team won.
 In the strength and joy of our youths
 we played games for fun - not
 side bets, or even glory.

On the third ^{day}, all our party
 returned to Marlinton. So far as I
 observed, the utmost decorum marked
 the three-day outing; the early May
 weather ideal. Of all that youthful
~~party~~ ^{party}, our hosts and appointees as
 well, I can recall only one beside
 myself now living - Mrs Emma
 Perry - Anderson, of Marlinton. Her
 spirit is in the air - Vaya Con Dios

In September, 1899, arriving at Deffryn, I found my host, Sir Arthur, in one of his "depressive" moods; his tenant farmer, the thurps, keeping their distance. The weather hot and "dusty" following drought.

Perhaps stimulated by the arrival of a guest, Sir Arthur bravely shook off his lethargy and loneliness of spirit. Was most hospitable & with ability for self-entertainment, Sir Arthur library, and voluminous "scraps-books" filled with mementoes of the best English Society afforded pleasure. On separate days we rode to the homes of Mrs. James Webber and Mrs. Lillian Tuke, ~~had~~ he played tennis and had "tea". Returning to Deffryn by the light of a full moon.

Rifle practice on Sir Arthur's private range was a feature, worth mentioning. Some years before a saw-mill boiler had exploded, on the Point Mermaid, killing three men; a large section of boiler iron flattened out, resembling armor plate. With great labor, Lawson had erected this metal as a target, and during firing, a man or boy crouched behind armor plate, of doubtful safety at best! One of the thurps was acting as scorer, signalling the result of

luch round of firing, but did not seem to enjoy his point of danger, well knowing our hosts' experience and reckless shooting.

On walks about the castle-estate, I observed the ruins of the old grist mill, on Mill Run, extreme S.W. corner of the Tygart River Valley; also a young deer which Sir Lawson's thoughtlessly kept penned in a small corral near the barn, a part of his animal zoo. Not well fed or cared for the deer had a "mad" look in the eye, its hide mangy. Well versed in the lives of the deer family of mammals, I was sorry for the poor animal, which should have been released, or mercifully destroyed.

The whole time of the visit the weather continued hot, as described by Lawson in his "short can't motivations." When I took departure, my host had ~~recovered~~ ^{recovered} in some measure, his buoyancy, giving me "hail and farewell." He also shot a turkey running wild, and must carry with me. I started with the curdies in a sack slung at my saddle; but after a few miles the turkey already "high," I discarded it ~~for~~ ^{for} the food for the Raven! In the wood.

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Reference has been made to the fire
in which Sir Lawson's cherished diaries
and scrap-books, together with his library,
were lost.

I have before me the original sheet
of paper, dated Dec 3, 1903; "~~An Ode~~"
"An Ode"

THANKS!

(in return for file of "Procedentes Times"
back numbers duly received!)

Respectfully dedicated to Dr Norman
Price! THANKS!

(With a Lawson's Compliments!

(The "letter head" which I had printed for
Mr. Lawson some years before, in three
colors, Black, red, and blue, is
characteristic. Embazoned;

"Mortgages are always free"

At left an
authentic
Bees and milk
pail
fresh picture

"THE SHACK"

A LAWSON

("Boss o' the Shack")

Symbolic of industry
and legal authority

(and so forth)

It was evident Mr. Lawson's "Ode"
was submitted for publication in the Times,
but I believe was ruled out by our
senior editor, Andrew Price as being
too eulogistic and flowery!

Copied Verbatim, 309

"An ~~ODE~~ ode
THANKS!"

(In return for file of the Pocatello Times
back number duly received!)

"Ho! hand me down my 'Pokee!'"

'Tis always good to read,

Crisp, up-to-date, and jockey

(Say! that is what we need!)

So, when the Blues "steal over us,

We quickee don our "spees"! -

Without a pret or fuss,

We wear "The Times" gay "Breeks!" -

"Aunt dull care"! ~~dull care~~ out-witted

Forever you shall be, -

When "gaunt" "The Pokee" fitted!

(That paper full of glee!) -

Now! "Here's to Paice and Brothers

Who've stemmed the storm and stress

(Which oftentimes smother others?)

May joys of ~~life~~ you bless!"

Put up the shot-gun, hang the kush

The fishing-pole's a-swinging!

We care not how the critics cuss!

As together we "Keep Singing!!" -

(Segue) "Mountaineer"

(Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman Paice!
THANKS
With a Lawton's Compliments)

at the get-togethers and banquet of the
teams following our international
soccer games, when each was called
on for a speech, recitation or song,
though no singer, Lawson would respond
with his favorite: "a Beeyah Beeyah
for two;" or perhaps "Two Lovely
Black Eyes", accompanied by
exaggerated contortions and caperings -
but quite amusing.

On urgent request by English
Hubden and others at least on one
occasion I attempted a faltering
"National Anthem". The English, of
course, singing lustily: "Britons
Never shall be Slaves!"

The Irishman with the golden Beard,
(Vandyke) is remembered (Tim O'Heard)

"Remember, boy, you're Irish,
You're born on Irish soil;
Your father was a Kinnear,
Your mother was a Doyle;
Be an honest good Country -

'Tis the land of the free and the brave -
'Tis the land where the Shamrock grows!"
at parting, all joined hands and sang
in chorus, Burns "For the sake of
Auld Lang Syne!"

Mr. Lawson felt the loss of by fire,
of his beloved collections of rocks and
papers, which he attempted to restore
during at the time in "the shack"
and other temporary shelter; his lands
neglected. The Colony began to
disintegrate prior to the war in Europe,
and during that conflict disappeared.
The Soccer game (international) of
May, 1905, has been mentioned, when
Lawson led his cohort to Marlinton.
at some time prior to the war, Sir
Arthur Lawson returned to England
aged, and ~~eccentric~~ of French physique
though "Wry", unfitted for the "Forces",
he lived in retirement, his death
reported about 1936 aged 75 years.
a gentleman of England, stately
bred and most machinely crammed;
~~at times~~ almost mis-shapen in his
physical appearance; a "mis-fit" in his
family, and in exile; Personal
eccentricities did not adapt him
to lasting friendships with any-
male or female. Native energy
and genius, though obscure, contributed
to the "gaily of Nations," and remembered.
Peace to his ashes.

His lands, later immensely valuable in
grazing and timber, now returned to the
extensive Lee-Marshall ownership.

[illegible]

and continues instant in prayer

My Mother once remarked to me, with a smile, whimsically, that she might some day be a "guardian angel"; doubtless, she is - "in the air"! Throughout her long life, she regarded ~~herself~~ "roughly" it. Philosophically, including the baggages and sins of her husband and seven children; to ~~which~~ yet using a will it was yet right to provide food and clothing for all, and continuing "instant in prayer".

My father, too; - wise, devout, serene; Patriarchal, more anxiously regarded the "erogatum" of his sons and daughters, & the "Blessings" that I claim he bestowed on me I have always regarded as a especially valuable "gift", though in no sense seeking "to reign over my brethren"!

("The young men shall see visions,
And the old men dream dreams.")

The Biblical literature of the Jewish Civilization, miraculously preserved in Jewish writings; the Maccabean region of the Middle East and Mediterranean, in "inland sea"; Surely they were a "chosen people", and salvation is of the Jews."

Saturday, 11/28/59

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Point in the night. "a cold November rain that wakes not out the sleepy earth the lovely ones again." Nevertheless, I have observed the humble yellow *Larapsacum* blooming late as Nov. 27th. As to the "blessing" bestowed on Jacob by his aged father, Isaac. Though obtained through the artifice of his mother, Rachel, operated as a gift bringing on the given, and once uttered could not be taken back.

Esau, the eldest, twin brother of Jacob, a wrestler, though a mighty hunter, previously had sold his birth-right, when a-hungred, to Jacob for a mess of Pottage. or stew.

Threatened with reprisals by Esau, at his mother's orders, Jacob fled to the frontier, where he had his "dream" and met his future wife Rebecca, at the well. The pleasant story of the adventures and romance of Jacob also sets forth the future Patriarchs; his nation wisely, had early learned to "Labor and to Wait."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have, the words of eternal life."

3/5-

BEARS.

I have long intended ~~and~~ writing something of the life history and habits of this most interesting of Mammals in lives around us. In this I have been aided and interested by the stories of Fred Galford, of the Williams River Country, a mighty Hunter of the bear, who at last account had killed ninety bear.

Fred has brought up a family of ten sons and daughters, at the foot of Black Mountain in the "Wilderness". His wife a Miss Cogar, of the well known, and numerous Wilsor County family of that name.

Because of his knowledge of the Williams River, Gauley River, and the Cranberry regions, Fred has for many years acted as professional guide for coal prospectors, the forestry service and hunters.

Approaching seventy years, Fred Galford yet a mighty Hunter before the Lord. He recently remarked to me that "us Galfords do not show this age," which is literally true. But that is another story.

I once saw the carcass of a skinned 200-pound ^{male} bear, brought to Martinsburg

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fard's poses, and was struck by the
similarity ~~to~~ of the carcass to that of
a Naked Man; the thigh and legs
notably so. As the animal frequently
rises on its ~~hind~~ legs, its muscular
structure is alike to man. Those of us
who have observed the "Hupplings" of
trained European Brown Bears, back
a familiar sight, will appreciate this.
"The bear that walks like a Man"

—Kipling—
Mr. Galford has even observed the
bear in other than the hunting season;
a mother bear with playful young
cubs; or in the sitting time, in
August, when the animal is specially
dangerous if ~~the~~ suddenly chartered.
Once he saw a large bear on
approaching a high rail fence, rise
and with his paws on the top rail
appeared to "roll over" the fence in
an instant.

If "treed" in a high tree, and
descending in a hurry, the bear may
let all holds go and fall considerable
distances - twenty feet or more - to
lose no time; ~~and~~ his furry hide,
underlying fat and springy muscles
a protection - breaking no bones.
Omnivorous, with mighty animal
teeth, claws and power.

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The bear, like man, is fond of nuts,
fruits, berries, - even "Browse" or
succulent roots and plants, all eaten
raw, of course, without benefit of "cooking".
The strong teeth and jaws equal to
any "chewing" necessary.

The bear masticates ~~slowly~~ usually
~~slowly~~ slowly, enjoying his food,
not swallowing in lumps as do many
other beasts and birds of prey, notably
the Horned Owl; the Tiger of the Air.

A chapter could be written about
the interesting hibernating practices
of the bears, new to me from the
literature; observed and told by Fred
Galford. As is well known, the
bear may "lay up" in a Rock Cavern,
a large hollow tree; or even under
a fallen tree stump and log.

Once ~~the~~ followed the tracks in snow
of a large bear belated in going
to bed for the winter. This bear,
apparently not gifted with foresight,
had not searched out a suitable
spot to winter, attempted to "hole
up" in a Laurel thicket; breaking
down and piling a considerable heap of
brush. This "denning" Fred
approached and reconnoitred
cautiously, as the bear was
hermaphrodite, and the snow-
covered hills. Possibly alert.

Perhaps fully ^{> 18"} awake, as there was "sign" beside recent tracks in the snow. I have never before heard, or read, of a bear hibernating in such shelter.

It is well known that the before entering ~~sleep~~ his winter sleep the bear "purges" himself thoroughly, either by "nature," or a purgative, ^{medicine} snows through "instinct," as it is called. The bear of the Laurel Midget had bedded in the snow for a time and thoroughly purged, until nothing was voided except a mucoid bile - the intestines emptied.

Individual bears, entering the winter "lean," from whatever cause, are restless in their sleep, usually emerging earlier than is judicious. There are the dreaded ~~the~~ killers, dreaded by the shepherds, in early spring. And nearly always ~~for~~ males; the females normally occupied in spring with their young, even during hibernation.

Still cautious, Fred cut a long hole or sapling, and with his gun handy, attempted to upset the Laurel Osash pile, down hill, or probe for the bear. Getting no response from the bear, or even "feeling" it, he ventured to remove some of the brush, at least

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finding the empty "bed", with some
black bear hairs - its occupant having
abandoned his "house" as unusable
and uncomfortable. This instance
is notable as unusual in bear life.
Fred once explored a rock den,
head of Cranberry, where a bear had
bedded, possibly for more than one
winter. Dry and lined with leaves,
it appeared its inmate had at times
lain on its back and restlessly
rubbed and scratched the rock wall
at a height ~~of two~~ feet with its hind
feet and claws.
Once, in the hunting season, a party
of hunters killed two yearling cubs
in beech trees on the once celebrated
"Beech ~~Bath~~ ^{cats}", that in the absence
of their mother, possibly also
killed, or fled, seemed to accept
their fate, made no attempt to
escape, and "took the bullet in
the ~~thorax~~ ^{brain}" as true infant ^{bear} warriors
of the wild.

As an appreciative observer of
Nature Fred Galford has my thanks
for his interesting story of the habits
of the native Black bear. I may
~~not~~ set down more about the Galford
family, whose ~~stories~~, men and women,
"do not appear to grow old."

* The Beech trees of the "Beech Cats" led
made into clothing for a Richmond factory.

Bears, also, make "Blazes" with claws
and claws, high as it can reach, on the
green bark of Chestnut or beech, making
trails, or as "signs" understood by that
kind.

Once, while riding through woodland
on Beaver Dam Creek, year 1905
Mr. John W. Hunt pointed out to me
"Measuring Marks" on a ~~green~~ Chestnut
Tree, about seven feet from the ground
made by a bear's claws. This was
in August, or late summer.

Fred Galford ^{and I} relates a bear at bay
and fighting. When shot, ^{groaned} ~~groaned~~
and exclaimed "Oh Lord", ! - or
"founded like it" - and died.

He also observed, in summer, a
large bear lying on its back in a
bower of ferns, fore feet in the
air, circling and waving ^{slowly} as though
signaling, or "playing". On
seeing a man, the bear quickly
disappeared in the ~~forest~~ wood.

319-~~4~~ (Bears)

That the adult Bear frequently "rests" on its broad back, man-like, is attested by Hunters. The turnings and "stretching" of the Hibernating bear, while lying on its back has been proven by the observations of a bear seen in a rock cavern, rubbing and scratching on the wall with ~~the~~ hind feet thus maintaining muscle tone during the long period of inactivity. I have not read of this in Devoe's "The Animals Sleep," or other Nature writing; claim it as original observation by Mr. Fred Galford.

With no intake of fluid or food, digestive and excretory functions are necessarily in abeyance during the "long sleep" of Indian Lake.

"As a teal tree and ~~as an~~ oak when they have ~~the~~ cast their leaves, whose substance is ~~within~~ them; and shall return and shall be eaten

"As a teal tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves," - ~~Indian vt.~~ and if shall return, and shall be eaten; - I ~~seem~~ v.

Personally, I have for many years, on waking, employed a few minutes in deep breathing, and while still in bed "stretching" arms and legs, and opposing muscular "exercise," of great value to otherwise "sedentary"

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to turn a fast buck. Leagraves a
grandson of Walter Yeager, and
son of Mildred Yeager-Leagraves,
who, encumbered with an alcoholic
husband, teaches music in the
Marengo school.

Two other recent "graduates" of the
"forces" ~~the~~ young Walter and
Jimmas, detected "breaking
and entering," now in jail. The
recent "blowing" of the Post Office
safe not yet solved. County,
State and Federal agents now at
work on this "crime."

~~will mail today about twenty-five
pages to Jean, for typing~~

All English "Brain," (Huxley)
warning us, ~~at~~ Chicago Meeting of
"Science," 100th anniversary of Mr. Dar-
win; abuses hospitality
(and publicity) proclaiming his
"doubts and fears," lacking faith
and intuitions of "things unseen."
I speak the things I do know; and
have "sought the secret way, the
unfrequented path of life that steals
away unknown."

"He that doth not receive the Kingdom
of Heaven as a little child, shall by
no means enter therein."

New Testament

Thursday 10/24/59

3rd. Clear and frosty -
not cold. The heavy leaves of the
Walnut and Gumac still cling to the
boughs. Good progress made on the
road and bridge, yesterday. If the
"temporary" crossing should go out on
an early "rise" in late Autumn, the
new bridge could be put in use.
Almost immediately, though incomplete.

Early Practice of Medicine.

Some ~~early~~ incidents of the Practice, year
1904, and after should be recorded.
The winter of 1904 is recalled as a
"Hard winter" with much snow and ice.
With one and a half years active practice,
under the tutelage of Dr. James Price,
begun to get the "hang" of it, together with
familiarity the roads, trails and residency
of my new clientele.

Though native to the county and district,
I at first found it surprisingly difficult,
as an example, to find the residence of
William Gay, head of the Indian Draft;
the trail with many gates, almost
obliterated with deep snow, when called
late at a winter night to a case of "Labor".
Neighbor John Waugh, who lived at the
"forks", called from bed the second time,
for directions, having lost myself in
the woods and retracing my steps.

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On another trip, in summertime and at
night, summoned to the Adkins home
head of Swago, took the wrong turn
at the forks, and was guided, on
foot, by the late ~~old~~ Veterans, C.S.A.
~~Dr. Hefner~~ across the intervening ridge &
Young Clifford Adkins having
fallen ~~more than~~ twenty-five feet from
a cherry tree, late of a Sunday, with
resulting fractures of both arms and
Deep head wound of the scalp, he
being about twelve years old.

Late at night, and with Comrade
Hefner's assistance, the patient, was
anesthetized (chloroform), and extensive
Surgical Repairs made.

By good chance, and the luck that
attends young physicians and surgeons,
the patient made surprising good recovery.
(He had fallen, as he stated, among rocks
a distance of twenty-five feet, measured) &
and in a few days came to my office, on
foot, ~~to have~~ a distance of ~~four~~ miles, to
have his wounds attended.

As a climax, a few months later,
Clifford appeared, in person, and paid me
the sum of fifteen dollars, about the
largest single fee I had earned, at
the time; his family having raised
the money; being poor, and honest.
Clifford Adkins is living today,
an over seas Veteran of the War 1914,
and a pensioner. He never married.

Quite recently, ¹⁸³ Mr. Sergeant Adkinson
reminded me, (he lives at Riverside, near
Mapleton, with his sister Mrs. Elsie Adkinson
retired teacher of schools) of the cherry
tree accident, exhibiting two arms
without deformity from fracture when
a boy, and extensive scars on his
forehead, as a result of injury ~~1901~~ 1903.

Veteran Alex Hefner, CSA, a notable
man in his day; he reared a large
family, head of Swago; industrious
and honest, ~~as it~~ was true of nearly
all Southern Veterans of 1861. His son
George and grand-son Henry, built the
large stone chimney of my residence,
in 1928. It was on a trip, by auto,
to his home to visit Mrs. Alex Hefner,
aged widow. The providential (miraculous)
escape from disaster occurred, related
in a previous chapter.

Alex Hefner was Irish descent,
with much native humor. While not a
drunkard, he would, occasionally, get
a bit tipsy. I recall a Fourth
of July, 1892, on the "Island" above
the bridge, Mr. Hefner being present,
his business, selling ripe cherries for

quite recently, the youngest children
of many men, (the kind of children
usually, with no other than the
usual degree of color) of the
the color, but nothing but a
with definite from nature which
a few, and especially of the
forehead, as a sort of injury to
Vermont, also Vermont, as a
man in his day; he received a
family, head of the family; and
and himself, but was true of himself
all American literature of 1861. It is
George and George's story, but the
large story of the literature,
in 1828. It was in fact, by
to his home to visit Mr. Reed
and where, the Providence (Massachusetts)
in a private chapel, devoted
with much native humor, which was
Drummond, he was, occasionally, a
a lot of it. I received a letter
of July, 1842, in the "Journal" about
his friends, seeing of the children in
the new birth, and of nature and
a few days, or a day, on the
down the stream, or taking a walk
on the hand-mill, 90-100-110-120-130-140-150-160-170-180-190-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-300-310-320-330-340-350-360-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-460-470-480-490-500-510-520-530-540-550-560-570-580-590-600-610-620-630-640-650-660-670-680-690-700-710-720-730-740-750-760-770-780-790-800-810-820-830-840-850-860-870-880-890-900-910-920-930-940-950-960-970-980-990-1000-1010-1020-1030-1040-1050-1060-1070-1080-1090-1100-1110-1120-1130-1140-1150-1160-1170-1180-1190-1200-1210-1220-1230-1240-1250-1260-1270-1280-1290-1300-1310-1320-1330-1340-1350-1360-1370-1380-1390-1400-1410-1420-1430-1440-1450-1460-1470-1480-1490-1500-1510-1520-1530-1540-1550-1560-1570-1580-1590-1600-1610-1620-1630-1640-1650-1660-1670-1680-1690-1700-1710-1720-1730-1740-1750-1760-1770-1780-1790-1800-1810-1820-1830-1840-1850-1860-1870-1880-1890-1900-1910-1920-1930-1940-1950-1960-1970-1980-1990-2000-2010-2020-2030-2040-2050-2060-2070-2080-2090-2100-2110-2120-2130-2140-2150-2160-2170-2180-2190-2200-2210-2220-2230-2240-2250-2260-2270-2280-2290-2300-2310-2320-2330-2340-2350-2360-2370-2380-2390-2400-2410-2420-2430-2440-2450-2460-2470-2480-2490-2500-2510-2520-2530-2540-2550-2560-2570-2580-2590-2600-2610-2620-2630-2640-2650-2660-2670-2680-2690-2700-2710-2720-2730-2740-2750-2760-2770-2780-2790-2800-2810-2820-2830-2840-2850-2860-2870-2880-2890-2900-2910-2920-2930-2940-2950-2960-2970-2980-2990-3000-3010-3020-3030-3040-3050-3060-3070-3080-3090-3100-3110-3120-3130-3140-3150-3160-3170-3180-3190-3200-3210-3220-3230-3240-3250-3260-3270-3280-3290-3300-3310-3320-3330-3340-3350-3360-3370-3380-3390-3400-3410-3420-3430-3440-3450-3460-3470-3480-3490-3500-3510-3520-3530-3540-3550-3560-3570-3580-3590-3600-3610-3620-3630-3640-3650-3660-3670-3680-3690-3700-3710-3720-3730-3740-3750-3760-3770-3780-3790-3800-3810-3820-3830-3840-3850-3860-3870-3880-3890-3900-3910-3920-3930-3940-3950-3960-3970-3980-3990-4000-4010-4020-4030-4040-4050-4060-4070-4080-4090-4100-4110-4120-4130-4140-4150-4160-4170-4180-4190-4200-4210-4220-4230-4240-4250-4260-4270-4280-4290-4300-4310-4320-4330-4340-4350-4360-4370-4380-4390-4400-4410-4420-4430-4440-4450-4460-4470-4480-4490-4500-4510-4520-4530-4540-4550-4560-4570-4580-4590-4600-4610-4620-4630-4640-4650-4660-4670-4680-4690-4700-4710-4720-4730-4740-4750-4760-4770-4780-4790-4800-4810-4820-4830-4840-4850-4860-4870-4880-4890-4900-4910-4920-4930-4940-4950-4960-4970-4980-4990-5000-5010-5020-5030-5040-5050-5060-5070-5080-5090-5100-5110-5120-5130-5140-5150-5160-5170-5180-5190-5200-5210-5220-5230-5240-5250-5260-5270-5280-5290-5300-5310-5320-5330-5340-5350-5360-5370-5380-5390-5400-5410-5420-5430-5440-5450-5460-5470-5480-5490-5500-5510-5520-5530-5540-5550-5560-5570-5580-5590-5600-5610-5620-5630-5640-5650-5660-5670-5680-5690-5700-5710-5720-5730-5740-5750-5760-5770-5780-5790-5800-5810-5820-5830-5840-5850-5860-5870-5880-5890-5900-5910-5920-5930-5940-5950-5960-5970-5980-5990-6000-6010-6020-6030-6040-6050-6060-6070-6080-6090-6100-6110-6120-6130-6140-6150-6160-6170-6180-6190-6200-6210-6220-6230-6240-6250-6260-6270-6280-6290-6300-6310-6320-6330-6340-6350-6360-6370-6380-6390-6400-6410-6420-6430-6440-6450-6460-6470-6480-6490-6500-6510-6520-6530-6540-6550-6560-6570-6580-6590-6600-6610-6620-6630-6640-6650-6660-6670-6680-6690-6700-6710-6720-6730-6740-6750-6760-6770-6780-6790-6800-6810-6820-6830-6840-6850-6860-6870-6880-6890-6900-6910-6920-6930-6940-6950-6960-6970-6980-6990-7000-7010-7020-7030-7040-7050-7060-7070-7080-7090-7100-7110-7120-7130-7140-7150-7160-7170-7180-7190-7200-7210-7220-7230-7240-7250-7260-7270-7280-7290-7300-7310-7320-7330-7340-7350-7360-7370-7380-7390-7400-7410-7420-7430-7440-7450-7460-7470-7480-7490-7500-7510-7520-7530-7540-7550-7560-7570-7580-7590-7600-7610-7620-7630-7640-7650-7660-7670-7680-7690-7700-7710-7720-7730-7740-7750-7760-7770-7780-7790-7800-7810-7820-7830-7840-7850-7860-7870-7880-7890-7900-7910-7920-7930-7940-7950-7960-7970-7980-7990-8000-8010-8020-8030-8040-8050-8060-8070-8080-8090-8100-8110-8120-8130-8140-8150-8160-8170-8180-8190-8200-8210-8220-8230-8240-8250-8260-8270-8280-8290-8300-8310-8320-8330-8340-8350-8360-8370-8380-8390-8400-8410-8420-8430-8440-8450-8460-8470-8480-8490-8500-8510-8520-8530-8540-8550-8560-8570-8580-8590-8600-8610-8620-8630-8640-8650-8660-8670-8680-8690-8700-8710-8720-8730-8740-8750-8760-8770-8780-8790-8800-8810-8820-8830-8840-8850-8860-8870-8880-8890-8900-8910-8920-8930-8940-8950-8960-8970-8980-8990-9000-9010-9020-9030-9040-9050-9060-9070-9080-9090-9100-9110-9120-9130-9140-9150-9160-9170-9180-9190-9200-9210-9220-9230-9240-9250-9260-9270-9280-9290-9300-9310-9320-9330-9340-9350-9360-9370-9380-9390-9400-9410-9420-9430-9440-9450-9460-9470-9480-9490-9500-9510-9520-9530-9540-9550-9560-9570-9580-9590-9600-9610-9620-9630-9640-9650-9660-9670-9680-9690-9700-9710-9720-9730-9740-9750-9760-9770-9780-9790-9800-9810-9820-9830-9840-9850-9860-9870-9880-9890-9900-9910-9920-9930-9940-9950-9960-9970-9980-9990-10000-10010-10020-10030-10040-10050-10060-10070-10080-10090-10100-10110-10120-10130-10140-10150-10160-10170-10180-10190-10200-10210-10220-10230-10240-10250-10260-10270-10280-10290-10300-10310-10320-10330-10340-10350-10360-10370-10380-10390-10400-10410-10420-10430-10440-10450-10460-10470-10480-10490-10500-10510-10520-10530-10540-10550-10560-10570-10580-10590-10600-10610-10620-10630-10640-10650-10660-10670-10680-10690-10700-10710-10720-10730-10740-10750-10760-10770-10780-10790-10800-10810-10820-10830-10840-10850-10860-10870-10880-10890-10900-10910-10920-10930-10940-10950-10960-10970-10980-10990-11000-11010-11020-11030-11040-11050-11060-11070-11080-11090-11100-11110-11120-11130-11140-11150-11160-11170-11180-11190-11200-11210-11220-11230-11240-11250-11260-11270-11280-11290-11300-11310-11320-11330-11340-11350-11360-11370-11380-11390-11400-11410-11420-11430-11440-11450-11460-11470-11480-11490-11500-11510-11520-11530-11540-11550-11560-11570-11580-11590-11600-11610-11620-11630-11640-11650-11660-11670-11680-11690-11700-11710-11720-11730-11740-11750-11760-11770-11780-11790-11800-11810-11820-11830-11840-11850-11860-11870-11880-11890-11900-11910-11920-11930-11940-11950-11960-11970-11980-11990-12000-12010-12020-12030-12040-12050-12060-12070-12080-12090-12100-12110-12120-12130-12140-12150-12160-12170-12180-12190-12200-12210-12220-12230-12240-12250-12260-12270-12280-12290-12300-12310-12320-12330-12340-12350-12360-12370-12380-12390-12400-12410-12420-12430-12440-12450-12460-12470-12480-12490-12500-12510-12520-12530-12540-12550-12560-12570-12580-12590-12600-12610-12620-12630-12640-12650-12660-12670-12680-12690-12700-12710-12720-12730-12740-12750-12760-12770-12780-12790-12800-12810-12820-12830-12840-12850-12860-12870-12880-12890-12900-12910-12920-12930-12940-12950-12960-12970-12980-12990-13000-13010-13020-13030-13040-13050-13060-13070-13080-13090-13100-13110-13120-13130-13140-13150-13160-13170-13180-13190-13200-13210-13220-13230-13240-13250-13260-13270-13280-13290-13300-13310-13320-13330-13340-13350-13360-13370-13380-13390-13400-13410-13420-13430-13440-13450-13460-13470-13480-13490-13500-13510-13520-13530-13540-13550-13560-13570-13580-13590-13600-13610-13620-13630-13640-13650-13660-13670-13680-13690-13700-13710-13720-13730-13740-13750-13760-13770-13780-13790-13800-13810-13820-13830-13840-13850-13860-13870-13880-13890-13900-13910-13920-13930-13940-13950-13960-13970-13980-13990-14000-14010-14020-14030-14040-14050-14060-14070-14080-14090-14100-14110-14120-14130-14140-14150-14160-14170-14180-14190-14200-14210-14220-14230-14240-14250-14260-14270-14280-14290-14300-14310-14320-14330-14340-14350-14360-14370-14380-14390-14400-14410-14420-14430-14440-14450-14460-14470-14480-14490-14500-14510-14520-14530-14540-14550-14560-14570-14580-14590-14600-14610-14620-14630-14640-14650-14660-14670-14680-14690-14700-14710-14720-14730-14740-14750-14760-14770-14780-14790-14800-14810-14820-14830-14840-14850-14860-14870-14880-14890-14900-14910-14920-14930-14940-14950-14960-14970-14980-14990-15000-15010-15020-15030-15040-15050-15060-15070-15080-15090-15100-15110-15120-15130-15140-15150-15160-15170-15180-15190-15200-15210-15220-15230-15240-15250-15260-15270-15280-15290-15300-15310-15320-15330-15340-15350-15360-15370-15380-15390-15400-15410-15420-15430-15440-15450-15460-15470-15480-15490-15500-15510-15520-15530-15540-15550-15560-15570-15580-15590-15600-15610-15620-15630-15640-15650-15660-15670-15680-15690-15700-15710-15720-15730-15740-15750-15760-15770-15780-15790-15800-15810-15820-15830-15840-15850-15860-15870-15880-15890-15900-15910-15920-15930-15940-15950-15960-15970-15980-15990-16000-16010-16020-16030-16040-16050-16060-16070-16080-16090-16100-16110-16120-16130-16140-16150-16160-16170-16180-16190-16200-16210-16220-16230-16240-16250-16260-16270-16280-16290-16300-16310-16320-16330-16340-16350-16360-16370-16380-16390-16400-16410-16420-16430-16440-16450-16460-16470-16480-16490-16500-16510-16520-16530-16540-16550-16560-16570-16580-16590-16600-16610-16620-16630-16640-16650-16660-16670-16680-16690-16700-16710-16720-16730-16740-16750-16760-16770-16780-16790-16800-16810-16820-16830-16840-16850-16860-16870-16880-16890-16900-16910-16920-16930-16940-16950-16960-16970-16980-16990-17000-17010-17020-17030-17040-17050-17060-17070-17080-17090-17100-17110-17120-17130-17140-17150-17160-17170-17180-17190-17200-17210-17220-17230-17240-17250-17260-17270-17280-17290-17300-17310-17320-17330-17340-17350-17360-17370-17380-17390-17400-17410-17420-17430-17440-17450-17460-17470-17480-17490-17500-17510-17520-17530-17540-17550-17560-17570-17580-17590-17600-17610-17620-17630-17640-17650-17660-17670-17680-17690-17700-17710-17720-17730-17740-17750-17760-17770-17780-17790-17800-17810-17820-17830-17840-17850-17860-17870-17880-17890-17900-17910-17920-17930-17940-17950-17960-17970-17980-17990-18000-18010-18020-18030-18040-18050-18060-18070-18080-18090-18100-18110-18120-18130-18140-18150-18160-18170-18180-18190-18200-18210-18220-18230-18240-18250-18260-18270-18280-18290-18300-18310-18320-18330-18340-18350-18360-18370-18380-18390-18400-18410-18420-18430-18440-18450-18460-18470-18480-18490-18500-18510-18520-18530-18540-18550-18560-18570-18580-18590-18600-18610-18620-18630-18640-18650-18660-18670-18680-18690-18700-18710-18720-18730-18740-18750-18760-18770-18780-18790-18800-18810-18820-18830-18840-18850-18860-18870-18880-18890-18900-18910-18920-18930-18940-18950-18960-18970-18980-18990-19000-19010-19020-19030-19040-19050-19060-19070-19080-19090-19100-19110-19120-19130-19140-19150-19160-19170-19180-19190-19200-19210-19220-19230-19240-19250-19260-19270-19280-19290-19300-19310-19320-19330-19340-19350-19360-19370-19380-19390-19400-19410-19420-19430-19440-19450-19460-19470-19480-19490-19500-19510-19520-19530-19540-19550-19560-19570-19580-19590-19600-19610-19620-19630-19640-19650-19660-19670-19680-19690-19700-19710-19720-19730-19740-19750-19760-19770-19780-19790-19800-19810-19820-19830-19840-19850-19860-19870-19880-19890-19900-19910-19920-19930-19940-19950-19960-19970-19980-19990-20000-20010-20020-20030-20040-20050-20060-20070-20080-20090-20100-20110-20120-20130-20140-20150-20160-20170-20180-20190-20200-20210-20220-20230-20240-20250-20260-20270-20280-20290-20300-20310-20320-20330-20340-20350-20360-20370-20380-20390-20400-20410-20420-20430-20440-20450-20460-20470-20480-20490-20500-20510-20520-20530-20540-20550-20560-20570-20580-20590-20600-20610-20620-20630-20640-20650-20660-20670-20680-20690-20700-20710-20720-20730-20740-20750-20760-20770-20780-20790-20800-20810-20820-20830-20840-20850-20860-20870-20880-20890-20900-20910-20920-20930-20940-20950-20960-20970-20980-20990-21000-21010-21020-21030-21040-21050-21060-21070-21080-21090-21100-21110-21120-21130-21140-21150-21160-21170-21180-21190-21200-21210-21220-21230-21240-21250-21260-21270-21280-21290-21300-21310-21320-21330-21340-21350-21360-21370-21380-21390-21400-21410-21420-21430-21440-21450-21460-21470-21480-21490-21500-21510-21520-21530-21540-21550-21560-21570-21580-21590-21600-21610-21620-21630-21640-21650-21660-21670-21680-21690-21700-21710-21720-21730-21740-21750-21760-21770-21780-21790-21800-21810-21820-21830-21840-21850-21860-21870-21880-21890-21900-21910-21920-21930-21940-21950-21960-21970-21980-21990-22000-2

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and twisted shell

Once, Mr. Refner and his son William, or "Bill," a mild alcoholic, ~~the~~ were arrested by the town cop for noisiness on the street and placed in the jail-house, a brick Bastille, recently built. "Bill" Refner announced that he was going to tear the house down - reduce it to rubble, etc. His father restrained him, arguing the building was new; had cost the tax-payers a great deal of money, and should not be destroyed.

The next day, sober and Penitent, father and son appeared before the first Mayor of Marlinton, Andrew Price, who gave a kindly reprimand and dismissed the case.

The veteran once gave me a humorous account of the retreat from the Battle of Proof Mountain; later from the fight at Lewisburg, himself jumping Greenbrier River at the Coldwell Ford - in proof of which assertion he found himself, with the rest of the retreating troops, on the east side of the River, and his feet were dry!

Devout, though tipsy, at a "Revival" Church meeting on Swago, along with the singing and the "waiting," the usual request by the Chairman for those who wished Salvation, etc, to arise.

Hand of hearing, the Veteran was caught
"off base" and alone, arose to his feet
as one who wished to be "lost" & on the
preachers shocked inquiry: "Brother
Hefner, do you wish to go to ~~heaven~~?"
The Veteran replied, stoutly, that he
"wanted to go some-where" when he died!

It was Alex Hefner who came home-
back, to summon me to the advisor
home, a neighbor, when Clifford was
badly injured; leaving me to follow &
the ~~latter~~ guided me to the house and
assisted in the anesthesia, etc. ~~He was~~
~~an aged man, but active.~~

at the Lewisburg fight, Nov. 1863,
his kinsman, Captain William Hefner
and his son both killed, father and
son buried in the same grave as told
in Price's Biographical History of
Pocahontas County.

"On fumes eternal camping ground
Thou tented tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn crowd
The Bivouac of the dead."

Early in the twentieth century getting to
the homes of the sick and injured was
by foot, horse-back, carriage, train,
even freight train ~~aboard~~ and hand
cave, car by ruffance of the trains
and track crews; on occasion I have

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Young Jacob was ⁱⁿ had led a ^{very} tight ship
he described as a "hard life," among his
accomplishments, or bad luck, having
been married three times. Because of
his "unbelief," it was feared that
he might die "unwaxed."

He left a pathumous daughter,
so light in weight as to fit snugly in
a quart cup. She was christened
"Tina" or Tiny, as befitted her size.
That "Tiny" survived was considered a
marvel of nursing skill by Aunt Jane,
and medical knowledge on my part,
which helped getting more propitiated
practically the wagon class and among
the neighbors.

Tina lived to grow up - always
small in stature, but married and had
children. Her mother was of the
Witfong family.

The "hard" winter of 1904 has
been referred to, with much snow
and frequent sub-zero cold waves.

The River and Creek remained
solidly frozen for months; even
used as highways and skidding
logs on sleds and otherwise. In
February following a thick block of
ice twenty inches in thickness were
measured on Knappa Creek.
Early roads remained a solid sheet

1888
of ice. Horses needs be ~~rough~~ Mod
with ice Cords, and Nails, Reeft Mark,
Following a "January" thaw and a freeze
with ~~most of the~~ ~~smooth~~ ground bare
of snow, in fact, roads remained
coated with Mith. Ice. Once I rode
to the Burr Valley, twenty miles, my
horse not once alighting on bare ground -
solid ice.

At least once, I skated on the River ice
to Hartis, eight miles, answering an
urgent call - between "trains". I was
especially skilled in ice skating,
and with some "rough" snow ice,
a bit arduous, but I reached my
goal, returning on the "evening"
train.

Another time I rode the Brecken
mare down river four miles on ice
and up Cooks Draft, to the home of
Robert Rose, where Aunt Margaret
Thomas had been in attendance
twenty-four hours, a difficult
case of "labor". The first born in the
Rose family; his usual physician
not available. The birth was
accomplished, ~~but~~ the patient nearly
exhausted, by an "easy" or "low"
forceps, and quick recovery, all
to Aunt Margarets relief and
approval; she also remained my
friend and supporter ~~there~~ for many

is fortunate who 1892 was my young east
years.

The same ~~canoe~~ light canvas
~~can~~ folding canoe - over steel ribs
I had cruised the Greenbrier River
Jul. 1898. was serviceable, and
sometimes, in flood, I took the canoe
up thru as many as thirty batons,
twenty miles, floating down streams
with stops at Clover Lick, or point
below.

These cruises I enjoyed
as a touch of pioneering along with
the prosaic labor of the day.

Calls by rail sometimes involved
~~the~~ long delay, missing trains, or a
walk back, either "up river" or
"Down River."

Once on a canoe trip from Clover
Lick I stopped at the home
of the late J. Moffett Waugh and
negotiated the purchase of a roan
cow, on a medical account of
about thirty dollars. This "Pelled"
cow, of native stock had a ~~notable~~
history, and with her offspring -
the notable "Holstein" sold by Sears
in 1917, kept the family in milk
and butter over a period of twelve
years.

J. Moffett Waugh, also married
three times, the father of a generation.
Among his sons McFarlin Waugh
and McArthur Waugh.

has recently died aged more than
ninety years. His son, McKimley
Waight, successful dealer in real
estate in Marlinton, also his son Ben.
It is true that Mr. McKimley Waight
in the Prohibition era, sentenced by
the late Federal Judge George
W. McClintic did time at Atlanta
Federal Prison for boot-legging
moonshine and country liquors,
all in the way of Business.

Here, something as to the long life
of the Palled Roan Cow purchased
in 1904 from Mr. Waight, at the
time believed to be "aged" - twice
"freshened," she supplied the family
with milk over a period of ten
years, until 1914. Her cross-bred
Holstein calf (1910) now an excellent
milker. The aged Roan was callously
sold, presumably for "her hide
and tallow," to Mr. Withrow McClintic,
a stock dealer. I believe, for
three dollars, the deal made by
our assistant herdsman Harvey
McDowell.

It appears that Mr. McClintic sold
her to a ~~small~~ ^{Ed. Kane} farmer near Mill
Point. On a foggy ~~autumn~~ morning

10/30/59 - 4 Apr. 1971

First "Killing" Frost - Walnut and Pumper
Peppers falling. Read 2 read 1st Chapter 4
A solemn warning to Jew and Gentile.

Early, what did I behold, in the Autumn of
the year 1924. The very mouth of the
gray old waxy cow, at the bars in
the River lot, an intelligent look of
Recognition in the eye, and begging to
be let in; as of old.

Verily, the apparition appeared to me,
as a "Lower Animal" - a mammal -
Therefore a Biological Kinsmen - as
one rose from the dead. (Aged in 1904)
not less than twenty-seven years in age.
"Moody" was kindly treated, - she appeared
to be in "Dry" for a week, when her
owner appeared, and we heard of her
No more.

Endowed with Superior Intelligence
and years of "experience"; "instinct" - as
we call it - she had returned to her
old home to die.

On Diet -

The Mammal - Man - is Vegetarian by
nature. Adam and Eve were given a
garden "to dress and to keep it; and eat
the fruits thereof;" nothing said about
eating the flesh of animals. "Created
upright, he has sought out many
inventions," as recorded in Holy Writ.
The organic chemical "Cholesterol."

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debated in the news of the day, a product
of animal fat in the eating habit, and a
principal cause of "Heart attack", or
coronary thrombosis.

In Ancient Valley of the Nile, human
food was principally grains, roots, berries,
and vegetables. In time of famine,
the patriarch Jacob sent his sons into
Egypt to buy grain, - not jerked beef
ham and bacon -

At the time of Moses - "Exodus" 1400
B.C., Decline had set in, along with
eating animal ~~fat~~. "The Flesh pots
of Egypt" a ~~Mosaic~~ warning. Moses
the Leader, was "Learned in the
knowledge of the Egyptians," formulated
inhibitions and rules governing eating
of animals, when necessary because of
~~humanity~~; necessity knows no law.

Quoting the Bard, in Julius Caesar:

"Who on the higher seats,
ate of such flesh as others
died to look upon."

And again:

"Upon what flesh does this
our Caesar feed
That he has grown so great!"

As directed by the Law Giver Moses, orthodox
Jews abstain from meats other than
"kosher," - a compromise in modern
diet. Barbarous races, especially, the

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American Indian, before corrupted by
the "Whites," though many carnivorous
in diet, had their doubts as to the
propriety of killing their "brother"
animals, especially the bear, whom
they considered almost human in
intelligence, frequently offering prayer,
or an apology, before attempting to
slay the bear for food. Moreover, the
Indian was the first "Conservationist,"
killing no more than was absolutely
necessary for food.

The first to use tobacco, but as a
Ceremonial, in Council, or a sacred
rite when visiting the burial mounds
of his ancestors, or a healing
spring. A melancholy contrast to
the present world-wide addiction
of men - and women too - to the drug!
In the course of centuries an "age of
reason" may decay; every threatening
present day "leading industries," the meat-
packing and tobacco productions and
processes.

~~The words~~ of wise men, the devout
and learned,
who rose before us, and as prophets
burned, stones that awoke
are but the tales of comrades, who
They ~~awoke~~ from sleep,
have told their comrades, and
to sleep returned!

— Rudyard Kipling

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Our fellow "Mammals" - (I will not
refer to fowls and birds, that are not
Mammals, but have remarkable reasoning
powers; which we prefer to call "instinct";)
as individuals they have their joys and
sorrows; loves and hates, and vary in
wisely in ~~the~~ intelligence; recognized
by the "trainers" of birds and beasts.

"Behemoth" - largest of the Mammals -
and intelligent far beyond other "Fishes";
Witness: "Moby Dick," of the story by
that name.

As for the Mammal, Man, as an
individual, of all races, he may be
"Created equal"; but does not remain
so, for long, in the struggle for
existence, education, attainment and
Morality.

Human beings, in the mass, appear
to be "raw material" from which there
occasionally emerges a "Divergent",
or superior being; ably enunciated
in Ralph Adams Cram's "Law".
"Why we do not behave like Human Beings".

"Folks, my brethren, whatsoever
things are true, what is good, lovely
and of good report; think on these
things!" (Saint Paul's Letter
to the Corinthians.)

Thursday - 10/31/1991 '95

Twilight of an Autumn night; The
Precipitous light, at night, of the Autumn
dawn; after mistaken as "Day".
A gentle rain, fine for ground
moisture and pastures; also, fire
prevention in the forests. I have added
as routine, a banana a day to my Diet;
and find the food beneficial. For two
months I have not touched eaten flesh
for years, occasionally only, in winter,
as a seasoning. Mainline created
a Vegetarian, and should return to
such diet, if possible.

Lorenzo Waugh

Of Scotch descent, the ancestor of the
Waugh family settled near Mt. Zion, in
the "Kills" in middle of the 18th
Century. The family story has been well
told in Price's History of Pecos County.

Pages - The life of Lorenzo Waugh (18-
19-) was of more than ordinary
length of days and interest. The son
of Jacob Waugh, whose pioneer home
was on Greenbrier River, above the
Tunnel and six seven miles from
Martinsburg. The two-story large
Log House still standing in 1930,
but unoccupied. At a later day
the Waugh family removing to "New
Ground" below the Tunnel, at
this place the residence of the late
Moffett Waugh stands.

The seven sons of the Pioneer Samuel
Wauugh were stalwarts; warriors in war
and Builders; also pillars of the early
Methodism of Mt Zion Church, later
on the Greenbrier. — the region of
of the third generations in Pocahontas
County, Lorenzo Wauugh, an ambitious
athletic youth; a reader and self
taught, aspired to the Ministry. It
is told that at a public gathering,
home of Jacob Warwick, Clover Lick,
Lorenzo was entered in a mile
race, by Mr. Warwick, against an
older champion, whose name is not
remembered. Young Wauugh won
the ~~the~~ foot race; and, later, Mr.
Warwick presented him with a colt
— a mare — that with its
descendants, accompanied ~~Lorenzo~~
the Circuit Rider and ~~Methodist~~ Missionary
to the Shawnee Indians across the
plains to the Pacific Coast.
Early in the 19th Century Lorenzo
Wauugh became a Methodist Minister
in Missouri; later, a Missionary
to the Indians, region of Kansas;
and finally reached California.
Here his merits were noted by a
Spanish land owner, or Don, who
supplied land for his use. This
land claim was lost to Mr. Wauugh,

because of some 'defect' in title, but he
acquired an excellent ranch in the
Pinaluma Valley, where ~~his~~ ^{he} ~~at the~~ last
years - he was past ninety - were spent
in peace, surrounded by numerous
dependents.

Late in life he prepared a published
memoir (which I have) that he modestly
wrote in the form of a narrative,
or story, for his young grand-children.
An attractive group picture appears in
the book. The noble countenance of the
patriarch, surrounded by a half dozen
grand-children, boys and girls.

As befits a life story, written for his
grand-children, little of a militant
nature appears of his adventurous
life. Residing among barbarians
of the plains, he could have told
much of a savage mode of life,
as did Francis Parkman in his
"Oregon Trail."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold
the upright; for the end of that man
is peace."

James Bridger, the Mountain Man,
whose birth-place was in the Greenbrier
~~Adopted~~ "The Bridger Place, adjoining the
Jaco Waugh Lands. At a period
slightly before Foreman Waugh, Jim
Bridger had a fort and lived with
his harem of ~~Indian~~ ^{Indian} women with the

Platte, Kansas 198 He is said to have
guided Brigham Young's band of
the Mormons out of their exodus
from Illinois to the Salt Lake Valley.
The "Bridgeer Hatch" on the Stamping
Creek Mountains commemorates the
slaying of two Bridger Young men
in an ^{Indian} Indian foray, about 1784.
Jim Bridger, Mountain Man, may
have been a younger brother, or
a nephew of the two Bridgers slain
in 1784.

Allen Carter and William Carter
these brothers, Veterans of the Confederate
Armies, came from Eastern Virginia
after the war and settled in the Burr
Valley, head of Laurel Run, now
comprised in the Carl Price State
Forest of ten thousand acres. A
substantial new white pine log
house was constructed, where
near which was at a later date
constructed a "splash dam" to
float timber down Laurel Run
to the Greenbrier River. The
"Run" so named, though draining a
large territory, because of "Big"
and "Little" Laurel Creeks, tributary
to the head of Williams River.
Following the war, both brothers

1899
married and raised families and prospered.
In the course of the years the brothers
sold much white pine timber; at a
very low "stumpage" price it is true,
but aggregating a considerable sum of
money.

His wife having died, Allan Carter
married for his second wife the ~~much~~
~~younger~~ young widow Belle Rider
(nee Smith) herself the mother of seven
children. Allan Carter was sixty
when he married Belle, who was
still young and remarkably
attractive and beautiful, although
mother of seven.

By his first wife Mr. Carter had
a daughter, named "Pessie" or
Priscilla, who was mentally
"retarded," and the unmarried mother
of a gigantic lot of a son named
Ed. Carter - who was reared by
his grand-father.

The Carter Brothers had each a
considerable sum of money from the
sale of timber, and the proceeds of their
industrious lives; it being known
that Allen had a good hoard
which the fierce old Veterans was fully
able to guard, unless taken at disadvantage.
However, in the year 1899, Veterans
Allan Carter was shot from ambush.

At the corner of his ²⁰⁰ log barn while
going about his work in late morning.
Unquestionably, illicit love and robbery
played a part, and to reach Belle
was necessary, before and after the
fact. The grand-son Ed was suspected;
tried for murder, and acquitted for
lack of "evidence". Defended in
court by C. C. C. N. J. Rucker.
I recall an unverified, or documented,
rumor at the time, that Mr. Rucker
was paid his fee in gold coin.
If Mr. Carter had been hanged
or shot or "suspicious", Justice would
have been better served. He continued
to live at the twice-widowed Belle's
house and the family until his
death in the influenza epidemic
of 1918. of Pneumonia.

In a former chapter I recorded
a visit to the Carter home winter
of 1904, to see young Rufus Rider,
son of Mrs. Belle Carter, ill of Flu
or Pneumonia. A year or so
later Mrs. Carter paid me for the
visit, at my office. I recall she
was accompanied by Ed. Carter,
and a ten dollar gold piece
preferred, from which I returned
two dollars in change. Both
Belle and Ed appeared ill at ease

Deed of avaricious conclusions ~~was~~
might be. Then in Middle age,

Belle painted and over-dressed.
Mrs Bell - Ryder - Calters death in
1920 at the County Hospital, of a
prolonged affection, the hospital
~~then~~ known, colloquially, as the
"Poor House," then conducted by the
late Dr. Harry L. Salter, who had
promoted the sale of the County "Poor
Farm," the proceeds used to purchase
the Hospital, from Dr. J. W. Price,
he having acquired the building
on a protested bank debt from
the late Brown M. Yeager.

I have learned a deep bond of
affection existed through life between
my brothers, Allen and William Calter.
After the death of his brother, and
about 1920, Mr. Wm Calter sold
his lands and came to live with
his daughter, the late Mrs. Blanche
Meadows, previously married to
a Mr. Halley, whose two sons
Wm and Russell still live.
Halley still live. Their mother
Blanche dying in 1952.

The Calter-Meadows Family then
lived at the foot of Price Hill, near

Monday - 10/2/56
3:30 AM

Windy weather. The weather mild & forebodes of "Indian Summer". The day, for the most part, spent at office and in the open air. Mrs. Mary McClintock Welch appears to be "vibrant" visiting her in-law & Pittsburg and Charlottesville, Va. her relatives, also (Washington), after her misfortune, (and improvement) of her husband, Sam Welch. All duly reported among the "Personals" of that Beacon of Light and Leading, The Pocahontas Times.

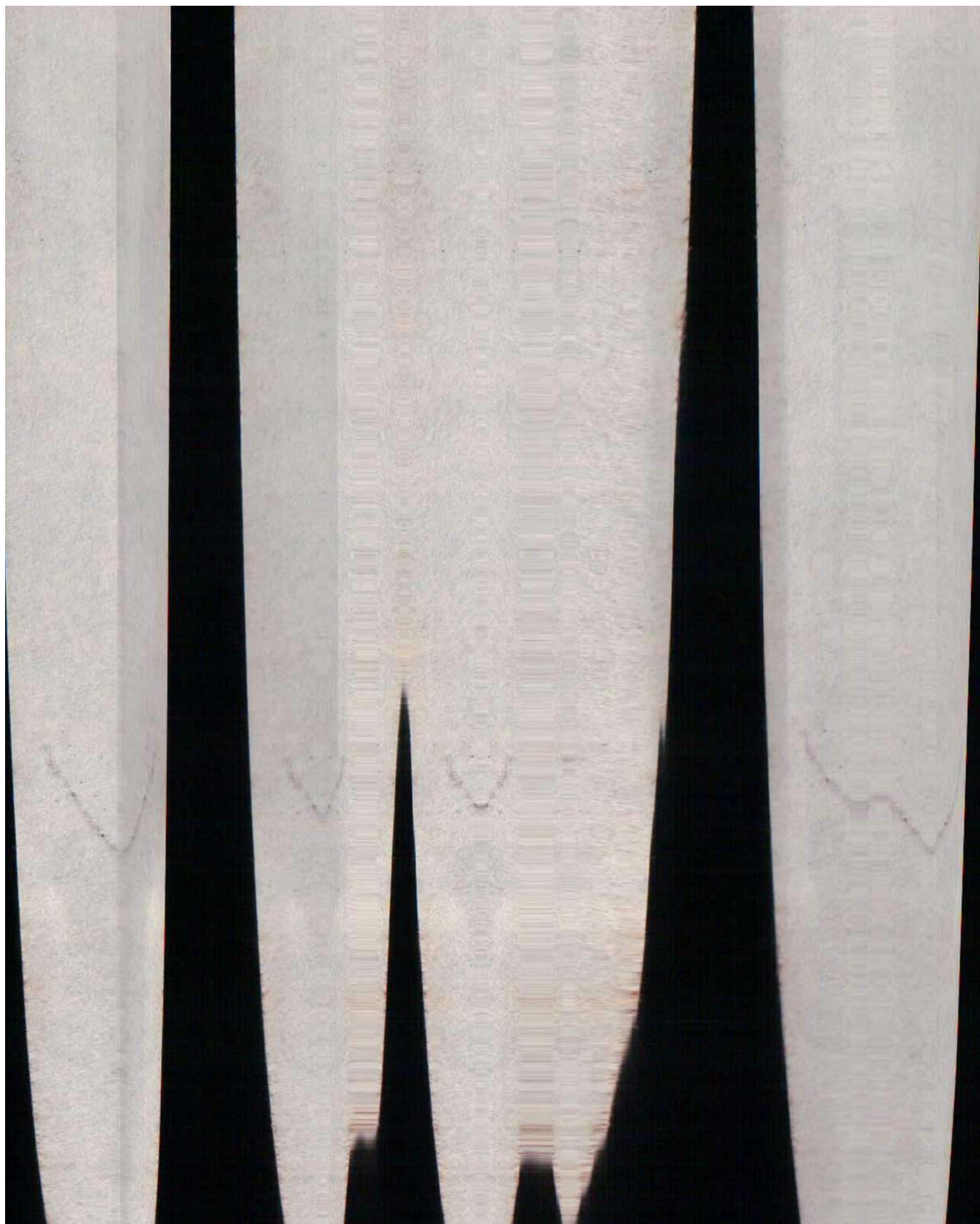
Gangsters appear to be moving in at the "Toll House". McCloud driving taxi, neglecting the gas station; the Restaurant; a hangout for Italians and Negroes; - Boot-legging - etc.

Kelley Hotel and the Carter House suspects! Evil present with us.

(201)
my residence, in 1923-24. Viterus Bill Colter after had me in to see Mrs. Colter, being solicitous about her minor ailments and illnesses. A beautiful harmony apparent between this aged couple, a true union of souls. William Colter was married but once.

"We have but one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts
will be" - "Lipsing" "The Virginity".

Indefatigable in means, Mr. Colter invariably tendered my fee at each visit. Both were of



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made weather began with moderate frost.
 The weather will be clear, sunny, fair.
 and in the afternoon, fresh breeze to be
 "Min. Mary-McClellan French appears to be
 interested in the in-fairly satisfactory
 and comfortable, in his address, and
 (Lecturer), after his withdrawal, and
 much of the afternoon he has been in the
 cell duty of the "Presidents"
 of the speakers of light and reading.
 The President, James, appears to be
 having a very pleasant time, and
 the "Lecturer" appears to be
 enjoying the gas station, the restaurant,
 a hanging of the station and the
 - both the young - are
 feeling better and the center there
 is better! The President with us.

(10½)

My recollection, in 1923-24, William Byrd
Carter often had me in to see Mrs. Carter,
being speaking about her mother
all kinds and wonders. A beautiful
harmony apparent between the two
people, a true union of souls. William
Carter was married but once.

"We have lost the opportunity to lose,
and what are left of these 'our hearts'
will be - 'defending the opportunity'."

Indefatigable in means, Mr. Cullen invariably found
my list at each visit. Both week of
a well kept, and courteous. The
a more calm of good quite for a man.

At times I drew him out to fight his battles
again, when his eye would light up
with the true fire, and vocal accent.
He did not approve the loss of the war;
hated Yankees, and had killed as many
as possible in 1861.

Mr. Colter did not approve of his
daughter's second marriage with one
Meadows, who had come with a Road
Construction firm from North Carolina,
of unknown family, and rather much with
expressing with some asperity his
opinions of certain male and female
visitors at the house, following the
engagement by marriage of Mr. Meadows.
I believe this was a cause of the Colters,
later, going to the home of another
daughter, who lived in Kansas, where
both died and were buried.

William and Allan Colter served
throughout the war in the 22d Reg. Va.
Infantry, reduced by losses to the 22d
Battalion. In the same Company, and
left under the same blanket the entire
four years; a remarkable thing. This
was told me by ~~William~~ Bill Colter in 1923.
They about 80 years of age.

The 22d Reg. was engaged the first day
at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, when the Yankees
were driven with heavy losses in killed
and prisoners.

Mr. Bill Colter recalled,
slaking his battle thirst at "Springless
Spring", Culps Hill; as did Veterans
Wesley A. McLaughlin, Brunswick, and others.

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A member of Company I, 25th Va. Infantry,*
(*) Gettysburg is rated one of the world's
"Decisive Battles." I esteem it a privilege
to have talked to many who were ~~at the battle~~
at the 80th anniversary ~~anniversary~~ of
Gettysburg in the field of Gettysburg, July
1913, and elsewhere; notably ~~Bill~~
~~Colts~~, "Gettysburg" Hugh P. McGunagle,
the Rev. J. C. Beverage and Charles R. Moore.

In writing this "Memoir" I have been
impressed ~~by~~ the pleasure to be de-
rived ~~from~~ ^{from} recording and re-
reading the chronicles of childhood
and youth. It has been said: "The
old days are better than the ~~modern~~
because the pain has gone out of
them." Certainly, the tale is
engraved on the tablets of memory
more clearly than are ~~modern~~
events.

"Time but the impression deeper
makes,
As streams their channels
Deeper wear."

However, ~~much~~ for the record, much
demands to be recorded of the
"Impatient Years" comprised in the
mcredible ~~historical~~ third, fourth, and
fifth decades of the twentieth Century, A.D.

Tues Aug - 11/3/59 205-
4 17-11-

Good weather, windy. November a "White" Month.
Trace of ice. Road traffic slowing down.
The leaf-raking nearly finished. Now
to "get set" for winter.
President Eisenhower dimly aware
of the folly of unlimited debt, inflation,
"Relief" and "Wared" leadership; being
criticized as to his "Leadership" in the arc
of 1941. Internationalists and Democrats
"Dusting off" Adlai Stevenson, the man
of "good sense" (and liberality) to run
for President in 1960. Money is to be made
in the fall, as well as the rise of Empire."

Alfred Berkeley McComb.

The saga of the Widow Wiley, of Wiley Manor
has been written, in part. The life of a notable
man, A. B. McComb, also of Hendersonville, who
lived to the great age ninety-eight years,
dying in 1958, is interesting in that he
retained good health and mentality, able
to do considerable work with the shovel
and the hoe in his garden in his 98th
year.

Born — 1860, son of Price McComb
extensive owner of White Pine Lands on
Cummings Creek. His mansion with large
brick chimneys still stands a half mile
from Hendersonville who was probably
a namesake of James Atley Price, my
grandfather. The first of the name of
record in Rockingham County, a child
of the middle age of his Parents. He
was named for "General" Alfred Berkeley,
Pioneer developer of Coal mining in

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Raleigh County, Virginia, after whom the
no mean city of Beckley is named.
~~At the time of~~ In 1861 ~~under the~~ General
was prospecting for iron ore in Pocahontas
and Greenbrier; visited the McCoub family,
and employed Price McCoub as guide.
Beckley McCoub's early life boyhood
and youth that of an ambitious back-
woods youth with ambition and of
regular habits; getting such schooling
as the near-by County Seat afforded;
(which my father W. Price (1838-1921)
also attended in Dec ~~1846~~ 1846;)
roaming the forests and working diligently
clearing his father's lands.

Early marrying a Miss McLaughlin
they built their house ~~on their~~ their
own hands, in the village, as they
contemplated going into the store
business. Mrs. McCoub bore ten
children; her death due to some
complications of child-birth, the child
surviving; Mr. McCoub lamenting
her death for more than forty years.

In an interview some years before his
death, he told of his young wife holding
a lantern and otherwise assisting as he
worked, at night, building his house
and, later, his store. Substantially
built of white pine, the house still
stands, restored, a handsome
dwelling. He also praised the

wife of his youth as "The best of women".
In preparing to build the house, Mr.
McCormick, with his father's permission, felled
~~down~~ Pine trees, peeled and had saws
sufficient lumber; later building
the house; ~~all this~~ single-handed for
the most part.

During this time he kept so busy
he ate only twice daily, not stopping
for a mid-day meal, or lunch.
Needless to say, he had no time to
develop "alcoholism", being busy
night and day, except for a few
hours sleep.

From an early day, Hutesville
was a trading post. Beginning in a
small way, Beckley opened a ~~store~~
a general store, or shop, and in the course
of years, with stiff competition, was
successful; rearing a large family
respectably settled in life and
gaining a competence.

The death of his ~~young~~ wife
aged about 48, the tragedy of his life,
but he never faltered, continuing diligent
in business, and assisting as best he
could certain members of his family.
I talked with him about a year before
his death in 1958, and was impressed
by his apparent good health, age 97,
intelligence and good sense. He

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had, ~~Mental in error~~, some years before
designed his store business to his
youngest son, Robert, and become
hurt of money, though not dependent,
owning his home and garden. This was
due, largely, to his having assisted
members of his family, and others, for
the many years he lived past the
four score and then.

All of which is another story.
During the "Depression" years, 1832
and after, Mr. McComb accepted "Dolls"
in the amount about one thousand dollars,
though the owner of Real estate, etc., under
the mistaken impression that it was an
"old age pension." This was an error.

At a later day payment was demanded
by D.P.A., with intent to - not without
Malice - to eject this aged man from his
home. No assistance forthcoming from
his numerous children, who should
appear but his grown, married, "Natural"
daughter, ^{HALLIE E. ADAMS} ~~WILLIAM~~ paid the debt, and
cared for him the few remaining years of
his life. More than decently burying and
erecting a monument to mark his resting
place in the McComb Cemetery.

For several years before his death,
Mr. Peasey McComb's once profitable
store business had become a liability
because of changing conditions in
the wholesale and retail general

Store Business. Also the competitors of Shopping Centers and Chain Groceries, and so forth.

Financial help and supplies given certain members of his family (unpaid for) a drain on his resources; and in extreme age he had the modifications of being "nearly broke". Accepting the situation, without complaint, and, though not formally "Religious", thoroughly reviewed his life, was satisfied; realized the whole earth was full of the glory of the Almighty; and was instant in prayer and within the Covenant of Grace, as I firmly believe.

The remarkable woman Laura Jane Smith, ~~was~~ one of seven beautiful daughters of John Wesley Smith and Mary Elizabeth Burr-Smith; was born Feb-27, 1888, in the Burr Valley, and reared from an early age by her widowed grandmother Burr, who resided until her death in the old two-story Burr log house at the entrance to Burr Valley, head of Laurel Run.

An attractive child, with fine dark blue eyes, she profited by early scholastic in Rural Schools; and

up under Pioneer Conditions; trained in the labors of the house and farm and the care of Cattle ^{as} many as thirteen cows. She, like others, had gathered berries, barefoot, in "cattleske-Copperhead" Bush Country.

Precocious; married at fifteen, and a mother at sixteen years, to an immigrant from the Middle East, either Lebanon or Syria who rejoiced in the "Christian" name "Harrison" Abdella, bestowed by authority of Law at the New York Port of entrance.

Shortly after the marriage, Grand-mother Burr died, intestate; Lawrence, Jane receiving no share of the extensive Burr lands. Building a small house on leased land, she and "Harrison" began a brave twenty-year period ~~struggle~~ ^{for} survival. ~~Three~~ ^{Three} "seaworthy" infants (Boys) were born in ^{succession}, Lawrence Jane not yet twenty-one; and began the struggle to ~~avoid~~ rear the sons, - and avoid bearing numerous other seaworthy Abdellas to America.

Immigrants from the Middle and far East, decadent descendants of Empire builders, unless specially employed in commercial or food handling, are not usually successful in agriculture in a colder climate and in a strange land.

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Far removed from association
with his own race, Harrison Abdella
~~remained~~ remained ignorant of a new
culture. An honest, religious, and temperate
man, he yet lived, partly, in the
house he and Laura built. In his middle
years, Harrison was befriended by the
late Henry Burr, uncle of Laura, who
lived on a large tract of Burr Land.
Harrison Abdella never successfully
"integrated" with "native" Americans.

At thirty-five years of age. Her three
sons grown, Laura Jane rebelled,
and left her husband. All her life
accustomed to fend for herself; of
remarkable beauty, magnetic and
attractive and "Magnetic," religious
and a Methodist from early childhood;
no breath of scandal attached to her
at first. She sought refuge with her uncle
Henry Burr; not eating the bread
of idleness. Still in touch with
her young sons, she for a time
"padded" house hold goods in the
neighborhood, to a ~~small degree~~,
and successfully.

In the course of her "Cauvassing" she
had been supplied with merchandise
to some extent, by Bechley McCorn,
merchant, the tragic death of whose
wife has been told, ten years before.
A candy and "notions" shop was
opened by Laura, in Huntersville.

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Where she resided with her sons, who
also kept in touch with their father in
the Burr Valley - the names, Delbert,
Dale and Theodore Abdella.

Being mutually attracted, and by
"Natural Selection" a son was born to
Berkley McCoul and Laura Jane Smith,
(in 1925) named James (or Jimmie)
"Abdella" in deference to legal custom.
Jimmie was blonde, and grew up to be
a soldier in Korea - another story.
Even the village gossips, later, admitted
the ~~horizontal~~ ^{horizontal} congeniality and respect
mutual respect of ~~the two families~~ ^{the two families} through ~~the~~ ^{the} life.
(Furthermore, it is "a wise son (or
daughter) who knows his own father,"
as the Proverb says).

All the while Laura Jane was
diligent in business, keeping her shop,
canvassing and selling goods
on the road; expert in handling
farm animals, and a judge of
live stock; she kept a good cow,
sold milk and butter, and raised
pigs, and a garden with many
flowers.

From the first year of my Practice
(1903) I knew the Smith family;
had visited their home, and
attended Laura Jane at the birth
of her first child, in 1904.

Something of the lives of the five other beautiful Smith sisters will follow in this narrative.

Throughout years I had observed Laura and her family, contacted nearly all in my practice of medicine, making long journeys to their homes, widely scattered over the mountains and valleys in Pocahontas, even in Greenbrier County, North Fork of Antietam Creek.

On a Sunday, Summer or fall autumn 1930, Mrs. Laura Jane Abdellah appeared at my office, accompanied by Beckley McComb, and requested, insisted, ~~but~~ ~~exam~~ physical "examination" be made to determine suspected pregnancy. Surprisingly, Mrs. McComb sat in my surgery during the "examination," and paid the fee of two dollars all without comment by any.

I will state that it has never been my custom to encourage such "examinations" in pregnancy, lawful or otherwise. "Natural," suggesting that time will tell.

Early in 1931, a daughter, Hallie, also a blonde, was born to Laura, I attending the birth at her home in Huntington. The father, Fred H. ...

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Aged, though with many years to live.
his swaggers depleted. Beckley McCord.
ran his store through the Depression years,
but unprofitably - having no other
resources than his "Savings".

Laura Jane, age 41, and blonde,
worked hard ~~raising~~ ^{rearing} her second family,
raising a good garden (with flowers)
and keeping a cow. She also granged
the hills and fields for berries in season,
at times "hitch-hiking" to Marlinton to
sell butter and berries, being a
customer, thirty cents the pound being
top price for good country butter.

Year 1932

Though "Separated" from her husband,
Laura Jane was not "divorced" ~~until~~
legally, until 1956, about thirty years
after. ~~Being~~ On my asking her why
she had gotten a divorce (uncontested)
she replied, truthfully, that she "Did
not know why".

She and Beckley McCord had
"lived on the square, like a true married
pair", and two children born to them
meanwhile.

That there was a strong physical
attraction between me and Laura Jane
Smith is freely admitted. Once as
a beamer when she delivered

245-
two pounds of good butter, ~~at~~ to me
at my office; I impulsively kissed her,
to which she responded with interest.
Other intimacies followed, as all in the
course of "natural selection" on my
part, and Laura continued to hitch
hike to Marlinton with Betty and
Produce.

Impressed by the beautiful and graceful
Miss Alice, I certainly was not regarded
as "rich" and a good "Catch," though
a hard worker, and still vigorous,
even youthful, at ~~seventy~~ 58 years.
Laura was appreciative, at this crucial
time, for small favors.

Beechley McCorn, must have known²
I was "contributing" to the support of
Laura and her young family, but
he gave no sign; the outward
decencies of all of us preserved;
no "jealousies." I firmly
believe the "Rage of Jealousy" is
solely a passion connected with
true marriage in youth and the
middle years.

A man turns back to what he
used to use
to make his living, even though
he be free;

And so comes back upon the least
 Same as the sailor settled by the sea.
 He knows he's never going on no

Cruise;
 He knows he's done and finished
 with the sea;

But still he likes to think she's there
 to use.

Same as the sailor settled by the sea.
 He should ask her as she used to be
 the dignity (reply)

Marriage I deemed impractical, in
 part due to complications and
 numerous ~~for~~ children in all our
 families. With the many "needs" of
 the rising generation. Being
 congenial with Laura, and by nature
 "faithful," kept my foot from
 wandering in the paths of dalliance
 for many years.

Largely because of Laura's
 religious scruples, we decided
 to refrain from intimacies, and
 did so ~~remained~~ for a time. When
 being called to her home because
 of real or fancied illness, I
 found her lying on a couch,
 in a rather cheap, and worn
 kitchen house dress, but looking well.

attractive, and beautiful, that I
leaned over and kissed her
warmly, she responding as of
old. Soon our intimacies were
resumed, and continued for a long
time. Myself I for many years
contributed substantially to the support
of her family, my fortunes seemed
to grow, and not diminish during
the 3d and 4th decades, 20th Century.
She died well good, and not evil -
Brought me "luck."

I write of "falling" for Laura the second
time, after a brief separation. When she was
attired in a faded, torn house dress, as
a warning to all women not to put their
trust wholly in fine sammet, "tired" hair
and cosmetics, as did Dowager Queen
Jezebel of old, as attractive to the male.

So. Hove, the Sage of Kansas, once
hate the men of small towns are better
judges of women than city men. He cited
a ~~certain~~ woman who had gone "all
out" to catch a certain man, and made
a humiliating failure. The same woman
went to a large city, and almost at the
first cast "hooked" an eligible man,
made a good "catch" marriage.

It is true that Laura Jane in her middle
years, and later "tired" and "tired" her hair
and "painted" her face, in a tasteful manner, all

To good effect, and like the classical Loral
Bernard, the actress, attractive and beautiful when
past seventy. Three sons of Mrs. Abdulla
served successively in the Army, and their
allotments aided their mother through some
difficult years.

Delbert, after Army service, married a divorcee
with children, in Charleston; accumulated some
valuable property. His sudden, unexpected
death from "heart failure" several years
followed, the widow getting all, including
L. J. insurance, the insurance, until shortly
before Delbert's death named his mother
as beneficiary - possibly one of the "Dangers"
of matrimony in a militant age.

Jimmy Abdulla, in due time, was caught
up in the "Peace-time Draft," and sent by
a provisional government, at the impressionable
age of 20 to Korea, as a replacement.

Returning, after two years, it was evident
a good job of "integrating" racially, had
been done; Jimmy's hair-do, head gear,
and gaudy sports shirts so strikingly
Korean that at first sight he appeared to
be a blonde Oriental; also his face
was changed. As a child a pleasant-

faced, handsome boy. After service in
Korea a taste for filthy Country liquors.
~~But~~ not especially vicious, he had
driven trucks in Korea, and sometimes worked
and associated with undesirable male and
female devilkins.

Married and divorced, and re-married
before 25 years of age. (also an Oriental Custom,)

And in between, failed in the State of Ohio,
where his half brother, Dallas, was employed,
in default of payment of a judgment
or settlement demanded by an antrogonist
his female, or a conviction for Bastardy.
Jimmie Lister, Hallie, also in Ohio at the
time wrote her mother Jimmie would
"go crazy" unless money was sent to
fall him out. Laura James felt the role of
Prison for Four Hundred Dollars, & nothing
will do. Jimmy was released, and
within a year again married with
the aid of his wife's father, a house has
been built, and the family settled down,
with two nice children & girls. My
contribution to the cause, payment of the
Bank Loan! which I do not regret!

It is needless to write this incident, and
much in this narrative not written to as
sensationalism, but a true record of life
as it was lived, the past half of the
twentieth Century: and not for publication
in this generation, unless edited, in part.

The ancient writings are full of
morning revealing stories of the Patriarchs and
Prophets, the wise and learned
the long, long dead, and those of yester-
night

Who each has back what once he passed
to weep
Homer his sight; and David his little lad."

Wade, 10/11/59 220

~~Cherry~~ ~~Freezing~~ Heavy Frost. November a
Winter - North. My persimmon tree, near
the bridge, loaded. The recent frost pruning
~~climbed the tree last morning~~ picked a bag
wholesome fruit, not appreciated by mountaineers,
because unaccustomed. The persimmon tree,
strange to say, horticulturally belongs to the
Ebony family - a sub-tropical wood,
rather for its luster, density, and
rich, palish. Not native to this region.
My specimen was brought thirty years ago
from the Virginia Peninsula. Thrives best
in marshy ground. The tree planted
near a "Deep".

Mr. Lacy Byrd.

In 1955, Laura Jane Pruitt obtained an
uncontested divorce from her husband, Harrison
Opdella, the Lebanese immigrant, they having
lived separate thirty years; but retained
her married name.

About this time, or shortly after, I learned
she and Mr. Lacy Byrd were frequently attended
the Huntersville Methodist Church, together;
in local opinion thought to be equivalent
to publishing "banns" for legal marriage.
Both devout, I believe they in this year of grace
1959 ~~will~~ go together at Church, though not married
that I am aware. Mr. Byrd has an auto,
always at Laura's disposal, therefore no longer
hitch-hiking ~~on her~~ to Marlinton; frequently
calling on me at my office, our friendship
cordial, but Platonic.

The two of us, "Faithful" by nature, and
denied by unkind Fate ~~an eternal~~ Union
of spirit in the air!

Try as he will, no man breaks wholly
from his first love, no matter who

^{she be,}
or was there ever sailor free to choose
who did not settle somewhere near
the sea?

Myself it does not interest or amuse,
To see a flock of quipping ~~at the sea,~~

But I can understand my neighbors

^{views}
By certain things which have occurred
to me. — The Virginia Kipling

Of a landed family in Highland County, Va.,
later head Mechanic in the Machine
Shop at Cass, Occoquan County, Va.,
Byrd wore his "Bachelors Night Cap" until
late middle life; ~~and~~ Real, industrious
and reputed well-to-do — "Strong
on the goose"! The dominant

Member of the Byrd Clan, settled near
Hendersonville, on Browns Creek; where
his ~~aged~~ mother and sister-in-law
Mrs Clyde Byrd have recently died.

He was, perhaps, in error financing his
brother Clyde in the well patronized beer
tavern at the "Forks" on Byrd Land.

Clydes and his late wife, a Miss Hamrick,
the parents of Major Jack Byrd, ¹⁹³⁴ ~~once~~
~~was~~ an athletic coach and treasurer of

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Billsboro High School; (Chinese wife) the
beautiful Miss Gay, of Indian Draft, grand-
daughter of "Draft" Sam Gay, artilleryman
U.S. Army, has born the Major's several fine
sons and daughters. The family lives
in California, where Major Byrd is stationed
Commissioned from the Caucasus, War of 1941,
when he saw fighting on both "Fronts".
During ~~the~~ Mr. Byrd's absence in the
war, Mrs Byrd ran the Toll House
Restaurant, West end of the Bridge, near
Marlinton, subsisting her family, ~~aided~~
by a meagre allotment of, at first, ~~and~~
soldiers pay.

To resume: For myself, I may say,
that I have rarely seen much good
come of second marriages, for men.
There maybe - are - exceptions of course;
but oftener one or the other aged partners is
~~are~~ put away in a Nursing Home, or
State "Poor Houses"; or Poverty may come
in the door, and resulting unhappiness
with the Sage of Kansas, ~~Ed~~ Howe, put
away the old wife of his youth - an error -
Ed once wrote, with his usual candor,
that in his youth he was accused of
"Running after" women! Continuing, he
says that in later life some of those
women had to run from him!
It may be that Laura and Lacy
being seen together, ~~and~~ frequently, at
the Methodist Church had something to
do with Laura's divorce. I do not know.

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The Truth is stranger than Victorian
fiction; why lie? or at the very least,
fiction based on truth, as is the admirable
"House Divided," by Benjamin Williams;
or "Gone with the Wind," by a young woman
genius, of Georgian ancestry, whose recent
accidental death is mourned & regretted.

Mrs. Mary Chestnut's "Diary" of the Civil
War period, is valuable and interesting
and valuable; describing life as it was
lived during the War - 1861. So much so,
the Maidens, and beautiful, Miss Myrtle
Avery, whom I met in Baltimore in 1902
delicately "edited" the first edition.
(Previously referred to in this narrative).
The Diary, of course, refers to very many
distinguished persons by name, with
incident and gossip, at a stirring and
tragic period; of an invaded country;
of a war-like people, and at war!

Two things greater than all things are;
Women and Horses, Power and War!

Louisa's only daughter, Hallie May, (1831)
from childhood showed a spirit of ~~discontent~~
frustration and discontent with her lot.
Intelligent and beautiful, but lacking ~~the~~
~~the~~ the aura of the spirit, she finished ~~the~~
co-educational high school, at sixteen,
but not qualifying in typing, Practical
Commercial ~~studies~~ ^{studies} that enables many
young women to hold positions with
Governments at Washington, or in stores
and banks. Hallie found, somewhat

To her surprise, the only employment at the
moment was in factories, in Ohio, or in
local restaurants and taverns, with their
undesirable contacts and atmosphere.
Far too many ~~women~~ becoming "suspect"
as to chastity.

A strong and active girl, soon adept
at driving autos, even on occasion trucks
and tractors, like the Russian women
are said to do. She also went for the
mannish clothing, or lack of clothing, of the
age; unlike her mother, who was always
clothed modestly and in a womanly
manner, and by nature charmingly
modest and quiet; besides possessing
"Personal Magnetism" in a high degree -
a rare gift in women.

In due time Hallie May married,
her husband, once divorced, Leonard Corbals,
from a Logan County family whose members
are successful as Merchants, planters, etc.
Leonard in youth appeared some what of
a misfit, therefore a family problem -
As a man after his second marriage
his conduct good, employed regularly
as a painter in the local Tannery,

Being Ambitious, desiring a high
standard of living, Mrs. Corbals has
elegantly fitted up the old McComb
house, with furnace heat, water
from deep wells, sanitary plumbing, etc;
even with occasional aid from Leonard's
people, but always in debt. They have

a fine boy, - Leonard Junior, three years
 old. Dominating by nature, Kallie May
 at times has attempted to "dominate"
 me, particularly in my financial
 resources, real or imaginary. as she
 has usually found me also inclined to
 be "domineering" in my own right, she
 has ~~at times~~ shewn temper; but no
 harm done, for lo, these many years!

Yes, you are right, Love does not
 Pay the butcher,
 Nor fight a peacock on the Kitchen stairs; (Hais)
 When we hid flinily and the dark
 winds found us.
 Love was not there!

- Louise McNeil.

Our Native Poet, who has "~~found~~
 Searched out musical tunes, and
 Recited verses in writing"

Wisdome.

When all the world is young lad,
 And all the fields are green,
 And every ~~place~~ a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;
 They key for horse and ~~and~~ foot lad
 And round the world a day,
 Young blood must have its course lad
 And every dog his day -
 When all the world is old lad,
 And all the fields are brown,
 And every ~~thing~~ ~~is~~ ~~down~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~lad~~
 And every thing ~~is~~ ~~down~~;
 Creep home and take your place lad
 The weak and maimed among.

God grant you find
 One face there
 You loved when all
 was young -
 - Charles Kingsley

* And all the days of my life,

Wed. 11/11/11
3 A.M.

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Clear, frosty; but warmer. - a few Perseus
a day I find a delicious food - one of the
"fruits of the Garden" (Eden) mankind was
directed to eat of -

Since retiring, in part, from the ^{active} practice of
Medicine, several years since, "it has been
my habit to "retire" at about seven, beds
twilight at this season. I usually
awake after sound sleep of seven hours,
when I may lie for an hour or two, with
a devil-may-care as to wakefulness;
reflect on the recent events or future
activities; then return to sleep, or
it may be, arise, build a griddle wood
fire in my bath-room, and turn off
up to one half dozen pages.

Not inhibited by space writing,
but "for the record" only; or to gratify
an inward urge, and as a mental exercise.
Ecclesiastes xiv. 8. "Notable men
remembered - Rich men living graciously
in their houses, furnished with ability, living
peaceably in their habitations, and
generations, and the glory of their times."

Others there be, ~~who were merciful men~~
and their children after them, who are as if
they had never been; but there were
merciful men, who have not been forgotten.
I find myself, unconsciously, recording
something of these obscure "merciful"
men - and women too!

No sleeping pills.

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Having written something of each of the
"Three Musketeers", McComb, Price and
Byrd, each and successively the Cavalier
escort of the woman Laura Jane Abdella; -
I continue:

Laura Jane certainly was happy in the
inner life, though valiantly meeting obstacles.
She rarely showed emotion, though I think
she had periods of religious ecstasy. Only
once did I ever see her fine eyes fill
with tears when telling me of the recent
sudden death of her son Delbert, a war
veteran. In conversation she ^{never} always
appeared quietly happy; with Poise
and good sense. Personally "modest"
never considered sexually promiscuous;
a fine housekeeper, and tireless in providing
for her household, her small house of
recent years elegantly finished and
spotless. For long periods she ^{sheltered}
sheltered Jimmie and his most recent
"family" out of scanty means, until he
settled down in a house of his own.

Through all her face expressed the
content of "a meek and lowly spirit,"
- believe it or not!

I recall a long Autumn day ride (October
1904) to the home of John Wesley Smith in the
Burr Valley, Nebraska. - One of the
daughters, the young girl (not Laura) who
resided with her grandmother Burr-
this adolescent young lady had lain
in an hysterical trance for several days,
alarming even her mother, well aware

of the vagaries of her large family of girls. It so happened that by the time I was summoned, the day before, and I had leisurely ridden twenty miles, the patient was recovered, sitting up happily, and feeling improved by her recent "illness". Making only a casual examination, or "inspection", I had the sense to know there was nothing the matter - ~~by intuition~~ ^{by intuition} I suppose - being young and inexperienced in the ~~psychology~~ ^{psychology} of the young females of the species. I recall, vividly, the cordiality and interest of the family circle then almost unbroken; and the amiable parents, Mary Elizabeth and John Wesley Smith. I probably ~~prescribed~~ dispensed a popular "nerve" pill of the Period-Valerian and Camphor, or other placebo; all of us relieved at the happy outcome of the "illness". My fee of ten Dollars. A dinner - was paid on the spot, and I started my return ride of twenty miles - I will here state "mileage" was calculated at 50 cents per mile - one way - total \$10.00. The Smiths family had probably sold a cow, or other live stock recently. The day was a Sunday, and the autumn coloring of the forest at its best. On the journey I by chance observed a romantic incident that impressed me, perhaps awfully, as I am age

Supposedly ~~that~~ sophisticated and
worldly wise. It so happened a young
couple were "Pick-nicking" that fall day, on
Brewer Creek, somewhat after the manner
of the young Ohio Valentines in the story
by Santos entitled "Andersonville," and
his girl, before starting to join her was
(1861). In the present instance a young
son of the late Arch George, who was
a timber man, and a "wolf," had hired
a livery "rig" in Marlinton and with the
young lady, who lived on Cassin's
Creek, a mrs. a., known to me, very
beautiful, a rose-cheeked Brunette
with strikingly black hair and eyes.
I met the couple in the one-horse livery"
Rig, on Brewer Creek. I recall that
Arch George, defiantly, discarded a large
whiskybottle as I rode past; also
the high color and vivid gleam from
coal black eyes of Mrs. a.
on my return, I observed the horse
twitched to a road-side tree, and the
young couple apparently still Pick-nicking
up a piney hollow.

Human affairs, and urges, much the
same, whether in the horse and buggy days
or the auto age, only its range much
expanded and complicated by co-ed-
ucational high schools and colleges.
(John) Grand-daughter, to sprightly old lady,
"were you ever bed-readers?"
Grand-mother: "A thousand times, dearie; and once
in a blue moon."

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I may add, Miss A. later married, not
to young Mr. George; Bore eight children,
My family valued patients for many years,
during all which time her "reputation" was
spotless. In later years, mildly insane,
her death soon followed in her home,
not ~~in~~ in a state hospital, sincerely
mourned by family and friends.

Andre Pierre, once wrote: "Whisky
Battles have a poor opinion of women".
He separated from his wife, because
of indiscreet letter correspondence
with a Danish Nobleman while residing
in Europe, according to Pierre's Biography,
Williams; who also relates that when
Mr. Pierre later offered to divorce him,
Missine wished to marry again.
Major Pierre declined, remarking
decidedly, "Did not wish to join
any more Competitions."

A Veteran officer of the 9th Indiana
Volunteers, Major Pierre was in the
Campaign in West Virginia, 1861.
Acquainted with scenery upper Greenbrier
River, referred to "the enchanted
Mountains," and retraced the
old trails of the armies on Cheat
Mountain many years later.

Her one hundred and forty-four
thousand redeemed before the throne in
Heaven, "because they were virgins,"
according to Commentator Arthur

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not ~~that~~ Stenley does not, Profanely, ~~mean~~
~~not~~ ~~that~~ Celibates, but ~~to~~ men who ~~had~~
kept the marriage ~~and~~ inviolate.
— (Revelation).

John Wesley Smith, and his sister Belle
(Cutter) came from the Eastern Virginia
Shortly after the War (1861), settled in the
Burr Valley, married and reared large
families. Mr. Smith appears to have been
"easy going," not in good health and
died many years ago. He was a
veteran of the Confederacy. His wife
was left the care of a large family,
long before the period of Public
Assistance to Infants. Mrs. Mary
Elizabeth Smith labored valiantly
to support the family. When her only
young son, died of Pneumonia, in 1918,
he was the beneficiary of insurance and
a pension. All her children now
grown and with families, she spent
her life, dying about 1945, being
stricken with Paralysis, with her
daughter Mrs. William Rogers, on
Bever Creek. Not changing her
way of life in the least particular,
dressing plainly and living simply,
she spent her wealth judiciously in
aiding her family in emergencies,
illnesses and deaths. Kindly and
cheerful to the last, and in good health

until her last illness, Paralysis, of a few days, she spent all her homelife in aid to relatives, leaving no estate. She rests in the Beaver Creek Cemetery, a well cared for burying place, her grave unmarked, as yet, by a stone. A member of the Pioneer Burr family, her father Frederick Burr a German Immigrant, and reputed to be a Veteran of ~~Waterloo~~ other decisive Battles of Waterloo. She had a good heart.

The surviving son of the Smith family, William ("Willie") Smith, lives at the homestead, aged 83 years. He has a foster son, and grand children. All women of the family, all amiable, and as stated before, widely scattered. Most have endured poverty, not being well endowed with lands, and usually with large families.

Clementine (Clement) Smith-Cole
This attractive young girl was blinded at the age of 12 years, Presumably by a brain tumor, as diagnosed by Baltimore Physicians. Married to a Woodsman Frederick Cole, their home was on the desolate trail leading from Watoga to the Railway to across the Bucking and Piles Mountains to Beaver Creek. Her life, necessarily one of poverty & bleak Poverty, but not neglect. She had no

Children. Her Husband was kind. She lived and died long before there was public assistance for the Blind, or assistance of any kind.

I make special mention of the life of Cleopatra because of ~~her~~ ^{her} remarkable cheerfulness. Many times she appeared to be happy. Her death occurred at age thirty, and sudden, probably due to the Brain tumor, and cause of blindness. Doubtless she ^{was} back her sight, and with her spirits in the air in the land of the best.

Arch George Family

Noted for the statuesque beauty of the women and handsome sons, the George family, has earned mention in these chronicles. Late in the 19th Century there arrived from Eastern Kentucky Arch George and his young family. They had their dwelling in the remote fastnesses of Buckeye Mountain, at the "Messer Place". Rather of uncouth appearance, and downy countenance, Arch George was reputed skilled in feuding and horn-sticking; and was always armed with rifle or small Pistol. The children got their good looks from their mother! All were unusually

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intelligent, their meagre schooling
supplemented by reading and work
hand. In later life all the girls
shuttled between the Atlantic and the
Pacific Coast, in Montana and Oregon,
self-reliant, true pioneer stock - and
retaining much self-respect, though
frequently married and divorced, or
separated. At no time did any
seem to fail in acquiring mates
as required.

Gun-play not unknown in this
family. Once I was called to
the home of one, near Edney, and
found the lady with a gun-shot
wound of the knee, particulars
not known, which resulted in
a stiff knee - fortunately the
leg was saved. No arrests
followed, every body satisfied.
At the time our people looked with
some concern on this Ky. "Feuding,"
although we had our own Hatfield-
McCoy feuding still going strong
in Mingo County. It will be recalled
my wife Jean, was teaching school in
the heart of the Hatfield Clay (1905)
on Pigeon Creek, Gilbert, in that
County, her rural school numbered
124 Hatfield's of a talent of...

235-
I have a group picture of the school,
seen loafing, particularly cheerful
and attractive, among the young
Boy feudists and somewhat dork-
looking young ~~girls~~ ^{males} - (all
barefoot, a "dummk" school), as is the
word, even when young, of females
in a "Feuding" Community.

Mr. Arch George had no conflict
with the Law that I remember, in his
~~last mountain~~ fastness in the mountains.
He was regarded, some-how, as a
dangerous man, if crowded, and
has disappeared from history.

A good many years ago one of
the George boys had a shoe-shop
in Marlinton, and appeared to be
a better than average workman.
~~at the time~~ He was reported at the
time to have ~~learned~~ ^{learned} his trade
to the trade in the Penitentiary
at Richmond. Although enjoying
a good business, he soon left
Marlinton. Probably he did.

235 -
I have a group picture of the school,
teen loafing, particularly cheerful
and attractive, among the young
Boy feudists and somewhat dour-
looking young ^{girls} males - (all
barefoot, a "Summit" school), as is the
habit, even when young, of females
in a "Feuding" Community.

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at Richmond. Although enjoying
a good business, he soon left
Marlinton, probably headed

west. Perhaps merely unemployed
palled in comparison with
Highway Robbery hold ups and
Bottle Robbery turn ^{the} outside

Wed 11/12/59
4 AM

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Over-cast, Frosty, warmer. Left Well,
as usual. Remount work nearly com-
pleted on Bridge and Street, 34-
The news of yesterday - Front Porch-
The Corby of Hollywood in a family
row. Mrs. Corby, mother of three
Corbys, wounds the Band Leader
with a knife, ordinarily used as
a "Letter opener". Remountment
of the ancient right of a wife to
kill her husband on occasion!
This autumn, 1959, Pleasantly "Late."

Amos George, son of Arch George,
Many years ago, lived at the Mouth
of Beaver Creek, near Watoga.
From an early day, I may remark
in passing this region has had
sinister implications, as I will relate.
A woodsman, and illiterate, Amos,
young wife, a daughter of Alice and
James Burgess, was merely
loved by her husband. Following
her early death, which Amos in his
grief wrongly ascribed to his own
neglect, and undoubted poverty
of their lives, he was nevertheless
for a time, became insane, and
was confined in the State Hospital

"The fools and Mad" over a period of nearly fifty years, where he has recently died. Not violently insane, but incompetent. Doubtless, his spirit has joined his beloved Alice in the air.

Previously the George house had been the scene of the historic duel of Colley and Messer, in which both died of pistol shot wounds. Abe Colley, a man of mystery, said to have served in the Marine forces in distant places, living with his common law wife Margaret Williams, a bevyon woman, ~~not~~ native from Gumbier, with a past.

Both Colley and Frank Messer, a native of Kentucky, immortalized by the Clearing on Buckley Mountain, known to this day as "The Messer Place," were active in illicit manufacture and sale of moonshine liquors; rivals in business, and when the arrest of Colley was decreed by the "Law," Frank Messer is said to have sought and was deputized to arrest Colley. who was known as a dangerous man to affront. a fighter with his fists, and always carrying arms. Side arms. Messer also was an armed man, and the sheriff willingly accepted the volunteers offer to arrest Colley, and

"dead," as it is said, was anticipated by Frank Messer, middle-aged Kentucky Mountain Moonshiner and peacemaker.

In the Autumn, Year 1899, a fine October day, Messer approached the house; Abe Colley, always alert, was at the door-way. What words were exchanged is not known; Probably Messer announced that Colley was under arrest. No more was needed; both men drew and exchanged several shots; both fell and expired, Colley in the house and Messer at the wood-pile.

Mrs. Messer, Frank's wife, a wiry Mountain woman, who later married, lived many years after, proud of the record of her first husband, a man of nerve, who died in the traditional manner, in his boots.

Margaret (Matie) Williams later became the consort of John Rorke (or O'Rorke) in his late middle age. She died at a house in Jericho Hollow, near my residence, aged about 48 of a uterine Cancerous affection, which condition was neglected. A reticent woman, strongly Muscular, made no complaint, nor seemed asking

no quarter, nor a halcyon. in the Presence
of inevitable death. It is said that
the bandaged Colley his pistol from
beside the door in the duel with Messer-
Muttie Williams was courageous -
early in the century the ~~English~~
then named Watoga, a large sawmill
Village; a unique feature a factory
to saw and tie in bundles dry pine
slabs - refuse from the mill - destined
to be marketed as "Kiddling" for
stove or furnace fires of the Period.
The costs of handling and marketing
proved the new "Industry"
unprofitable, even under the "Low
Costs" of the day, and was abandoned.
The proprietors of the mill from York
State, and the name "Watoga"
derived from that source.

When the Sawmill cut out
Beaver Creek and Pyles Mountain
(now largely Watoga State Park
of many thousand acres). ~~For the~~
late Charles A Yeager Promoted
an all- negro settlement north
of Beaver Creek; Popular with
retired Negro Coal miners.
from the Kanawha Valley, some
remained even to this day.

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a notable physician of the Colony.
The late Dr. A. Cole, Coal Creek,
who had a large clientele - principally
white, many coming from distant parts.
He practiced the Mineral and Botanical
School of medicine, successfully.
So well indeed, the world made a
path to his door. For many years
the late James Dunn, who lived at
the Fordney, did a profitable business
ferrying Dr. Cole's patients across the
Greenbrier River in a "pale" Boat.

Dr. Cole had the good sense to use
extensively the old Sweet Springs
water, both bottled and drunk naturally,
especially in skin diseases and
old sores originating with the
"itch" (Nepoleonic). In the older
times the Native "Indians" knew
well the healing virtue of "old
sweet" water, in Allegheny County,
Fed Virginia. It is today the site,
in the old Springs building, once
noted "Resort," of one of the
state homes (or Poor Houses) for
the aged; of which more anon.
"Anon," by the way, is old English for
"More to follow."

The Afro-American settlement of
Watoga discontinued after several
years, because of lack of "industries"

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affording employment at a "living wage,"
also not sufficient fertile land for
gardens and farms.

As a confessor in the practice of
medicine, though unlicensed, he was
"indicted" by the Grand Jury, under the
law governing the registration of Doctors.
He removed to New Allegheny, not
far from his favorite medicinal
spring; his office on the State "line"
where he could conveniently "escape"
if molested in his practice, ~~he~~.

Dr. Abraham Lincoln Cole has
recently died in late middle age
as, too often is the fate of "healers"
"licensed" or otherwise.

It is recorded, in "Kings," that
"King Uzziab, when sick, trusted
in Physicians that they might heal
him, and King Uzziab slept
with his fathers."

The gravestone was a favorite
with Brother James Ward Price, M.D.
whom he frequently visited.

at Watoga, in a bend of the River,
was the home and farm of the late
George McComb, brother to Beasley
McComb, who also lived within a
year or two of 100 years. ~~Ades~~ ~~than~~
brother of Beasley, he has recently died

(and their patients)

His daughter, the beautiful and
accomplished Ora McCorn-McVillie
— Both friends of my youth —
live, at a great age, near White
Sulphur Springs. Chris Neville
a handsome man, among other
employments, a woodsman, (he
held a good hand at cards) and
a native of York State; he is now
near ninety years of age (much
older than the beautiful Ora McCorn.)
When in her blooming youth much
admired by us physicians and
other "professional" personnel in Marlinton,
when Ora's first child was
born, about 1908) it was my pleasure
to follow to follow Chris Neville
on horseback, who guided me,
(in Doctor McKee and Smith's
territory), in part down the bed
of Greenbrier river a half mile
below the "Bear Creek Crossing"
to the McCorn home, to "help
~~the Miss McCorn to~~ unload" her
first born son, Chris Neville, Junior.
Incidentally, Chris, an honest man,
promptly paid the customary fee
of ten dollars for an all night
ride of twenty miles and detentions

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until after breakfast at George McClure's
home. There were no "pre-natal"
or "post-natal" visits made, or needed
and no nursing aid, other than
some of the "old women"; Possibly
Aunt May Thomas, up river from
Watoga, and Anna's mother.

Later ~~at~~ attended Chris Neville
for a severe ax wound of the foot,
at his lumber logging camp near
Watoga, with dangerous arterial
bleeding. The patient recovered.

Finally, among other historical
incidents of the region, the Camping
party for ten days, month of summer
Beaver Creek, post-war year

1919, of Marlinton Society park,
and others; the young gentlemen
present all soldiers in the late war.

Mrs. Jenn Price and Mrs. "Fibbi"
Living were the chaperones. Neither
were noted as disciplinarians,
and a good deal of flirting
"joking", drimpering and goading
went on, as is customary among
the young. I visited the camp,
driving my Ford Car down River
on a Sunday; losing some
"change" in a poker game. Then

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men and women too, set in the 90's.
The latter also forming many to
professionals, late of the army, ~~the~~
~~the~~ Fred Mc Lane, John and
Margery Moore, from Denmark, Dr.
Miss Moore and Alice McCollins
and Marblers, new of forward
the 1900s, descendants, as myself
of Jacob, Warwick, Lasers.
The Camp Cook, King, black,
dignified, bold, and with a "Le
and Henry, long, the Revere
Charles Lee, elegant, Revere
as his prominent call

Faithful and true women pure."

I have long thought that the Wheeler,
Tibbs, and Lee families, perhaps others
of our Afro-American people in
Pocahontas County, are true descendants
of these war-like and independent
African tribes, who still defended
their home lands against aggression -
true patriots -

"And I sometimes do rejoice,
For the days of old the days of gold,
The days of ninety-nine"
(Eight pages this morning; I began
to write this memoir when past 84, and
there is not "much time".
The Burgess family.

Marlinton, W. Va.
Nov. 30, 1959

Dear Jean:

I got off a letter Friday. Herewith pages
246-319 = 74. If and when you complete
typed pages, suggest you mail me in
two parts, or sections (First half, etc.) Take
your time.

By the time you receive this, I presume
Jean will be back in Nashville; her
studies directed to the development of the
"Guts & Brains"; previously referred to.
I will write Jean.

Jean should "evolve" a great present
being in education. Might might be
given to attendance at Professional or
business school; "useless" - for instance!

Locally, we have had an outbreak of
Robbery, involving "juvenile delinquency";
safe-breaking, hold-ups, etc. The Bagman
trunk, about 18 - over-grown, disguised
with a "toy" pistol demanded \$100 of
the woman teller National Bank. So much
for drive-in movies and T.V. plus lack
of "discipline" - meaning the Rod!

An instance of juvenile insanity, though,
diminished as a jest, though the cashier
was on the point of shooting the Robber -
(Mildred Yeager's son.)

Affectionately

NRG

(over)

P.S. - Monday
11/30/59
Last day of a "winter" Month.

Will be glad to know how I am
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in
part "My Memoirs", for instance.

It is just as well the young
pay slight attention to the "experience"
and "Wisdom" of their elders; —
Otherwise, might lose "illusions"
and courage (hope) to go on in
living!

Pages extended
746 = 321

245-
I have long thought that the Arceles, Tobs and Lee families, perhaps others of our Afro-American families people in Pocahontas County, are true descendants of these war-like and independent African tribes, who still defend their home land against aggressors - true patriots:

And sometimes do refine
For the deep of old, the deep of gold,
The deep of forty-nine
Eight pages this morn'g. Began to
write this memoirs from past night
Four years; there is not much time

Monday - 11/16/59
3 AM. Full moon, rising 6:30 PM
Clear. Blizzard and heavy snow reported
in Maryland and Middle West, Friday
Heardue east; not felt at Harpers
Ferry, Clary and Milet. Drove to
Warren Spring 10 to 1:30 PM. Preget
in thirty galleries a waters supply
Met at the Spring, a property
(Bought at Brother James Full) Hunter
Adams. Asked his price for the
Spring. Adams now owns 230
acres surrounding land under
changing conditions. The Spring

1998

11-24-59
Last day of a "Amos" month.

Will be glad to know how Leon
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did the show interest, reading in
front my "Memor", for instance.

It is just as well the young
may slight attention to the "experience"
and "Widens" of these elders.
Otherwise, might lose "illusions"
and Courage (Hope) to go on in
Living.

Pages expended

746-321

remains, eternal ²⁴⁶ and unchanging.
Returning, two young deer crossed
my road in front of my car, near
the Lincee Park, probably fawn twins,
with the western sun obliterating
them. The deer ran in front of me, I
at first thought "sheep". As I passed
them, the deer sprang into the forest
a lovely sight, to be remembered.

The Porter Family.

Remember, boy, you're Irish,
you're born on Irish soil;
your father was a Kirney,
your mother was a Doyle,
be an honor to your Country -
'Tis the Land of the Free and the Brave -
'Tis the Land where the Shamrock grows -
- Irish song -

The seat of the O'Porter family in Virginia
was, anciently, at the Ball O'Porter
~~House~~ Spring in the pass leading from
Big Bush Creek to Warm Springs,
~~between the~~ Highway 39, thus Mark's
Bottom - Warm Springs Turnpike.
Esteemed for uprightness of character
and good humor of its members, the
O'Porter family was never prominent
in both County, Virginia; their social
status, at the beginning, probably
"Browned Men" of the Warrenton - Gatewood -

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Cameron Manor-

after the war.

As young "dis placed", persons,
John Burke, his brother Charles, and
sister, Mrs. Fannie Webster, came to
Pocahontas County, and resided here
until their deaths.

In due time John O'Rourke married
a Miss Kennison, much older than
himself, a member of the Pioneer
Family; twin sons born to them
who were given the euphonic names
Romulus and Remus, anciently the
names of Rome's founders.

In the 1890's John O'Rourke family
resided for a time at the "Toll House"
near the bridge. Remus O'Rourke
married ~~the~~ Wilhelmina, daughter of the
Veteran, CSA, George Lee Reed
Marlinton, later removing to New
Mexico.

The brothers John and Charlie, were
incurably uxorious; were married or
formed alliances more than once;
John with Margaret Williams, referred
to in the sketch of the Messer - Cullen
affair. Tragedy followed the
lives of the brothers, many in shadows
of the 1930 decade.

Industrious, temperate, religious,
John O'Rourke, well read, a scholar,

—though Arthur formal education,
he was for many years tenant of the
extensive McClintic lands managed
by William W. McClintic, residing
at the Joshua Tree log house, the
McClintic Batters on Still-Horse Run,
later known as Stillwell.

John Burke once exhibited to me
his credits and debits with his land-
lord, Mr. McClintic, neatly kept in
an excellent "hand" in ink. The
account "Book" was in the form
of a papyrus, a roll of more than
ten feet in length, of white paper
pasted together. An existence as
interesting record of itself of the manner
of life, early 20th Century, of a family
for many years.

Of the life of Charlie O'Rourke I know
little, except that in late middle
age he was married to a much
younger wife, and the father of three
sons and a daughter, living in the
John Jackson Cabin up French
Run, supported for the most part by
public and private charity.

Renowned from youth for good
humor and wit, still present in age
and misfortune, stories were current
in folklore of his troubles and dreams.

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Following ~~the~~ ^{the} death of ~~the~~ Mrs Perke
of a Malignant ^{form} which I attended in
its early stages, the modern antibiotics
Remedies, I was summoned one night
in the 1930 decade to the Jackson
Cabin, where a young boy about ten
years old, had pointed a shot-gun
at his youthful brother and at short
range shot him in the eye, while
lying on a bed, without otherwise
disfiguring the face. ^{the} Death of ^{the} was
mistaken.

Later the Jackson Cabin the scene
of a final tragedy, while occupied by
tenant, name not recalled. The
house burned, preceded by a violent
explosion of dynamite, in which a
man was killed, his body consumed.
The crime, said to have been instigated
by the victim's wife. No proof was
ever found, and the wife removed
herself from the community.

In age, Charlie O'Rourke removed
to the scene of his youth in Bath
County, as did also my friend
John O'Rourke, and I know little
of their latter end. Vaya Con Dios.

Lusie O'Rourke is vividly remembered
by me as the beloved wife of Jacob
Webster, who also was large, or
tenant of the McPherson Manor.

* Mr. Reka died in 1918

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for many years. Several of the
brood of Jake and Fessie Webster were
born in the old log house near the
Bridge on Swago Creek when I
was present, my mission "helping
the missus unload." The beautiful
affection and mutual helpfulness that
existed in the Webster family at this
time to be remembered.

The circumstance of Mrs. Susie Webster's
death in early middle life I do not
recall, ~~as for some reason~~ ^{as for some reason} I was not
in attendance. I know that Jacob
married Susie until his death, wearing
his "bachelors Night Cap" thirty or more
years; saddened, but always
courtious, good humored, a valued
friend and client to the end. He
remained a tenant on the Willers
McClintock land while his orphaned
family of "just grown" or "growing"
or adopted by relatives. One of
the older boys killed in action
in France, 1918.

I was once called to see Judge
Webster, about the year 1938, then
living alone, ^{in a} cabin near the "quarry"
on Swago Creek. Meeting his
breakfast, prepared by himself, a two-
finger piece of half-cooked bacon
lodged in my throat, perhaps
in the absence of the tooth and

I found the patient ²⁵⁷breathing with difficulty.
Mr. Arthur McClutic was present,
sollicitous for the life of his ~~friend~~ and
friend-tenant.

I administered a rough and Ready
— and effective — remedy, a one-tenth
grain of hypo-morphine hypodermically;
the violent vomiting following
dislodged the piece of bacon, and in a
short time Jacob was himself again.
(1957) Mr. Jacob Wilster died, aged 82
~~He~~ years, at the home of a daughter
living in Maryland. An honest,
industrious man, whose spirit is beyond
doubt mixed with his wife, Lizzie
O'Roarke, in the air — Vaya Con Dios —
Withrow McClutic

As none have attempted to memorialize the
life and exploits, in some degree, of
this prominent — and interesting — man,
I will do so. Relatives, ^{though} at times
we differed violently in expressed
opinion, politically and economically;
each had respect for each, and were
alert for reprisals.

With unusual executive ability,
he managed through life, following
the death of his father and mother the
extensive landed estate; shipping,
as a dealer, live stock, and "logging".

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It will be recalled that Brother James^{as nephew} accompanied a McClutic sheep drive to Baltimore, and later was sheep doctor at the logging camp Three Forks Williams River - also a McClutic enterprise.
The Matthews-McClutic family has been memorialized in the fields of Jacob Warlick Price's Biographical History of Pocahontas County. The author, my revered father, a kindly man, omitted some details of interest, which I will attempt to supply.

My Mary Matthews McClutic, only Auld of her parents, and great-granddaughter of Jacob Warlick, inherited many hundred acres of fertile land, extending to the "Knot" and beyond.

Her husband was William Hunter McClutic, usually referred to as "Bill Hunt" by the country-side.

Their family^{two} sons, all except Withrow receiving a "liberal education" of the day, two becoming lawyers Lockhart Matthews McClutic, lawyer and politician, and Federal Judge George W. McClutic whose daughter Miss Elizabeth Knight McClutic of Washington and the McClutic Farms, Graduate of Wellesley, learned and beautiful, cultured and wealthy.

and last my Aunt

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Edward McClutic, early in life,
removed to Vancouver, Oregon Territory.
He was a 99 ninety-niner in the
rush to the Klondike. An interesting
account of his experiences as a gold
digger and Hunter of Elk and Bear
in Alaska was printed in the local
press many years ago.

Lastly, Withrow W. McClutic,
known as "Woz" or "Witberby" by his
contemporaries, the special subject of
this memorial. Because of the
need of a manager on the estate,
Withrow was not allowed abroad -
probably because of the press of other
business, and following the war, he
remained unmarried until late in life,
beyond middle age. With an
intirest urge for land-owning, he
added to and greatly extended
the family lands, far as Spruce
Flats, Beaver Dam, and beyond -
(There were five McClutic Brothers, the
last, and youngest) Bill Hunt McClutic
Junior, an excellent and intelligent,
well Read Man, who also was
a runner, until his early and
tragic death by a falling tree in
the summer of 1900.

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Here something as to the Personality
of Judge McClutic. A "Divergent"
Politically he was appointed a
Federal Judge by President William
Howard Taft, 1912. about 1912. of
"Wrong and Domineering" Character,
unfortunately his strong efforts to enforce
a Summary Law in the Prohibition
era met with violent Criticisms from
"Domineering" Characters in the lower
echelons, - many included, leading
to some resentment, which freely
expressed.

"Domineering" seems to have been
a family characteristic in the
Jacob Warwick line, and its
parallel branches. Which of the
McClutic boys dominated the rest
unknown; but as they each
early went their separate ways,
some to gain education and
in business, it matters little.

I am pleased to write that before
his death I met ~~the~~ Judge McClutic
several occasions, notably at the

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Farm, where he was on vacation -
then called professionally to the house
of a tenant. Learning that the Judge,
my relative, was in the room, I
voluntarily called on him; an interesting
conversation ~~between us~~, largely of
family history, with increasing cordiality.
Shortly after Judge McClintic,
early of a morning, called at my
house to obtain relief for a glandular
affection. He, later, underwent
surgery at the University Hospital,
Charlottesville, Virginia.

At the time I was able to afford
~~relief~~ temporary relief. ~~He~~ I recall
that no fee was mentioned at the time,
or any statement rendered for the service.
However, sometime after I got a friendly
letter, enclosing a check in amount
double the fee usually charged.

Following Federal Judge George
W. McClintic's death, by his court's
order, his body was embalmed
cremated, his ashes scattered, by
a relative, over his beloved
lands and forests, head of Savage
Creek. His often tormenting spirit
~~rests~~ inhabits the vasty Hall of death.
As friend and relative, I wish him well.
His love of ancestral lands one of his

Incidents of the war persevere and before
concerning Captain Martin's infatuation
with my wife Jean. A reason for this
fiscal ~~affair~~ ^{accident} drama of human life
and love, is to accent the power of the
written word ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ reviving old sorrows.

Now the new year reviving old desires,
the thoughtful soul to solitude retires,
where the white hand of Moses from
the couch, puts forth
And Jesus from the ground suspires!
— Rubenpat.

Under pad-lock, Jean used the closet
under the front stairs as a wine cellar
~~and~~ assorted jewels and moonshine, and
other treasure, over a period of years.
It was from this depository I removed
in 1926, jewelry and flacons and buried
among the rocks of the hillside.

Following Jean's death, in March
1928, I found in the closet a bag
of letters, including Captain Martin's,
all written from Tokio, Japan, over
a period of several years, 1918 to
1925 1927.

I will here state, as illustrating the
"oblivion" to which I had consigned the
~~whole~~ affair, that within ten days after
Jean's death, a letter arrived for Jean
from Martin, in Tokio. The letter

I returned, sat¹³⁷ on Monday, to Captain
Martin, with a courteous note informing
him of ~~the~~ Mrs. Jean Price's recent death.
~~to which~~ I received no reply.

Disturbed that Jean had treasured
letters dating to the war period
from Captain Martin and after
the reading affected me in a manner
hard to understand - a sort of
fanatical rage, that underlies most
crimes, or revenges, of passion.

Jeans long illness and recent death, together with Normans delinquencies and failures, ~~promoting~~ ^{inducing} perhaps an unhealthy state of mind.

Whether leaving the letters was an oversight, or reluctance on Frau's part in destroying mementoes of a romance, I ~~do~~ not pretend to know. Perhaps she, correctly, judged I should have the evidence, and, under times healing ~~things~~, get over it.

Jeannette, shortly before her death, had once expressed the belief that she was being "punished" for "something" for ~~which~~ ^{treason, or other fault, not stated.}

I wrote Captain Martin, fervently denouncing him to everlasting hell, etc., to which he made reply, briefly; also his belief that the underworld would be his final home. - @vode.

It is the usual thing for a paleologist
(usually women) for male aggressors
and delinquents in triangles to say,
"Judicially," both are equally to blame."
Not so. Man is the natural protector of
women kind, though "Modern" women is
inclined to deny this. Should he hold
the aggressor, and suffer the extreme
penalty for any violation of the Code.
The lying, jealousy, and secrecy that
accompanies trespass on the case, should
alone cause an honorable man to refrain.
The petition in the Prayer: "Lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"
was not lightly spoken.

I have read that among some of the
tribes of Plains Indians, eloping couples
could be pursued and legally slain
if captured. If the pair succeeded
in evading pursuers a stated number
of days - a sort of "cooling off"
period, they might return to the camp -
the incident given to oblivion.
On the other hand, top-heavy civil and
military "justice" gives little heed
to the rights of "civilized" men to
protect to his home and fire-side.
"If your wife should go along with a
comrade, he hath
to shoot him on sight; you'll swing
on my oath," - Lifting.
General Andrew Jackson, in old age,
fully forgave all his enemies - he had
forgotten those who slandered

his beloved Rachel. Those he left
to the mercies of God.
The wife of Moser, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} Prophet,
~~lost and learned~~ ^{devout and learned} wife,
was "unfaithful," but he loved her -
Goethe's "Sorrows of ~~Young~~ Werther"
should be preserved reading for any
young man inclined to "creep into men's
houses and lead captive silly women
laden with sin." Werther's beloved
Charlotte, a married woman, went
on living after he was borne home
"on a stretcher" ~~after~~ ^{as a} suicide.

Because of scholarship, Captain
Martin was attached to the Embassy
as Military observer and remained
in Japan ~~for seven years~~ ^{without}
leave ~~for seven years~~ ^{following}
the end of the war. That the "incident"
had a profound effect on his whole
life is proved in many ways -
About the year 1930 he mailed me
a newspaper clipping which reported
the 15th Infantry, to which he was
attached had returned to Oregon
~~in the States~~ and Major T. S. Martin
ordered to Officers Infantry School
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Interpreted
as an assent to my "Calling him out,"
I still wished to do so, because of the
assent to "Martin"

That the "incident" weighed on his mind, in 1935 - a short letter, enclosing a copy of a "secret" Report, was for publication, giving his mature impressions on the Japanese Army organization and the training, morale, clothing, etc. of the soldiers of that army. Martin, after about fifteen years residing in Japan, expressed sincere admiration for the hardihood of the individual soldiers of Japan, his patriotism and endurance under hardship.

I have preserved this letter and "Report," filed herewith. Possibly, it might be regarded, as between sinful men with a military background, as apologetic, in part for trespasses and sins.

"And forgive us our debts,
as we also forgive our debtors."
— Prayer.

In the year 1927, the Ruth Snyder - Judson Gray trial for murder was the most sensational of that year; the "dark-weight" ~~the~~ midnight murder of a defenseless sleeping man by a drunken pair.

I once asked Jean if she was following the details in the paper; her reply was she "could not bear to read about it."

On another occasion, in talking about some commonplace local triangle, Jean made the broad comment, "Women have no sense!"

~~Friday~~ - 10/16/59 - a good rain - 36 hours,
4 AM - no work on Bridge and street. The
grass has received remarkably, with the
"Latter Rain". Fall pasture for cattle
remains.

Jealousy, Basically, is grief. One of the
lesser poets, Louise Crenshaw Roy,
writing in the New York Times, many
years ago, under the title: "Council
with a wounded heart," heretofore
quoted, beginning:

"What if your gold was cheapened
with alloy?"

(and ending:)

"Oh, wounded heart, be thankful that
you had
a single coin to spend, a single
word
when earth and heaven combined
to make you mad;
a god, no miracle beyond your
power."

By reckoning your treasure, you
will find
Fate has been generous, and
Wisdom kind."

Recommended reading, for the aged,
Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales,"
particularly the story "The Bachelors
Nightcap."

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A speculation in Metal.

In the early years of the "Horror Depression" Dr. James Price, as President of the Beyley Coal Land Company, Kentucky Mineral Land, continued to pay, personally, the annual taxes amounting to about one thousand ~~and~~ Dollars. As First Vice-President of the Bank he, ~~also~~ ~~alone~~, took up charged-off loans; bought largely the bank "Debentures"; even personally gave his word to guarantee payment of funds of some large depositors, as has been mentioned heretofore, thus keeping the bank solvent while being re-organized. All this he did without complaint, or fanfare.

Gold and silver, in 1933, were at an all-time low on the market; silver quoted by Harmon & Handley, leading New York dealers, ~~at~~ at twenty-five cents the ounce, in units of twenty-four thousand ounces.

~~At first~~ the desire to buy a quantity of silver in bars, something substantial, compared to industrial stocks that appeared to have reached the point of no value, and repudiation, in the market.

Sunday, 10/18/39 10

3.30 A.M. - "Full" Moon - 3 & quarter.
Mild, clear, two preceding nights fully slept,
rising about five. This morning rose
at 3 a.m. - Having "slept long enough."

A fine Cantium Bridge, at Marlinton, is
of the massive concrete-steel
suspension type. The concrete now
being poured in the intricate "mesh"
of steel rods in the Road-way.
Even the two sidewalks of suspension
type. More than one hundred
thousand Board feet used in framing.

The interesting "diary" of Thomas
A. Edison, edited and printed in
1948 - Shortly following his death.
An interesting volume to the discerning
reader. Mr. Edison one of the hands
I capped; very deaf at twelve years
of age - Hereditary infection in the
Eustachian tube; no inherited wealth, he made
his deafness an asset by engaging
in profitable reading, and "thinking".
Curiously, he had an ear for music,
and could "hear" certain tones.

Notably telegraphic signals. In middle
age, I used my "Deaf" ear on telephone.
Edison had no "formal" education in
youth. He and his "staff" patented
over one thousand inventions, notably
the phonograph, electric light bulb, the
moving picture and talking, etc.

I talked "Silver" ^{10.5} to Brother James,
and in the end I ordered twelve thousand
ounces of silver from Harmer & Handy,
one half a "unit", about one thousand
pounds, in bars weighing about eighty
pounds each. It was shipped, ~~in my~~
name, by express, the "bars" fifteen
in number, each stamped and numbered
by government deal; not wrapped or
boxed, loose on the express car floor.
The silver bars were piled on the
floor in the vault at the bank, and
excited mild curiosity for a time.
~~But~~ Dr. James invested two thousand
dollars. The remaining one thousand
by borrowing ~~in part~~ on my insurance.
In 1935 ~~the~~ history ~~of~~ in dealing
in gold and silver, the Treasury
"calling" the metal at a fixed price
of fifty cents the ounce.
I carried the silver to the express
office in my Ford car, and shipped
to the Philadelphia Mint. At due
time a check arrived, about six
thousand dollars, which James and
I divided equally: my "profit".
Two thousand, a considerable sum of
ready money in 1935.
At ~~the~~ age of sixty years, I regarded
this deal in silver as a turn in the
tide of my fortune. The spectacular

way of handling the real silver,
legally, instead of buying a waste-
burse Certificate, helped to build me
up as a man of means (exaggerated)
and a healthy bank account.
Dr. James and I once debated whether
Reported wealth of an individual was
an advantage, or no. We decided
that, on the whole, it was advantageous.

In 1935 Brother James presented me
with five shares of Bank stock, with the
accompanying debentures in an equal
amount; (in a few years redeemed in
cash, from Bank earnings.) He
also presented my name at the
annual election of stock holders, and
I was elected a Director of the Bank
of Marlinton, that year. I, also,
definitely quit "Cards" that year,
— a doubtful amusement.

It is interesting to recall that
Dr. James presented Brother Calvin
with an equal amount of stock; but
in presenting his name for election
as a Bank Director, the following
year (1936), surprisingly, he was
defeated; because of objection by
the Chairman of the Board, the late
J. Lanty McNeil, who bluntly
stated there were "Too many Princes"
on the Board of Directors.!!

I have thought this regrettable, because
a bit of training in finance, together
with Brother James' assistance, could
have been of real help in putting his
Newspaper plant in better shape.
In a half century under the Price
Family the Pocateller Times had
achieved more than a local
standing in literature, but never
able, apparently, to keep up to date
in mechanical equipment; even
at this time setting type "by hand."

I think the real reason for Chairman
McNell's annoyance, and objection in
the elections of Directors, was that
Brother Coleby had been, "too tactless"
in the stockholders meeting, making
motions and suggestions, it may be,
about matters he knew little about,
and not considered seriously by a
New, Minority, Stock-holder!

In the year 1915, I was refused
a small block of new issue stock
in the Pocateller, though promised;
as I then believed, because I ~~was~~
~~then~~ had become, locally known as
an individualist and a trouble
maker in ~~business~~ finance and local
politics. My brother-in-law the
Late Frank Hunter, as executive

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Vice-President and Cashier, was then
dominant in the Bank; and I think,
in diverting the stock elsewhere; ~~do~~
said me a certain compliment as one
who, as a Director, might at times
prove a "Divergent" in Bank Policy.
— Traditionally managed by the
Bank's head man, usually the Cashier,
the "Board of Directors" of a small
country bank ~~is~~ usually kept large
and unwieldy so that it can better
~~be~~ "managed" by the master mind.

Dr. James Price, a principal stock-
holder, whose watch word was
then, and always, "economy," often
objected to what he considered
waste in management; intimating
he might with-draw; sometimes
his relations with the Board, strained.

We ~~had~~ ^{had} consulted together
about starting a private banking
house of our own, he putting up
— the capital of course. The matter
had possibilities; perhaps best
for me nothing came of it, with-
drawn from war and politics, even
became wealthy — a Capitalist — too
young.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches"
a true proverb.

Wednesday 10/21/58 3 AM.

weather mild and clear; Two killing
frogs - 18, 19. October. Awoke at 2 am
and got up, prepared to go on with the
business of the day -
bridge and other work active, at
long last, trying to lay the concrete.
It is later than the big inches thing.

The matter of Compensation from
the Ky. River Reservoir Authority
(Ky. Mineral) approaching a "showdown".
I hope to collect substantially before
the close of the year (1958).

This morning's work, clearing
some decaying plum trees in
the lot.

mention has been made of Brother
James' infatuation for the graceful
Miss Alice Dever, Period 1928-1932
~~and~~ and his absurd courtship of
the fair lady. During this time
it is probable he was saved from
capture by more practical women,
alive to his known wealth in
Land, stocks and bonds, and money.
His honorable proposal rejected by
Miss Dever. So James Price quietly settled
down to his active office practice of
Medicine; his banking and real estate
affairs, all profitable; and wearing
his "Bachelors Nightcap" until his
death, May 7, 1946, aged 77 years.

Meeting is here made of the wealthy
and beautiful land children, Widow
Wylie, Cree Meadows, who lived at
Alleghany Lodge and its surrounding
four thousand acres of timber and
grazing land; a herd of elk and
deer ranging its park-like enclosed
yard. Mrs. Wylie also entertained
lavishly, the acknowledged social
dictator of the Knapps Creek Valley.

Not socially inclined, nor dancers,
neither James nor I had been present
at any parties at "Wylie Manor,"
though well acquainted during the ten
year residence of the Wylies in our
County, and after.

Mrs. Wylie's husband, a retired
business manufacturer of Huntington
W. Va., had died about 1928.
His sister Ann was a friend of the Widow
Wylie and the two exchanged visits
and may have, at times, attempted to
interest her in the development of
iron mines in adjacent Brown Mountains
and Anthony Creek.

During his residence at "Wylie
Manor" ~~Mr.~~ Wylie was interested in
the stock market; after his death it
was learned his ample fortune
had been impaired by the stock
market crash, Nov. 1929. I recall
that copper stocks ^{were} a favorite buy.

was a favorite which ~~it~~^{it} in 1929 reached
an all-time high of about 130 dollars a
share; afterward declining, rapidly,
to about three dollars. Its present
quoted price is about fifty dollars.
A golden blonde, tall, well
proportioned, perhaps forty years old;
very attractive, and reputed wealthy,
as undoubtedly the family ~~there~~^{was} at
the ~~same~~ time, Mrs. Wylie showed little
interest in, again marrying, or "going
steady" with any of the local gentry.
She did cast an approving eye
on Dr. James, to which he responded
athwart in an ineffective, unaggressive
manner. One of his absurdities
was an attempt to write a memorial
address to "Colonel" Wylie, on his death,
aged fifty years.

An early "integrationist," and
being childless, Mrs. Wylie had
adopted a negro infant, male, and
attempted to rear and educate him.
When the ~~family~~^{family} came to Wylie Manor,
about 1922, the boy was a stupid,
overdressed, idle, uneducable,
bone-headed negro, or "nigger,"
whose outlandish association
with his "white folks" excited
curiosity, even merriment. In
the course of time, Mrs. Wylie
found it advisable to sell her

Wednesday

proceed "down the River" or other disposition, and no more seen as a member of family. at Wyllie Manor.

One fine ~~spring~~ day in May, 1934, Brother James and I drove in my model A Ford car to call on Mrs. Wyllie at her home. I do not recall what inspired the two of us to do this; perhaps vaguely to intimate to the attractive widow Wyllie she might have her choice of two middle-aged, unattached bachelor physicians.

It so happened Mr. Wyllie was absent from home that day, having driven to White Sulphur Springs Resort for the day. I still think something serious may have come of this unusual "approachment" of the two of us to the attractive widow, except for her fortuitous absence from home for the day.

If Mrs. Wyllie ever heard of her distinguished callers, she did not mention it, or express regrets.

Her late John Lee and others employed by Mr. Wyllie, were playing pitching horse-shoes at the house. We attempted a few rounds at pitching; then returned to ~~Marshall~~ our offices.

The widow never married.

Some years later, her fortune depleted,
she sold "Wylie Manor" together
with its elk and deer herd, and
four thousand acres of valuable
timber land, at a low price, and
returned to her early home in Ohio,
where she still lives.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women
Merely players."

Year 1934, my personal fortune
still at low tide, soon to be improved
by a fortunate investment in Silver,
joining a Bank Board of Directors,
and improved business conditions.
With Norman in the Army and daughter
Jean, aged twenty-two, a graduate
Nurse and self-sustaining, employed
in Public Health Nursing, I felt
again free to wander, it may be in
the paths of dalliance. Jean
had ~~been~~ been selected as an out-
standing student nurse to take
special training as a Health
County Health Nurse, at Public
expense, at Prebody College,
Nashville, Tennessee, and completed
her post-graduate training
Spring of 1935; afterwards

1933
employed in Public Nursing, at a low
Salary, in Pocateller, Webster
and Marion Counties; where, later,
in July, 1938, she met, and married,
Carlos Edward Stockwell, native
of South Dakota, age 28 years,
employed by West Penn in the
building trade; the Marriage
at Elfton, Maryland.

In 1935, Jean took instruction in
driving a Ford car, and once had
a minor collision at a street
intersection in Elfton, where she had
taken a child for eye treatment.
The Spring of 1936 I drove in my car
with Jean a few miles as she was
starting to Webster County to take
up work as County Nurse. With
affection, and some anxiety, I watched
her take off up Elk Mountain driving
my 1931 Model A Ford, as she
bravely went forth on a hard and
dangerous mission in Webster
County. In a year Jean was
transferred to Marion County, both
at Fairmont, where she was employed
until her marriage. All this time
she managed to maintain herself on the
small salary paid; even buying, on
installments, a Model 1937 Ford Car.

Monday, 10/26/34 1934
 winds, calder, shivers, very raining
 leave, etc. yesterday (Monday) had a fire
 in fire-place - the first in October, the
 month mild. Maple leaves y^et golden.
 Many years ago, about the year 1910,
 I recall an early morning in October,
 riding through the Rider Gap, head
 of Clover Creek, and through the Alex.
 Sharp Sugar Camp, (Slippery Hill,
 of perhaps a thousand trees, in the
 golden glory of autumn, & the
 Camp comprised, perhaps, a hundred
 acres. The morning light tinted
 with gold, and of indescribable
 beauty, lingers in memory.
 Had to state, this noble and
 useful "Sugar Camp," a few years
 ago was sacrificed to the Co.,
 and few of the lumber mill of
 Mr. Ed. Williams, himself a grand-
 son of the Pioneer ^{Wm. H. H. H.} ~~Wm. H. H.~~
 Furber; writer of the ~~Wm. H. H.~~
 Prices Biographical History.
 Too many Maple Sugar Camps
 have been destroyed in our County,
 because of ~~lack of~~ ^{lack of} interest in the once
 important ^{maple} ~~lugar~~ ^{industry}, ~~locally~~
 and little done to preserve or
 restore the art and industry of
 maple syrup and sugar.

July 4, 1925, Dooz Mountain Battle
Field State Park was dedicated
by a large assemblage, including
a few Veterans of 1861, the American
Legion, and the Daughters of the Confederacy
Chapters; the latter under the guidance
of Mrs. Della Clark Yeager.
Andrew Price had been active in
forming the Battle Field Park, and
acted as Master of Ceremonies, with
much spirit and enjoyment.

As ranking Reserve Officer of
Pocahontas County, I commanded
the Veterans of the Wars on Parade.
The late John D. Lutton, of
Braxton County, who had served
in the Legislature as a Democrat,
though a Veteran of the 10th West Va
Mounted Infantry, U.S.A., had been
rewarded with the low-paid post
of Park Superintendent.

A feature of the Park dedication
was two monuments erected to
Sergeant Byler and one other, of
the 10th Regiment, who were killed
at the "Rail Fence", in a glade,
identified by Colonel Lutton as the
spot, in the flanking march under
Colonel Moore, 14th Ohio Regiment,
by way of Caesar Mountain, a
spur of Dooz Mountain; a decisive

Movement in the battle. I accompanied
the Colonel and Mrs. Belle Yeager
with her band of Daughters @ S.A.
including Daughter Jean, to the scene;
Colonel Sutton offering a fervent
prayer on the spot where his comrade
Lieutenant Baxter fell in the front of
battle, as a principal feature of the
moment dedication.

I entertained the Colonel at my
house then, and later, when he visited
the Park; notably on "Labor Day"
in September, 1926, when another, but
less largely attended, assemblage
was attempted. Brother Andrew
did not attend the Labor Day
meeting, he and Colonel Sutton
having had a difference of opinion
over certain land-securing notions
of the latter, who with fog, brushwork
and fire had swept away a ~~large~~
thicket of Rhododendrons, which as
"brush".

The Laurel patch was later
restored, together with pines and
shrubbery, under the intelligent
management of Capt. Price
etc. in landscaping, Period 1937.

Being during a lull in the ceremonies
in September, I was called on for a
speech on historical themes. Not

As I as a physician, had some reputation as a practitioner of obstetrics, a beautiful and lively young lady from Hills Creek inquired from my audience to "What is Labor Day?" I responded lightly that it is "Labor Day" might be ~~a day~~ devoted to "Lyncey M." or child-birth? (Laughter) as the words say.

Drop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863, was for the most part maneuvered and long range artillery fire, with comparatively few casualties in killed and wounded. In numbers engaged the largest battle in Western Virginia during the war. The battle was decisive, together with the skirmish at Lewisburg and Dry Creek immediately following, that it marked the last organized existence by the Confederacy in West Virginia.

The Southern army retreated precipitately before the planter movement under Colonel Moore, which was guided by a native Union sympathizer, Nancy McKee, by way of Caesar Mountain, just ~~lost~~ ~~captured~~. The late Captain John McNeil of the "Nicholas Blues" was captured, and spent a long while at "God Forsaken" Delaware Military Prison. After his capture

it is said he met his brother among
the Union forces, remarking that he
was not "making friends" that day.

Captain Marshall's Company of the
19th Cavalry @ S.A. was present at the
battle; ~~with~~ Lt. J. Wood, Price
presumably present; John Calver was
detained at home by wound received
in the River skirmish, and "Uncle
Jesse"; John James Henry Price, a
prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The late George McKee of the
Rebels unaccountably absent on the
day of battle, although the fighting
in part on his home place farm.
Matthew John McKee, also of the Rebels,
all at home with camp fever.

George McKee, being asked
why he was not heroically engaged
in defending his altars and his
fires, replied "he would rather
be George McKee alive than
Colonel George McKee dead."

Drop Mountain Battle was scenic
and spectacular, about twelve thousand
veteran troops engaged. The

"Colonel" John D. Gattors
flanking movement opposed on the
part of the Confederates mainly by the
veterans 22d Battalion of Va. Infantry,
whose Colonel was killed at the Rail fence.

The brothers Adam and William Carter,
are in the 32^d Bn. of whose lives and
deaths, more will be written.

Colonel John D. Sutton, Co. I 10th W. Va.,
lived to a great age, 94 years. An
old age religious, as indicated by
his prayer at the Dedication; he was
fond of a drink. In the prohibitions
era, he produced, at my house,
a bottle of some fitting Country brew
from which he took nips. Being
personally dry. I regret that I was
not able to offer my guest a better
Vintage.

Following the War, he taught
I school for many years, engaged
in politics, as a Democrat, his native
County being notoriously of that
Political persuasion. He once came
from regularity when in 1920 ~~Pratt~~
County elected Veterans League
President, ~~at the~~ now of Huntersville,
to the Legislature as a Republican.

In August, 1922, I campaigned in
Broxton County, and carried the town
of Sutton in the Primary election
against Captain Robert L. L. L. -
a personal triumph, as my efforts
in that County were mainly in Sutton,
the County seat.

In his old age Colonel Sutton
lived in part on a Federal Pension, dying
in 1936. - age 94 years.

Wednesday
Sept. 30, 1959

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A ~~the~~ refreshing Rain
at intervals, evening and bright - "as
falls the gentle rain from Heaven."
A cyclonic storm from the South Atlantic
reached the Carolina Coast, Sept.
29, at about noon - adding to the
rain, and valley - all in all of rain
predicted in a five day period.
Providential for the forest and falling
leaves. Much time wasted - and
worse - because of faulty engineering,
on Main Street - foundations and
sewers, - the past two months.
Now there will be mud and later
frost and cold, delaying the work.
- in all probability -

A favorite song in the graphophone
"Concerts" the old English ballad -
"Kathleen:"

"And I will take you back, Kathleen,
Across an ocean, wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been
When ~~first~~ first you were my bonnie bride."

A light "March" now fell right of the
10th, a Saturday; Sunday rain and
fog - Monday (12th) clear and bright.
Sunday (11th) while Jean lay dead
in the house, I walked to the top
of Buck's Mountain, west of Marlinton,
and to the Kee Rocks on Price Hill,
where, together and with the children,

We had been sharing times during our lives together.

A telegram was sent Norman, who was reported absent at his dormitory, after intensive search by Fraternity "brothers," of the Night Spots and Taverns of Richmond, where he had gone on an unauthorized "Week-end"; he was located, and reached home Monday, the day of burial; to all appearances sober and in his right mind.

A simple religious service was had in the home, with singing. The day was fine, and a large number of friends from town and country attended, ~~by~~ to whom Jean was known, and liked. As I stood by the graves of my father and mother and saw Jean's body ~~buried~~ ^{lowered} from my sight in the grave, I had a distinct feeling that part of me was also buried.

Night of March 14th 1928, a fierce melt snow fell, blanketing Jean's grave for a week or more.

At the time, grave vaults were not in general use. I have regretted that ~~this~~ none was available, or known to me, at the time, thus preventing ^{unnecessary} ~~unnecessary~~ visiting of the earth later. Vaults were provided for the bodies of brother James and sister Susan, in later years; and I have directed that

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A ~~funeral~~ Vault be used in my burial.
"Near some not forgotten garden side."

Norman returned to school the same day. At last he realized that his accumulated ~~de~~ school debts, dues and over-drafts, and no longer with his mother's support, his ~~long~~ ^{lengthy} higher educational dig was up. In April he wrote he was quitting school. If honest employment was ever found, (and it is probable that he "sponged," or borrowed from former acquaintance for several months.) it ~~was~~ ^{was} evidently not held for long. Untrained and alone that he was.

Early in 1929, engaged in "fort-crying" arrested and an automobile confiscated, in Rockingham County, Va. A frantic telegram for funds "to get a lawyer and pay fines" from the Harrisonburg Jail, was ignored by me; having made his bed, etc. Ruth & Andrew suggested going to Norman's Rescue, which for which proposal I thanked him, and vetoed it. Norman even demeaned himself by appealing to his Uncle Macoy, who was in no position to aid - even though he desired to do so.

It seemed to me to be pathetic that Norman managed to get into jail in our old home town of Harrisonburg,

where his grandfather¹⁷²³ lived many years, respected as a Presbyterian Minister.

Summer of 1929, in lieu of Payment of a fine of \$150. Norman served 2 1/2 months, at hard labor ~~for~~ the Prison Farm. About the time of his release from Prison, the stock market, joint. collapsed in New York, with its financial sequelae, well known to all.

Following his way to Fort Leavenworth, Mo. Norman enlisted in the army, assigned to the 35th Infantry, then at Camp McDowell Barracks, Honolulu, and shipped by way of Panama and the Golden Gate, San Francisco, to Hawaii.

Having seen Army life in the ~~past~~ ^{past} as a child in 1917-18, and a tour of C.M.C. in 1925, Norman had no illusions about "seeing the world" as a member of the forces; but needs must when hunger and the devil drives. His actions had my approval, as the lesser evil, and knowing Army "discipline" would do no harm.

As a humorous, or ironic gesture Norman sent by post a ~~small~~ ^{small} patch, its ~~only~~ ^{only} content a pair of shoes ~~sent~~ worn through the soles. -x

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Evidently, for a time, Normans departed
was exemplary in the Regiment, together
with his CMT experience and "Hepler
education" as he was promerituated
was ~~for a time~~ Mess Sergeant of Co. H., 33rd
Infantry; to be "busted" soon as
Sergeant - the first of many in his
29+ years title, being drunk on duty.
Yes, a member of the Forces,
who has run his own six horses;
and he sure he went the Pace
and went it blind;
And the word was more than
white he ^{kin} need the ready tin,
But today the sergeants, some-
what less than 12nd!
— Barrack room Ballads.

Friday - 10/2/59
3 AM -

Fine rain, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

The River, and Snapps Creek flushed -
"The latter River - steady and pressed to a
thickly land - The forests protected from
first autumn coloring brightened by the
moisture. No "yellow" frost, as yet.
Leaf raking, 1959, starts.

Faulty engineering, on the Merrimack
street work, faulty; much time and
material wasted; will run into cold
weather, and more trouble. It is plain,
costs will exceed half a million,
on Bridge and Highway to Railroad

Following Jesus death, and burial, March, 1928, and Norman's disappearance in the boat-logging, revived illicit whiskey industry of the underworld in Richmond, Virginia, and the Peninsula - the early home of his Randolph family ancestry; daughter Jean's sixteenth birthday, May 21, 1928; High school graduate, quite the beautiful young lady; a reader, accomplished, able to be head of ~~my~~ our household.

Lucille Wheeler, intelligent Colored woman, our helper for ten years, was to remain with us for a dozen years following Jesus death.

True, Lucille's friend Rube Jackson was Veteran and alcoholic, at times disorderly engaged in bootleg work - at their quarters; enjoying

some of the best Carriage Trade in Marlinton. Lucille, a perfect Colored lady, smart and temperate, had no trouble with the "Law," as represented in the Prohibition Era by grafting enforcement officers and Police.

Daughter Jean, by the protection of the Almighty, through early youth and the perils of a Co-educational school, and the contamination of male and female devils infesting such facilities - escaped contamination.

Committees from West Virginia, and
as such, in charge of the Crusade of
Smith of New York for the Presidency, in
our state. My recent Political
activity, locally, had attracted some
attention, and Mr. Osenton named me
on his "slate" as an avowed Smith
supporter, and Alternate delegate from
this 6th District to the National Con-
ventions at Houston, Texas; the late
Don Chapin from the populous county
of Logan (Delegate). Miss Merle
McClintic, also of Marlinton, named
Woman Delegate at Large. ~~for women~~
at the time, it appeared almost certain
an avowed girl might win; especially
from the Republican nominated the
"peace-sitting" "foreigner" Herbert Hoover.
In the primary, ~~Smith~~ Osenton's slate
won twelve of the sixteen delegates
in the state. ~~Mr.~~ McClintic, Chapin and
I among them.

Followed the usual political
fare of pictures, badges and banners,
all avowed Smith delegates
assembled at Huntington, in June,
and boarded a special train made
up in Boston, carrying delegates
and officials from Maine to Texas,
except, perhaps, Political stars of
the first magnitude, exemplified by
J. W. Davis, it also, who had arrived

Conveyance of their own, and early on
the field, in Haverston. Jesse Jones
then, at his height, had bought a convention
Hall and brought the Convention to Haverston,
his favorite city. The Delegates paid
regular round trip fare, but the Special
was fitted with many conveniences
without additional cost, including
a car loaded with beer and other
liquors, free for all.

Besides Mrs Merle McClintock, there was
attractive young widow (childless)
named Mrs. St Clair, from Mercer county,
was with our party, of a well known
Bluefield family, presumably wealthy.
1928 marked the second Presidential
Campaign following women suffrage.

Conversations and cards, and fine
weather made the long journey bearable.

The second day I recall nearly
~~an entire~~ twelve hours driving the
length of the state of Mississippi
a region of Blue earth river plains
inhabited, it seemed, solely by Negro
Afro-Americans in hordes, even less
attractive than the African jungle
where ~~they~~ their ancestors were
brought as slaves.

Our train was halted in New Orleans
on Sunday, and we spent the entire
day in that ~~city~~ interesting city.
I failed to see General Andrew Jackson.

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Battle field of January 8, 1814, not at the time especially interested in the life of Jackson, as set forth in Marquis James' excellent "The Border Captain;" or the equally interesting life of Sam Houston, and by the same author, "The Raven." Usually, I regret not visiting the Battle field of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, when the opportunity presented. It will be recalled, in this narrative, my mother was an early settler (1837) near Buffalo Bayou, Texas, at the age of one year of age.

At age Fifty-three, and following James' recent death, I found the journey to ~~the~~ Houston, interesting and educational politically, though early disillusioned as to the possibility of all Smiths winning the election.

Mr. Smith was not present, of course; but his wife and family in prominent view, and from the "side-walks of New York" not unimpressive. Mr. Smith seemed over-fat and over-dressed to the casual view. To this was added the quite evident hostility to any body "Wet, and a Catholic" by the delegates from "Deep South;" in the Convention hall, the Maryland

Delegation was in front of us,
and Georgia to our left. Under
the leadership of that distinguished
and much over-rated politician
the late Senator George, of Georgia,
the unceasing hostility to Smith
by this and other Southern state
groups was apparent, even when
the silly and hysterical parades
about the Hall, and the shouting
began.

Alfred E. Smith was nominated
for President by the Democrats,
ahead of his time. Himself a near
foreigner, ~~the~~ in 1928, ^{dominated} not dominated
by a foreign element, as the Nation
unquestionably is today, especially
by its financiers and Newspapers,
with large blocks of pensioners,
paupers, hobos, and social
security workers, bought and paid
for.

There was no special train
for our party returning from Houston,
each of us, and in groups returning
at our convenience. Personally, I
boarded the first train headed west
and travelled through Arkansas and
Missouri, crossing the River at
St. Louis. All without special incident.

Sunday - Oct. 4 1959 / 31
3 am

Retired at 7, rose at 3 am, - having
"slept long enough". Foggy morning,
not frosty. - Probably clear and warm.
The Bridge Street Builders - working
Saturday, and overtime - began to
speed up - and got something done.
I was interested to watch Machinery
speeded, and laborers really working,
when "Cost-plus" sewers laid aside,
and real "Contract work begins".
Landsbury - Foreman - an able man,
when given a free hand.

Again home in Marlinton from the
Conventions of 1928, with some political
enthusiasm remaining, I wrote a review
of the crusade, not edifying; inclined
to treat the matter humorously - and
lily. Al Smith's campaign dragged
drearily, despite an honest effort by
Mr. Smith to be forthright - better than
most. His time had not yet come;
besides handicapped by his birth place,
ancestry and training. Soon passed
into oblivion - and comparative poverty.
His sons ~~experiences~~ ^{experiences} none. His last "job"
Superintendent of Empire Building, to early
break, and death in middle life.

Daughter Jean had been under
the care of her aunt Grace Price during

My absence in Texas. I bought her
a present, a net-silk mantilla, such
as was popular with Southern ladies
for evening wear — Cost twenty dollars.
More training was deemed necessary,
and in the spring-time of her youth and
beauty, after due consultation and
consent, entered at Convent School
of the Visitation, Mt de Chantal, Wheeling.
In this was influenced by ~~the~~ a my
friends ~~and~~ Goodsell and Dr. Hull. ~~Two~~ two
occasions had each sent a daughter to
the school, with results wholly
satisfactory.

In September, we travelled by Model
T. Ford to Elkins and by train to
Wheeling, where Jean was entered
in the graduating class. ~~where she~~
~~Jean~~ worked hard and happily,
in excellent health, graduating
with many honors, and medals, the
following June, 1929. I drove to
Wheeling in a Model A Ford,
bringing my daughter home.
In after years she did two terms
Randolph-Macon College, ~~Roanoke~~ Roanoke
Virginia, and three years training
as Registered Nurse, St. Joseph's Hospital
Baltimore, Maryland. All this
accomplished by June, 1934, when
22 years old — in the seemingly
endless education of women in the
twentieth century.

The summer of 1928, with unabated energy, and still having some money left, I planned and executed ~~meditated~~ alterations on the house, including a large stone chimney and fire-place. A single large room was contrived of a bed-room, dining room and entrance hall. George Hefner and Son Hury, came and built the stone chimney, a masterpiece, six feet at base by four feet; the upper part 4 feet square. Stones were brought from the double chimney of the Pioneer Clendenen House at Delbert, last occupied by the veteran George Clendenen, who died in age of self-inflicted wounds, year 1904. Also from the old Price Mansion and Barn.

~~We~~ have successfully "wintered" by this wood fire-place thirty-one successive seasons.

Mrs. Jean Price, in a letter to her son Norman, while at school, wrote: "Do Price loves the Penitine; and could be happy ^{to live in} a single large room, filled with his trophies, and foods and garden seeds, etc." thus describing my Native bent, ancestral and otherwise.

Jean was missed, following her untimely death, age 48, March 10, 1928

my only salve for about two years
hard work, building, carrying forward
the household; ~~on~~ a legal fight and
political activity.

"I climbed the treacherous Hill,
I trod the plain;
Counting the mileage, careless of
its ~~term~~,
Of days and nights accruing
to my pain."

Because of early religious training; -
a "virgin," almost an anchorite, I
avoided, for the most part the society
of women, other than professionally;
And always, the gentlemen, treating all
women with due deference and respect.
All women are beautiful."

"For a man must go with a
~~that~~ woman, ^{can} understand.
~~with~~ no woman, ^{can} understand.
There are some who say they
can see it,

But they're not the marrying breed!"

Somewhat to my discomfiture, I was
overlooked by ~~the~~ most lovely women
during this time; good not showing
through, because I had little, although
temperate and industrious; and known
to issue rather large checks in payment

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of debts at cards. After thirty
years in business and professional
activity - 1903-1933 inclusive, ^{the century}
early years of the fourth decade found
me with little gear and slightly
in debt at the ~~Board~~ borrowing or
insurance during the "Depression".

Fall of September, 1932, I was
observant and attracted by a graceful
and beautiful lady, not too young,
employed in a bank. But that
is another story.

During the following year, 1933,
a fortunate investment (in silver) ~~not~~
~~lease~~ helped to ~~help~~ wipe out the
"Deficit", and a financial boom.
(Money is to be made in the fall,
as well as in the rise of empires!)

The false prophet - President Hoover,
reigned disastrously for a term,
and passed into oblivion. Always
too rich, personally, he forgot God
as a Ruler. "If the Lord keep
not the House, the watchmen will
be in vain."

The late William A. Bratton, who in
1924 worked for a time with Hoover
in the food administration in Washington,
and was associated with Mr. Hoover,
wrote that

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one of the most profane men, in speech,
that he had ever met." a plain
indication of the mental and moral
qualifications of Mr. Hoover at that stage
of his development. By training as
an operative Mining Engineer, he
probably thought the running of a
corrupt food administration called
for, or required, a good deal of
cutting!!

I have in my political archives
a form letter, ¹⁹²⁸ written by Franklin D.
Roosevelt, but signed in J. N. T.
All Delegates (and alternate Delegates)
to the Convention in Houston, 1928,
outlining Party Democratic Party
Strategy for 1932; thus early
beginning his Campaign, as four-
term President, 1932-1944 A.D.
Far from being an early F.D.R.
supporter, ~~but~~ in 1932, still under
the spell of National Politics, I ran
for District Delegate (6th District)
as a supporter of William ("Alfalfa")
Bill Murray in his bid for President.
My ~~boast~~ boast is that in the Depression
year 1932 I carried Greenback
and Populists Counties for William

Tuesday 10/6/59 135
3 AM. a mild, foggy morning.
No killing frost yet. The endless
flowing of the Main Street by the Road
and Bridge Builders continues. It
will be a relief to see its finish
very intricate wooden frame & for
sopping cement) being built on the
Steel frame & girders of the Bridge.

Mr. Murray ("Alfalfa Bill") on the Democratic
ticket for President, the Conventions
held that year in Chicago. Kansas,
Lafayette and Logan - the Populists
went for F. D. Roosevelt, who was
nominated for his first term. ~~as~~ ^{spoiling}
President Hoover - in the election of that year.

Mr. Murray, who habitually wore
a large mustache, hence his sobriquet
"Alfalfa", had been Governor of Oklahoma
at one time in his life he had attempted
founding an American Colony in a portion
of South America, somewhere on the Pacific
Coast. This was a failure, due to
racial friction and political friction.

An individualist, as he ruled Oklahoma
as Governor with a high hand, using
his state guard, on occasion, to enforce
his decrees; much in the news.
Evidently, he thought America should
return to the simple agricultural
life, due to wide-spread business

Depression, ~~and~~¹⁹³⁸ and Hunger. His
"Slogans": "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans"
will be remembered by older people.
During the Campaign of 1932 I carried
on my spare time a cover fabric
emblazoned with Alfalfa Bill Murray's
picture and slogan.

With some prestige as a Delegate
in 1928, I was recognized to some
extent, particularly by the Republican
newspaper, the Charleston Mail, as
Mr. Murray's leading supporter
in West Virginia; carrying on an
interesting correspondence by letter.
A supply of literature was sent me,
including the tire covers; and one
Candidate even "meditated a speaking
tour of West Virginia, but did not
arrive as scheduled." The country,
especially the industrial North and
East, was on the verge of a great
expansion of Public Works, and in
no humor for the back to the soil
proposal of Mr. Murray.

Governor Murray, of Oklahoma,
with his Delegates and picturesque
band of "Cow girls" attracted attention,
and doubtless had a good time, at
the Chicago Convention, but got
few votes for nomination. I had
thought to attend, but Pressing

of business and lack of time prevented.
The year 1932 marked a turning point
in the lives of many; myself included.
There were signs in the heavens, clouds
and smoke, in those days. Quickly,
the market crash was followed by
the Historic drought of 1930; dust
bowls, near famine. Unless those
days had been Divinely shortened,
there would have been no life left
on the earth. Grapes of Wrath.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."
- Crozier's Hymn.

The ~~fall of~~ Autumn of 1931, Daughter
Jean and I consulted about practical
future training ~~in~~ ~~for~~ her; business,
teaching, or other. She ~~selected~~ ^{chose} nursing,
and entered on a three year course
at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore,
entering September, 1931. Norman
in the Army. I was relieved of
heavy ^{the} "educational" expense. My
first ^{time} in almost ten years. Medical
practice continued as usual, but
over a period of about three years
cash returns almost non-existent.

only partially relieved, first by the
"Works Progress Administration" (WPA)
and more substantially by in 1935, by
the "Department of Public Assistance" (DPA)
(DPA) which even paid some accumulated
arrears of bills, at ten dollars per
over a period of one year - ^{case}
~~Politics~~ Practical Politics, local
and National, had run its course,
~~with me~~, and troubled me no more.
Playing at cards, for diversions, had
become more sporadic, locally, with
hard times, and too many ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~lose~~ ^{lose}
~~notes~~, or ~~few~~ ^{few} ~~one~~, ~~pleasing~~
~~about~~; also, abruptly terminated.

"No one understands the fever
of gambling, except the men
who has had it, and got over it."
- Andrew Price -

Thursday 10/8/39 - 3:30 A.M.
Mild weather - no "chilling frost" -
Garden flowers still blooming. Road
builders still wasting time with their
inter-endless ^{however} construction; time is
running out for the more important
concrete work on Bridge and street.
The river for a quarter mile nearly
dredged clear of stone and gravel
filling ditches, some twenty feet in
depth, expensive and time consuming.

Having recited ¹⁴¹ leading event of the decade, 1922-1932; the illness and death of Jean (1928); Brother Andrew (1930); Mrs. Laura Price (1926) after a short illness - Pneumonia; ~~together with~~ ^{and} including personal affairs in business, law and politics; at age Fifty-Eight I felt able to meet triumph and disaster and ~~treat them~~ ^{just the same}.

By the time 1932 arrived in the "Depression" years, it gave me pause, because of financial stringency. I had long known that Money is a valuable thing; as a matter of fact, since Boyhood; ~~but~~; but during these very active years I found that Politics, was, the higher education of the son and daughter, not forgetting the doubtful relaxations of gambling, expensive and at long last, ~~be~~ in the shallews, gave earnest thought to ways and means.

The stock market offered unheard of opportunity on a long range basis; but in my case something concrete was necessary and desirable.

Although at the time short of money, I continued to aid Sister Susan, who was in difficulties caused by buying a property in Richmond, the "deal" at the time making several

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not wise in Courtship. Probably; when
a judicious expenditure of simple
means could be impressive in such
trivialities as clothing, barbering and
automobile transport; preferably of an
expensive make; ~~there~~ no need to let
the good show through ^{in part.}
~~James had a rather comical notion~~ to impress Miss Alice, Brother
James had a rather comical notion
which he executed; having a sort of
armored "Crows nest", with loopholes
for guns, built high in the banking
room, where armed with a Winchester
rifle and small arms, he often
sat ready to oppose or discourage
a bank hold-up.

Some alarm had been caused by
the recent robbery of the Rural Bank
at Reids, Mr. Willis Baxter Cashier,
by a local ~~Bank~~ Hoodlum named
Cook, later captured and sent to
the Rock House for twenty years &
Cook escaped to Oregon; within the
last year or two he was located;
extradition refused by the Governor
of Oregon on the grounds that Cook
had married, raised a family and
for many years lived an exemplary
life. The matter allowed to drop,
Cook still lives in Oregon.

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The "Crow Nest" proved ~~to be~~
annoying to officials and employees
and following Brother James death in 1946,
and when alterations were made in the
banking room it was removed. In
any case, the Association of Bank
Robbers prefer to operate a merry
money changers in and near
larger towns and cities.

also. A widower of three years. I was
interested in the graceful beautiful
and graceful Alice, who had many
admirers; but ~~fully~~ aware that not
being "strong on the Goose" fatal to
success in ~~many~~ courtship.

(My quotation is from Mrs. Mary
Christie "Diary of the Civil War," And
meaning possession of money, slaves,
and a plantation.)

A truly graceful woman in all her
movements and postures is a rare animal,
and not often seen. It follows that
a native taste in selections and ability to
wear clothing well is of the essence.
It may be, also, that those so gifted, under
English Law of Compensation, may be
lacking in more important faculties
of judgment and common sense.
There may well be a corresponding grace
or movement in the Male of the species,

but subsidiary to the masculine qualities
of strength, brain and endurance.
Miss Alice and older sister and brother
Nathaniel of Highland, Virginia; orphaned in
early life, all three resided in Marlinton,
the sister, Mrs Clyde Bussard unhappily
married to a War Veteran whose life
ended a few years past a patient at
the VA Hospital for incurables at
Stealth, North Carolina. Miss Bussard
lived with her sister, and was most
useful in assisting in the care of five
nieces and a nephew, all of whom
were well trained, and are successful.

Miss Dever, drove a Ford automobile
car, in the thirties, which she drove
expertly, and gracefully; frequently
seen with her infant nieces and nephew
as nurse and baby sitter.

I do not mean to imply that the rare
gift of gracefulness in posture and movement
in women is all important - for from
it, an inward grace and faithfulness
more precious than Rubies. But it does
appear "Modern Women" ~~but their trust~~
~~for a~~ ~~trust~~ especially the younger, put
their trust in tired hair, deforming
footwear and indecent exposure of the
body, including apparel usually
de thought fit for males, only; and
the result is the same.

Josephine, a King's daughter, at a remote
day, tried her hair, painted her face, and
was thrown from her apartment, devoured
by dogs in the Palace Court-yard.
Middle-aged as the Emperor Napoleon
in his "Conversations" an excellent judge
of men and women, pronounced the Empress
Josephine the most graceful of women,
in all her postures and movements.
As recorded in his "Conversations" at
St. Helena. He also said that she
was aged and untruthful; but he loved
her. In giving her age, the Empress
must have been the Prince Eugene must
have been about twelve years old when born.
He believed Josephine could have followed
him in his fortune to St. Helena, which
his second wife Louise of Austria failed
to do. Brothers James and I, middle-aged
Nugentians, both in our late fifties were
not demonstrative in the Courtship
of Miss Dever. Nonetheless, we were
silent competitors, and it was evident
either could have been had for the taking.
In the end both were discarded by
the graceful Miss Alice
Myself, six years his younger and
better groomed, clean shaven, it was
perhaps well - even providential -
as I was soon to receive ~~important~~
backing in a business venture from
Brother James. Ready money has its
uses, and is important.

Sunday 10/11/09 141.
Mild and light rains - Garden flowers yet
thriving. Nasturtiums. The New Bridge
trapezoidal shape - a marvel of steel and
concrete - About 110,000 thousand feet of
lumber - framing and supports - used in
the bridge including the temporary structure.
Autumn coloring delayed, although many
trees especially Maples - almost bare.
The hunting season for bears, turkeys,
grouse, etc. timely rains helps prevent
forest fires.

The ~~fern~~ young female Virginia Deer
(white tail) most gracefully of the wild
animals native to our forests. As a
boy I had unusual opportunity to
observe its habits (1884-1892) in the
Taux deer, Diana. Vegetarian in diet.
Superbly adapted to its forest environment
at all seasons and conditions of terrain.
When not alarmed, moving slowly, one might
even say, pensively; stepping high and
noiselessly in fallen leaves. At other
times, moving rapidly, but not leaping,
when in rough ground or crossing a
rocky stream, a swift, single-foot pace;
and, finally, running at speed in great leaps,
up-hill as well - leaping in its feed, ~~feet~~ under, prepared to
spring to its feet and away in a single
movement - night or day. The deer
at times basks in the sun on its side,
legs extended.

I wish I could turn and live with
Minerals;
I stand and gaze at them long and
long. — Whitman.
At the time of which I wrote, early thirties, Miss
Alice and her friend ~~the~~ the beautiful
Miss Gladys Hudson, Secretary and
stenographer at the Bank; cultivated
and of an excellent Pioneer family
of Upper Potomac County. The two
frequently visited, in summer, the
Riverside Park and River Bathing
Pool at the Fair Grounds. Sometimes
I was also at the Park and joined their
picnic there; once sharing Alice's lunch.

September, 1932.
While respectable and even kind, ~~the~~ Miss
Alice made no effort to conceal that I,
personally, was not on a par with her.
Before this, she had, it seems, set her
affections and going steady with the
handsome, and "spoiled child," Arden
Billingworth, Veterans of the College
Student Training Corps, in the war of 1914,
therefore no infant. Quoting the Village
ossip, Miss Alice had met a humiliating
failure in capturing the young Arden,
with many things to her bow, she probably from
a spirit of reckless resentment, she flirted
brazenly with several several casual
near-do-wells, single and married, known
as public menaces in the village and
country; among them my friend, Courville

Veteran, also gambler and alcoholic.
Charles Barlow, whose early ~~documented~~
death, from tuberculosis, followed in 1934.
Auntie, when her choice to work, was a
very good auto salesman, employed
by James Baxter, Ford dealer, sales
and service. Charles Barlow was a
personable ~~led~~, of the pioneer Barlow
family, noted for ~~his~~ common sense
and Business ability; a grandson of
Henry Barlow, Jr. Merchant and Banker.
In a sense, he was a war casualty, seeing
hard service at the front, in Europe. He
knew the worst too young + Raya Condis.

Meeting the attractive and beautiful Miss
Gladys Hudson, at her work in the Bank
and at the Park Riverside Park, I
correctly judged that she did not
intend to spend her life, mindlessly,
in the counting room of a bank.
might, even, be interested in "going steady"
with an honest man and good worker, as
indeed she did shortly thereafter, her
husband, Mr. Frill. At last accounts he
was the mother of at least two sons,
and living in the state of Ohio.

Gladys Hudson-Frill, beautiful and
faithful by nature, deserved all in life.
For her life has been, is, happy
and successful.

Year 1931, I had formed a casual
alliance with the magnetic, and beautiful,
Laura Jane Smith (a bellah), aged about

my years, all ~~the~~ mother of sons, and a daughter, ~~the latter born in 1931~~; therefore in return for her looking with favor on me, I was bound to give first allegiance and support to her.

From Laura Jane Smith, one of eleven beautiful daughters, and a son, born to John Wesley Smith and Elizabeth Mary Elizabeth Burr-Smith of the Burr Valley. (1888). Married at fifteen years, a mother at sixteen. Which is another story.

For a man, ^{he} must go with a woman, which women don't understand. Or the sort that say they can see it. They ~~aren't~~ aren't the marrying band.

One late summer evening, August, 1932, at dusk I was sitting near the bath house, at the Park, in meditation on ways and means to improve my fortune, then ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the very shallows, in the tide of human affairs. At the Park and beach deserted at that hour. A car drove up in the gloaming, and the Misses Dever and Hudson got out, their escorts Comrades Clarence Smith and Charles Barlow. Evidently, the ladies were going to swim, and hurried to the bath house. I saw the comrades

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Fifty and Barlow the time of day, and
signed a few minutes before
forming act, with no intent of joining
in any social competitions, in
love and war.
Emerging, Miss Dever proceeded
to put on a dramatic act which
startled me beyond measure.
advancing until near me in an angry,
even threatening manner, with almost
inarticulate speech; also grasping a
thrust or push and speaking it violently,
thus informing me that my presence
was distasteful to her.* Without
more ado, I got in my Ford and
pulled out.

* The act of ~~pulling~~ by the auto head light.
Later, Charlie told me that as a
practical jest, he had secreted some
of the young ladies' clothing, saying
that I had returned and stolen it.
the girdle, or what was classified
with the Mania of Dormitory
and raiding of young women's
underwear, in the Co-educational
Colleges of a later day.

The incident is related because
my evening meditations on ways and
means, year 1932, scene Bathing
Beach at the Park - fair & grounds;
Age fifty six, broken in upon and
~~destroyed~~ by a ~~bathtub~~ ~~next~~ ~~bathtub~~

Monday - 10/13/59

2:30 PM

A frosty night, - no fog - Up at 2:30.
Lit the fire stove in the Bath-room -
my sitting room and Library. Read the
preface of the "Beside the Bivouac", by Arthur
Stanley. Early translations, and printing,
by Wycliffe, Tyndale, and others, 15th
and 16th Century. Found an ancient
copy of Andersens "Fairy Tales", with
hundreds of excellent wood-cut
illustrations. Among some old papers
and books left by Brother James -
the title pages gone; evidently
printed in early 19th Century.
While of interest to babes and children,
Hans Andersens fables and parables
are suitable reading for the aged.
A valuable find.

Final grading of Main Street begun
and rock course being laid, starting
October 12, 1959.

I have written of the Houston, Texas
tour of June, 1928. More should be told
of the life and death of Charles W.
Orenton, that Democratic Committeeman,
who led his cohort in support of
Alfred E. Smith, for President that
year. A handsome man of genius,
and successful, he knew poverty
and hard labor in his youth. His
later end was tragic.

Born in Fayette County, W. Va. - about
1874; in earlier youth and manhood

Employed in ~~the~~^{the} as a laborer in
Coal mines and as a brakeman
on the Railway, earning money
to enter Law School, and was
soon successful as a Court-room
Lawyer; also as in local and
state political office.

Married ~~in~~ when young, he had
grown children, when in the year 1918
he was snared by a client, the Middle-
aged, and wealthy widow Williams, of
Scottish ancestry, whose husband,
~~also~~ a Welshman, had been a coal mine
operator. Mrs. Williams, also with
grown children, had in youth and later
been accounted very beautiful. As
to being rich, while well-to-do, her
wealth was exaggerated; as is
the usual custom.

the usual custom, Mrs. Osenton divorced her husband, and promptly sued Mrs. Williamson for alienation, recovering a considerable sum - about twenty five thousand dollars - this in addition to a cash settlement with the divorce.

Charles Oseaton and Mrs. Williamson
married, about 1920; later, with the
onset of age and reverses in the early
years of the Depression, hard up for
ready money.

The second Mrs. Charles Buntory was at the Conventions in Houston, 1928, where she was encountered with an interest around 1921 or 1922 and about the same

she was rearing as her own, adding
to her cares. Knowing something of
her history, I ~~could~~ attempted
conversations with her. She appeared
quite old; uninterested in current affairs;
apprehensive ~~with~~ ^{at} the onset of ~~old~~ ^{bad} days;
not content with conscience stricken.
In this she was in contrast to her husband,
second husband, who though quite
gray-haired, still debonair, ~~and~~
handsome and alert. I recall
reading of her sudden death
by stroke, or paralysis, which occurred
a few years after.

In the days of Prosperity, perhaps
using Mrs. Williamson-Osenter's money
Charles had built an elaborate tomb
or mausoleum on top of a high
mountain near the Hawks Nest,
a famous scenic precipice not far
from Austead, Fayette County; an
area of about three acres enclosed
with a massive iron fence. Here
the second Mrs. Osenter lies buried;
and members of her family. Also
my friend Osenter, whose death
was tragic, which occurred about
1935. His body was found at the
base of a high cliff of Rocks near
the mountain-top tomb, where
doubtless he had cast himself down.

and on the mountain

in his sixty-first³⁵ year. Some told
was bad of ill-health and accidental
death, but I believe it was suicide.

The wife of his youth survived her
husband, unforgetting to the end.
As also were the sons and daughters.

With a clear mind, friend Osentors
had prepared a will disposing of the
remnants of a once considerable
estate, naming a son as administrator.
The son, following his father's death,
refused to qualify as administrator.

It would appear that, under hand of
we must abide under the shadow of
almighty; and satisfied with long life,
~~before~~ we can pray "after this manner":

"And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors."

The body of Charles W. Osentors rests
in a tomb fit for a leader and
Chieftain, on his mountain top. I
trust, his spirit, ^{though} wandering, ~~but~~ not lost.

"They are purged of Pride,

Because they died."

They know the worth of their boys;
And they sit at wine with the

Mykes Mine

And the gods of the Uddes Days: ~~xxxx~~

They know gods low in plain,
And they write the Devil to make
And they write the Devil to make



[illegible]

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I gave my personal check for one
Hundred Dollars, as a retainer, the total
fee estimated as three hundred; on which
expense my three paying associates reim-
bursed me to the extent of one hundred-
fifty dollars. the balance paid by me. During
the summer, I am told, Judge Rump
visited Marlinton, heard the defense
Attorney Hill and Edgar, in chambers;
Miss Kewer argued our
case, with the result Judge Rump
declared the case "not" reasoning in
his opinion that as the village had been
reimbursed for the original debt
incurred by the Mayor and Council,
there was no point in continuing litigation;
also, each party to pay its own costs.
All the foregoing is set down as
History of events involving comparatively
large affairs in Public Business, and
over the period 1927 to 1930, three
years, inclusive. In no sense is it
a personal explanation or apology.
At the time, and for years after, it
was a satisfaction to me and my
"Corporal Guard" remaining of the
petitioners - Andrew having died, that
two Power Line "industries" had been
allowed - even invited - to enter
our County - remote; also that the
town was out of a burdensome debt

This freedom from public debt was not
to continue for long, as the city retained
the water and sewage system. When the
city took over the local power
house, the water center was moved
elsewhere, about 1927 when the late
Dr. Mark Wilson served a term as Mayor.
This involved ~~to~~ a small bond issue
of ten thousand dollars, and a ~~plan~~ plan
to tunnel Hamilton Field Ridge at
the "low place", in front of Knapp's
Creek at the "Bend", forming a race
or "flume," that served to turn a
water wheel that powered pumps to
convey water to the ~~water~~ tanks
high on the Marlin Mountain. This
as nearly approaches the theory of
"perpetual motion" as is possible under
the laws of gravity, and of water always
rising to its own level, and much
commenced, for a time. Still, wheels
and pumps deteriorate; water takes
decay; the village, always spacious
in distance, expands further, and with
one thing and another, the bonded
debt also expanded now at a figure
of about 100,000 Dollars.
Apparently, for more than fifty
years in planning a supply of water
~~has~~ served thought ~~never~~ given to obtain
water under gravity, from nearby "Cave"
springs, in the limestone to the west,
or from Thermal Springs of great

Volume and purity to the east, the nearest
the Curry Spring near Huntersville, six
miles distant. ~~At one time~~ some objections
was raised by Mr. Ira Brill, and others,
to limestone water; others consider
it with a lime content both wholesome
and desirable. Take your choice.

The progress of the species in meeting
his real and fancied needs on this planet
is necessarily slow.
Some incidents in his lives and deaths
of my friends of early days, Frank Lydner
and Ira D. Brill, who have no
memorial that I am aware of; and
both dead in early middle life,
serve to point a moral and adorn a
tale. In 1828, and after becoming
interested in stock market dealings, he
has been known to rise early, probably
after a sleepless night, and dash off at
speed in auto on the earth roads of the
period to ~~reach~~ the nearest stock market
line at White Sulphur, distant sixty
miles, to place orders at the opening of
the market. Urged by a very demon
of haste, Frank was accustomed to drive
at speeds then considered dangerous.
An unfortunate accident that cost the
lives of a woman and child, doubtless
preyed on his ~~kind~~ mind and heart.
Returning to Marlinton from Charleston, in
his early thirties, his car driven at speed

Wm. D. Brill

Wm. D. Brill

stepped from behind a parked car. No
special plane was put on Lydnor,
except perhaps driving at speed in
passing a car at rest. On the highways
of Mr. Lydnor, a beautiful and spirited
Virginia lady, whose childhood home
was near Appomattox in Amelia County,
never showing outwardly emotion in
triumph or disaster, during many years
before and following her husband's death.
Their beautiful daughter, Rebecca,
who grew up in Washington, is now
the wife of a Mansboro, Virginia,
Physician. A strong bond of affection
marked the family life of the three,
the admiration of their friends and
acquaintances. Mrs. Lydnor, serene
and calmly beautiful, remained a widow
for many years following her husband's
early death; he has recently died
a sincere prohibitionist. Free of
Lydnor never drank wine or strong
drink. While at the height of his
business career and speculative "fever",
he "discovered" as he thought, the sedative
medical benefits of the mild tincture
of opium, commonly called Paragoric,
and using it on occasion became a
mild Paragoric addict, so much so
that for a time he found difficulty
in drug regulations to obtain
a needed supply. It is quite evident
he did not properly evaluate the
"Paragoric" medicine.

not very ^{fast}, but in due time was
safely returned from the Pecos
County wilds to the Railway station
at Millboro Springs.

Mr. Andrew Taylor, mother of seven
beautiful daughters, heretofore
daughter of the notable & Rev. James
G. Moore, Pioneer who was
thrice married, as related in Miles
Biographical History.

Andrew Taylor, Veterans Confederate
tall and lean, who carried a "pound"
of Yankee lead in his body; a
notable Hunter and guide for
hunting and fishing parties from
far places; who subsisted his
family on his ranch edge of the
Wilderness, Williams River.

"Easy going" and hospitable, in age,
he waste, ~~in age~~, to lose his
valuable lands, being "Mortgaged"
for a "store" debt.

Oblivion should eulge, but it must be
told that in the midties of the 19th Century
Andy Taylor, ~~an~~ old Confederate
Veteran, was "indicted" by the Grand
Jury for a wisdemeanor, "adultery."

Committed in a brief palat with
a young ~~Harriet~~ named Cornelia.
The misdemeanor was notable for

~~July~~ about 1933, Mr. Lydnor family
returned to their old home in Virginia,
and I know little of their life, except for
and occasional visit of Mrs. Lydnor
and daughter, Mrs. Hahner, to old friends
in Marlinton, the last in 1954.

Frank Lydnor's death was tragic. A good
many years ago, his friends in Marlinton
were distressed to learn he had died
by a self-inflicted gun-shot wound.
But truly, he was within the Covenant
by grace. He had a good heart.
Mr. D. Brill, Department Store Merchant,
died in 1931 (January) after a few days
illness, a small lesion near the eye,
resulting in a blood infection. ~~A man~~
~~of great energy and strong physique,~~
He married Miss Fura Moore, the
mother of three beautiful daughters and
a son. Mrs. Brill also has remained
a widow and for nearly thirty years
has conducted the store. She is a
descendant of the Rev. James E. Moore,
prominent in the County History, whose
daughters and grand-daughters always
noted for their beauty and ~~beauty~~ ^{grace}
His daughters the late Mr. Andrew Taylor
of Williams River, with seven daughters
Mr. Marion White (2); Mr. John S.
More (4); Mr. "Devil" Sam Gray.
— Numerous daughters all well
remembered for beauty in ~~the~~ youth.

Friday - Sept 25 - 1902

4 Aug. - 1969

Mary "Septuaginta Morn"

His autum. beginning today, Sept 24, 1898.
- 61 years - a letter from Dorothy Jean
related that Jean, age 19, is settled
down to her second year of Vanderbilt.
Intelligent as a child, and promising.
Vaya con Dios.

(But for my daily range within
the pleasant field of Holy writ, I
might despair.)

In the early days there were ~~at the~~
~~least~~, three "fams" in the Gay clan,
or family, locally given prefixes to
distinguish one from the other.
Firstly: "Draft" Sam^{tho} lived
and dominated lands head of the
Indian Draft, veteran Confederate
Artilleryman (Driver) tall, lean and
wiry; in old age expert teamster,
four horses. After the night following
Second Manassas, ¹⁸⁶² he once told
me, lying in deep sleep, exhausted,
~~across his~~ lying on his back, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~
~~his~~ ~~arms~~, he became so stiffened in the
morning he was unable to move or
rise, ~~for a time~~. In old age
and weakness, he was accustomed to
pass days and nights on sheep-
skins before his open fire-place.
He had sons and daughters, and in the
third generation noted as handlers
of horses, stalwarts and mountaineers.

They shall renew their strength

Warlike Veterans of a Revolutionary War,
he rests in peace, on his farm.

{ The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
Shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
They shall walk and not faint. }

Next: "Miff" ^{Gay} ~~Lam~~ - Jewell.
Union Cause, revolution 1861, and also
during reconstruction and following
the war, was briefly named as
Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

A blacksmith by trade, about the year
1885, his shop, north of the Hallors
Jericho road. Then an elderly
man, he lived with his son, Amos,
in a shack near his shop. "Miff"
Lam also kept Post office, the
first Post Master of Martins Bottom,
as a lad of ten years, in passing
their door, driving the cows to pasture
in the "hacking", it was my invariable
custom to give father and son greeting:
"Hello, Amos; good morning Mr. Gay."
As they sat in the sun at the door
of their house. ^{Gay}
Last "Devil" Lam, possibly named
because of ~~an~~ adventure in his youth,
was married one of the seven hundred

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Daughters of Andrew Taylor, and
in the year 1898 were living on the
Taylor place at the Meadows of
Williams River, adjacent to
Black Mountain, a wilderness
last refuge of Deer and Bear.
Mrs. F. "Devil" Sam Day had a large
family of young children, and poor,
but refusing pay for ^{our} entertainment,
a Mr. ~~Stout~~ ^{Stout} of New York, who
had visited our County, making the
arduous trip, being attracted by
Andrew's stories in Forest and Stream.

Note
I was detailed to accompany Mr.
~~Stout~~ ^{Stout}, and we camped several days
in the old Tom Skyles Cabin
mouth of Lee Creek Williams River.

Diary
~~Stout~~ was a retired ~~man~~ Journeyman
Printer, who as a fad made his own
fishing rods and tackle, and as
noted, journeyed from his home in
Brooklyn to far places. He has
disappeared from history. Ray's Cors Dies.

My first attempt at sport writing
was a description of this fishing trip,
my first in Lee Creek, noted in
Front Stream. with Picturesque
rapids and falls.

(NOTE)
Mr. ~~Stout~~ was physically "stout"
as befit his name; middle-aged

at our home. ~~Unusually~~ He was
accompanied by a young lady who
did not appear to be his wife, and
who, naturally, was not at ease,
or even in good health. ~~Recall,~~
~~that~~ At an early day travel was
by rail and over-land horse vehicle
Moreover, attorney ~~William~~ ^{William} was of
little help, rather the reverse, in a brief
trial, and Andy Taylor was convicted
of a ~~Misfeasance~~ ^{misfeasance}. I remember he
was, in time, given what amounted
to "Probation" of the period in Court;
no "time" was served and no fines,
~~if any~~ paid; his two lawyer friends
and fellow sportsmen forgiving
any fee for services rendered.

A jurymen in the trial, who later
asked why he voted for conviction
repaid, in effect, because the
defendant had been proved guilty
of committing an adulterous act
"in daylight, in a blue patch."
England the ~~end~~ latter end of Lawyer
~~William~~ was tragic, involving
murder committed at his estate
in Maryland, either killing
or being killed, exact details
not remembered. So ended the
life of the son of the author of "Bun Bunt."

wide publicity. Mean for any immoral
moral turpitude in the community;
"Contributing to delinquency" in the young
may have been a cause. The young
parade belonged to a branch of the North
the "Bill Elliott" branch of the Shapfamily,
always noted for juvenile delinquency.
I may add, a good many years
after in the early days of ~~Practice~~
my medical Practice I attended the
still young Cora in "illegitimate"
child-birth. She later married,
became the mother of a family, still lives,
respected.

"An odious woman, married, may
bear a child and mend."

Veteran Andy Taylor chose, perhaps
unwisely, to stand trial in the Circuit
Court, thus adding to the publicity.
Andrew Price, attorney. Further more,
a sportsman-attorney from Maryland
named ~~Williams~~ ^{England}, voluntarily came
to assist in his defense. Attorney
~~Englewood~~ ^{England} chiefly notable as a Lord
of the Author of the famous Poem
~~Regiment~~ "Ben Bolt."

"Do you remember Aunt Alice,
Ben Bolt.
Aunt Alice who never was a Brown?"
Mr. ~~Williams~~ ^{England} came, and was entertained

There was a book, Briefly a "best seller" entitled: "Ships that Pass in the Night."

"Ships that pass in the night,
and hail one another in Passing;
only a signal & then, and
an answering light in the
darkness." Goengali.

A character in the book, the Parisian
Music Master, ^{and hypnotist} featured the
song "Ben Bul," ~~becoming~~ ^{was becoming}
a vogue in America, ~~for awhile~~.
widely ~~being~~ ^{was} quoted and sung.
The name "Goengali" ~~became~~ ^{was a}
figure of speech in the language

Saturday - 9/26/39 108

4 AM - 1 PM

"I arise with dreams of thee" (Mulleys)
waters at a record low. Kill a "trickle"
from the spring. Thursday, Sept 24, 1898
the 61st year of the "Marathon"
At age 84 still clapping in early
morning on Jericho Ridge-forest.

The Book of Wisdom recites four
things by which the earth is disquieted,
and cannot bear: ~~the~~ ^{the} woman who
is ^{servant} ~~servant~~ of her mistress; a fool
when he is full of meat; an odious
woman when she is married; and
a servant when he sueth.
Kipling has paraphrased it in
musical verse:

(Single space) { The servant of her mistress we need
not call upon;
A fool when he is full of meat,
Will fall asleep, anon;
An odious woman married may
bear a child and mend;
But a servant when he sueth
Is confusion to the end!

It has been written that in the virtue of
Charity women may be divided into
two classes: The rich, who do as they
please; and the poor, whom no one
pays ^{any} attention ^{anyway}.
Again, I repeat, the women of the

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Ben James & Moore line of descent were
noted for beautiful and chastity;
the men for faithful ~~ness~~.

Elizabeth Taylor, or "Betts" as
she was called, I considered the
most interesting and beautiful of the
sisters, at their home edge of the
wilderness on Laurel Creek, not
unobserved by hunters and fishermen
from far places who made the Taylor
house headquarters. Moreover, the
Mrs Taylor and her daughters were
excellent housekeepers and dressed
well, their clothing for the most part
the work of their own hands. I
recall a photo group made at the
Taylor home, in which Betts was
dramatically dressed in hunting
costume, male, the property of some
paying guest. Of a classic type
of beauty, perfect in face and figure.

"A form more fair, a face more
sweet,
Nearer has it been my lot to meet."

— Whitman.

In the year 1898, I had seen the family
occasionally. Betts in particular, but
at the time allowed myself to take
no special interest in her, or any other,
fearing entanglements, that might

late

* My Recent Marathons Race

As an obstacle to my vague plans to get an education, or other Spartan ambition ~~to~~ vividly, I recall a cool September Morn. I was on my way for ~~the~~ usual dip in the River at the "Rock", neatly dressed in my working white duck trousers, complete with Bath towel. Miss Elizabeth (Bits) Taylor, in her travels, had spent the night with friends at the "Red House" Red Bay. Run, at foot of Price Hill, and was at the door.

Being, as I supposed, at the time noted for recent athletic exploits, Miss Taylor looked me over, with more than ordinary interest; her face and figure photographically impressed on memory to this day. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and I passed on to the River. I do not recall seeing Elizabeth again, though not lost to memory; and two years after on entering Medical School I went on to other adventures.

I learned, later, that the Taylor family, having lost their lands on Williams River, ~~for~~ "store" debt, removed to Upper Yumbun Valley.

at Cass, where the Taylor men had
employment in the Lumber Mills.
In early youth denied the "advantages"
of the co-educational system and the new
freedoms, and employments for women
of the twentieth century; though gifted,
perhaps not fortunate in her settlement
in life - though in due time married;
I have never learned that she bore
children.

"Have drunk three cups of a round or
two before,
and, one by one, crept silently to rest."

Having wandered in my narrative
describing affairs and personages ~~of the~~
~~late~~ late nineteenth and early twentieth
Century, I return to more intimate
family affairs, the illness and death
of my wife Jean, occurring in the
third decade of the Century.

My professional earnings were
at their highest, 1923-1928, ~~more~~
sufficient for all present needs,
including the weekly session ~~at~~ of
~~Dr. H. H. H. H.~~ at the Village Paper
Hall, at which diversion and re-
laxation my losses greatly
exceeded winnings. Working at
high speed day and night, Sundays
and Holidays, as is of the essence
in the general practice of
Medicine and Surgery. Towns and
country. I was enabled to meet

all financial demand, ¹¹² occasioned
of Jean's illness and costs of rearing
Norman, and later, Daughter Jean.
Also to spare time and money to
Public affairs.

He served as Mayor in 1923, the
year the Price Hill Road was built,
the relocation taking my barn and
part of the hillside; again Mayor
1927 ~~which~~ complicated by the feud
(legal) with Council over "internal
improvements" in water and light
~~utilities~~. Mayor Fred Allen, Recorder
O.H.M. Firmin, and Councilmen Bill
and Sydney, et al., in the matter
of electric utilities.

Autumn 1927. Jean's ~~health~~ illness
progressively worse, complicated by
dyspeptic symptoms. When hospital
treatment in a hospital was suggested,
she refused; no relief expected by
medical or surgical ~~treatment~~. Jean's
patience and fortitude has been referred
to ~~before~~ in this narrative. She once
remarked to me, despairingly, that she
"did not want to live any more, but
here"; whether referring to her earthly
home, or future estate, not ~~stated~~ clear.
She retained her fine mentality to the
last breath. Conscious breath; her
last letter to Norman dated the day
before death came, March 9, 1928.

A year or more before, at solicitation
of Church friends, she had enlisted in
a "Circle" of women of the Church,
devoted to good works and study
of Holy Writ. Jean's "essays" or
leading programs, which she occasionally
prepared, were models of intelligent
and careful research, which I on at
least one occasion typed for her,
on request.

Jeannie and her personal orderly young
Jim Preston, frequently held what
Jean called "concerts" on the grapho-
phone; a favorite hymn: "I will
sing of my Redeemer" (Preserved
as a sacred relic).

Norman, entered that year at the
presumably Moral Presbyterian College
Hampton-Sydney, continued his
irresponsible career. His ~~requests~~ ^{letters} were
fired and unsatisfactory to her frequent
letters, with presents and extra money -
hopeful to the last, despite ~~pleas~~ ^{pleas} of
plain to her, of cholera's disaster.
Norman's twenty-first birthday, Jan. 27, 1928,
her present all expensive watch,
soon speedily ~~worked~~ ^{worked} and lost.

In late January, 1928, Dr. James Price
and I did abdominal ~~asites~~ ^{asites} a "tapping"
to relieve the pressure of abdominal
fluids, which gave temporary ease; but
vital organs were affected.

At school, Norman had early joined,
as I suppose, never having been a "Fraternity"
member. The most disreputable of the
lot, appropriately calling under the
slogan "Battle of Methu Hill;" appropriate
- for the battle-brained - conceits -

Enough has been written to prove, of
a son at college who ~~had~~ ^{having} reached his
majority, was no help, year 1929.
When he, finally, left school in April,
leaving debts and over-drafts; I also
redeemed two trunk lockers hooked
to a ~~car~~ ^{car} drives, containing some
books, including a copy of his grand-
father's Biographical History, and Jean's
letters - and little else. There I
was glad to recover - The locks
of both lockers were broken.

~~From~~ Detailed incidents of Norman
twenty years as a "Member of the Forces,"
and after will be ~~related~~ ^{related} ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ the
proper context.

Daughter Joan continues at school
winter 1928, and graduated with the
first ten of her class, and with honors,
~~in the~~ when sixteen years old.

Throughout the winter I continued
actively at work to meet presumed ^{needs} ~~needs~~,
Present and future: not even omitting
daily forestry ~~and~~ wood-chopping,
stunts, a relief to anxieties and
retrospections.

One morning in March, 1927, while
planting a thrifty Sugar Maple tree in
the yard - it had been approved by a
falling tree while chopping North side of
the hill - Jean, watching from her
window, inquired why I had selected
a certain spot to set the tree, I
replied, in effect, I thought it suitable.
Thirty-two seasons ~~too~~ have come since
that March morning, the sapling
grew to a stately and beautifully
proportioned tree, which I regarded as
a memorial.

Near this tree is another land-
mark, and memorial. When the Road
was being relocated and surfaced,
1923, while the workmen were re-
moving a large bowlder, Jean
directed that it be set up in the
yard, - that "Dr. Price would like
to have it."

Not long before this I had once
remarked to Jean that I might
build my own private Mausoleum,
or burial place, among the
rocks on the Hillside.

During three years of Jean's illness
~~her~~ her health seemed better in
Summer, to decline with the
colds and dampness of winter.

Monday - Sept. 27, 1959¹¹⁶
2:30 AM -

Another "September Morn" - Mild and
Foggy - Yesterday a restful Sabbath,
Drove to the 12 m. Creek Bridge
near Humberville - Compared the
finished work with the Greenbrier
River Bridge at Marlinton. Appears
to be a handsome structure and durable -
steel and concrete. Retired at 7,
Arose at 2:30 am.

In Memoriam

Threw on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of Rue;
In quiet she reposes,
Would I were gentle, too.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her heart was yearning,
And now Peter caps her round.
The world had need of her mirth,
She battled in the miles of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.
Her generous, ample spirit
Faltered and failed for death;
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death. "

- Arrived

The winter, 1928, wore away, and March, with the 22^d anniversary of our marriage arrived. Jean's health condition was truly desperate, and it seemed a question whether heart or brain would fail first.

About two years before we had quit using tobacco (cigarettes), writing Norman, at the time at Millard school in Washington, it seemed "too sporting" in a "week" to make it. At all times careful of toilet and dress, bathing frequently and having her hair washed frequently by her "orderly", Jim Prebbs, (who also bathed the dog) frequently. (The dog was killed by a car two days before Jean's death, and buried in state, by Jim, near the Price River).

On occasion, Jean and I talked normally; possibly a bit more reticent than usual, and ignoring the present desperate state of her health, for the most part. At night in our room, Jean in the rocking chair, and I sleeping as usual, when sleep was needed. I once remarked to Jean I thought I could sleep the night before I was to be hanged in the morning, if sleep was needed. Jean replied with thought I could, as I ~~seemed~~ to have "too much nerve, or something." It

was that I had ¹⁸ and wrote Norway
to the same effect, in commenting
in praise of my activity and work,
and attention to her during her illness.

By chance, I was present when the
Call came. Spring was advancing, the
evening of March 10, 1928; mild, after
supper, we sat as usual by the open
window in our room up-stairs, talking
until before I returned to the office.
I ^{sat} on the bed and Jean in the rocker
by the table, on which lay a deck of
Cards. Casually, Jean said her
Jaw ached, "like her toothache, where
teeth used to be." After a while,
Jean uttered the words: "~~This house~~
"This house!" in a sad tone, ~~referring~~
if ~~that~~ referring to some disorder ^{in the}
household affairs; to which I replied,
sharply: "What is the matter with
"This house"? ~~To which~~ She made no
reply. Jean may have referred,
preludically, to "the house of this
Cobernack being dissolved; and having
a house, not made with hands, eternal
in the Heavens!"

Followed an ashy fallow, and I
knew Jean's time had come. She
soze, unsteadily, to her feet, and
instantly I guided her one step to



Monday - Sept. 21, 1959
3 A.M.

Sept. 20, warmer, blazing sun, and Dry.
River and creeks a record low. The
"Falling Rain," by the Mercy of the Most High.
Needed, lest no life remain on the earth.
Our National Guest, "Premier" Nikita
Khrushchev, No ordinary ~~visit~~. In
this person is embodied the power of
a hundred Czar, early years of the
twentieth century.

The recent death of John Foster Dulles
"Prince of War" Dulles - Immediately
followed by "Orders from London," in
the person of Queen Elizabeth and
a last visit of our Winston Churchill.
President Eisenhower Recognizes
"Orders" When received. The spec-
tacular personal visit to England
and the Continent, August, 1959,
and a new "Foreign Policy" is ~~being~~

After a restful Sabbath and seven
hours sleep, I ~~at~~ rose at 2.30 a.m.
Prepared to resume writing.

"But the woman that God gave him,
Every fibre of her frame
Proves her ~~sublimity~~ ^{sublimity} for our sole purpose,
Armed, and trying to ~~for the same~~;
~~And to ~~fulfill~~ that purpose;~~
~~Let ~~the~~ ~~female~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~species~~ ~~must~~ ~~be~~ ~~deeper~~ ~~than~~ ~~the~~ ~~male~~."~~
The female of the species must be
deeper than the male."

Let the generation fail,

That may come

(Light and ⁷²Water ^{Plant} Come to Marlinton
Early in the Century a prominent Promoter
then resident of Marlinton, Mr. John Alexander
~~who~~ (before told of in the Story of Oliver
A. Howard), organized the Light
and Water Company, a Corporation.
Local Capital was subscribed and a
Loan from ~~a~~ the Bank of Marlinton,
later in default. The Company paid
no dividends in the fifteen years of its
existence, until taken over, in 1918, by
the town of Marlinton, by an issue of
fifty thousand in City bonds; and finally
sold to a utility; the water plant
and sewage system retained by the town
and ~~thereby hangs a story.~~

The failure to even consider bringing
in water by pipe line from several
available sources, the history of a water
supply for the city has been one long
painful series of error from the beginning.

At first, water was obtained from
several deep wells, pumped to tanks
on the side of Marlin Mountain.

The first well at the plant struck a
flow of salt sulphur water;
also a pocket of gas, ^{the latter} utilized for
for some time to furnish light at
the pump house. This well, about
three hundred feet deep, unsuitable for
use; another well at about two hundred

feet, supplied abundant water, though
with a percentage of Minerals, including
Iron sulphate.

The fundamental economic weakness
was the continuous and expensive pumping
required to maintain the flow.

Pa hailed the ~~discovery of the~~ Salt-
Sulphur water as a valuable medical
discovery, drinking large quantities with
relish. Too much salt proving bad
for kidney functions, and after a time
discontinued.

Though built under favorable costs
of both Labor and Material in the year
1907; the rates for both electric light
and water high, the costs of main-
tenance and good pit Coal, (as was
complained of by Lucius W. Hades, in
the story of "Lumina's of Berkeley
square"), the Corporation showed no
profit. In the war year, 1918, it
was bankrupt, its bonds and Bank
loan in default.

A movement was started for the Town
to issue Fifty thousand in City bonds
and purchase and operate as a utility.
The late Frank R. Wender was active in
pushing the purchase by the town, but
not mentioning the trouble the banks
of which he was executive. Vice Pres.
and Cashier. Working with the Loan.

Mr. Hunter, who was my brother-in-law, did me the honor to write me as to the wisdom of the city buying the water and light plant, I being at Campuster. I had already sent a letter to the Times in a general way advising against public ownership of the utility, and that the business be re-organized, if possible, under new and better Management, Mr. Alexander being for long suspect of unreliability and mismanagement.

The motion to purchase, when put to the vote, heavily backed by Business and Banking interests. Carried by a very large Majority.

In this event, I was fated forty years to have no inconsiderable part in the conduct of the city owned utility until finally sold in the year 1928 to the Monongahela and West Penn. Public Service Company - And thereby hangs a tale.

A feature of the utility to show a profit, both under private and City ownership; because, first, undue

Credit ~~is~~ given certain favored dead-beat and poor pay customers, with consequent loss of revenues. Second, wastage of both water (unmetered) and ~~light~~ electric power

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together with leakage from water
pipes, all at the cost of good pit
coal at war-time prices, and, lastly,
worn out plant machinery only held
together by constant repairs.

Except ~~as to~~ for incidents recorded,
~~and nothing~~ and to be related, the years
1919-1926, during which, with the
simply act of working and living, I was
successfully defeated (1920) for election as
County Commissioner; For later State
Senator (1922); for the Legislature
of West Virginia (1924); my successful
opponents, ~~successfully~~, being
Messrs. E. H. Williams, Frank R.
Hill and Captain Robert D. Kidd.
During this time I served the
one year term, two or three times, as
a member of the City Council.
~~Named~~ In the year 1927, having been ~~named~~
~~nominated~~ for Mayor, heading a ticket
nominated in the free and easy
manner of the time, by a "Convention",
called and composed of a few irresponsible
citizens; I ~~succeeded~~ in defeating
my friend Frank R. who elected Mayor
of Marlinton; even the name of my
opponent, or opponents, in this
balleye election are forgotten
as I had served in the Council

for several terms previous, under the
Administration of Captain Abner E.
Smith, who in old age and business
adversity, from a leading Logging
Contractor of an early day, and later
dugout and business man in Marlinton,
during the war period, and later
served as Justice of the Peace and
City Mayor, and Collector of over-
due debt for business firms. Always
from the day of his memorable baptism
in the Creek, a pillar of the Methodist
Church elect; of the Covenant by Grace
a powerful man, in youth he followed
the occupation of a Maine Logger.
Later, very successful in our County
of Pocahontas as a Contractor, the
first to use a steam engine and tractor.
In age, influenced by the Christian
Religion, and his good wife and
daughter Mollie Smith - Yeager,
always amiable and distinguished
for their piety. A friend of my
youth, he sleeps well.

While members of Council, later as
Mayor, we struggled ~~heartily~~ to
hold the nearly worn out plant
together, physically, it being under
the immediate management of
two enterprising young men.

Frank Long and Carl Meets, who had recently founded the now highly successful Marlinton Electric Company, also an Ohio gas distributors and operators of a chain gas stations chain. Both were competent technicians and engineers, and with the assistance of the late Preston Madison, as plant engineer, kept the machinery going. For many years interested in internal and public affairs, I recognized the utility was approaching a crisis in operations, what permit would take could not be foreseen. Operated by the city for about five years, nothing paid on the capital debt, other than carrying charges, the twenty year bond indebtedness of about fifty thousand dollars. Obtaining the drivers seat as Mayor in 1927, almost immediately learned the Virginia Electric Company had begun extending its lines up the Greenbrier Valley, and might be encouraged to build far as Marlinton. To me, this was inspiring news, and might prove a good way out of our difficulty. It is ~~early~~ recalled the time was one of great expansion of public service utilities, in gas, electric power and water; the ~~small~~ Empire was at its height and power lines building extensively to hitherto remote counties, and

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The Virginia Utility Co. as far as
Remark that year. a public meeting
was held at Hillsboro, which many
from Marlinton, attended, and as Mayor
I assured the Representative I thought
friendly and co-operative spirit would be
shown in the matter of a franchise, and
possible sale of the town-owned plant.
Hillsboro, an incorporated village, having no
electric plant, enthusiastically voted a franchise
it seemed inevitable the power line would
in a short time be within reach of Marlinton,
a way out, with relief from financial and
operational expense, at a loss, besides the County
requiring a valuable "industry" in Public
utilities. In this I was encouraged
by the support of a few leading business
men, particularly two banker friends,
my father & Dr. James Price and the late
executive of the President and Cashier of
the First National Bank - John Lydensticker,
both of whom shared my views and whole-
heartedly for the proposed franchise - and
sale of the plant - including the water.
A Representative of the Utility appeared,
surveyed the plant, its assets and liabilities,
and after a time formulated an offer in cash
for the franchise and facilities, about fifty
thousand dollars, or a sum calculated
to clear a burdensome village and
town and village debt of many years standing
~~known~~ had full knowledge of the
actual condition of the Machinery, which
had long required replacement at a figure

I found to be far beyond the reasonable
ability of the utility to raise, with little
hope of improvement in finances. As
Mayor, I agreed to submit the matter, first
to the Council, and with its approval,
to the voters for ratification.
As might be expected, the usual
labels of ~~corruption~~, were noticed that I as
negotiator, was being ~~secretly~~ taken
care of "by bribery", to which I paid no
heed, and at this late day state on my
part nothing was offered by the ~~Bro~~
Jules Broker, a Mr. Horvath of Charlottesville
Virginia, representing the utility in the
negotiations, other than a bottle of very
poor quality of Smokey Lignor of the
current Charlottesville Va. brand, which I
as a total abstainer, refused, being
personally sufficiently exhilarated at the
prospect of doing a good piece of work
in the public affairs. ~~as I thought~~
More than thirty years have elapsed, and
I am of the opinion still - shared by a few
of our citizens at the time, of whom none
survive, to my knowledge, that the village
was in error in rejecting at the Falls
the offer of the Virginia Electric
Meadowhill, a surprisingly strong
opponent to any proposed sale of the
electric plant, and water system to a
~~the~~ utility corporation; advocating
continued public ownership. No
leading business men, ~~Mr. M.~~ the late
Mr. Ira Bell and Mr. M. Pyder, both of whom

influential members and leaders in the Council of 1928, after the sale project had been defeated at the polls; and Dr. Norman King also losing to Dr. Fred Allen for Mayor. Mr. Lee Brill published quite a spirited pamphlet in opposition to the sale of the Light, and especially opposing what he referred to as our "Biblelight," "pure" water, winding up with quotations from "Kiplings" "The Mary Gladstone".

~~I will drink of my own certain waters from my own well,~~
~~And the wife of my youth~~
I'll be content with my fountain, I'll
Drink from my own well,
And the wife of my youth shall charm
Me - and the rest can go to Hell!"

(Mr. Brill's "Hell" - "Lee Book") "Strong in the faith that 'He is his thrice armed who has his quarrel just.'" I called the Council in special session to submit the plant sale to a special election fall in September, 1927; or refuse to do so. Seeing indifference on the part of members of Council, I could not believe there would be strong opposition to holding the election. Mr. Charles Lerisy, a new comer in Marlinton and Railway Agent, the only Recorder, and my sole ~~support~~ in the business

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Thankfully, I can recall at this late date the names of only one member of Council - Five in number - Mr. Charles Sharp, at present President of the Bank of Marlinton, and who led in moving my project of holding the elections be postponed, and argued long & hard for what amounted to side-stepping the issue. I argued ~~long~~ and as persuasively as possible in favor of an election, that the opportunity to sell a "~~White Elephant~~" was unusual and important, and possibly might not bear delay. ~~The~~ ~~at least~~ the Council remained in session parts of two days, as I insisted the body declare for an election, or sell the business there and then. Perhaps in my enthusiasm to ~~press~~ ^{force} the issue, in the ~~current~~ ^{current} state of public opinion, and by reasonable delay and further negotiations allay public doubt as to its wisdom. History records the danger of unwise delay, for within little more than a year following the crash of the stock market, ¹⁹²⁹ rising, and all expanding of Public utilities for years following ¹⁹²⁹ ~~1926~~. Although Mr. Charles Sharp wished to delay action on a Referendum, he was not able to muster strength to table the business. Lewisay and I standing as year, so a reluctant

Council named a date ⁵² for a special election, in four weeks. A certain hysteria was evident on the subject. Many of the women in particular had been convinced the village was in danger of being robbed of its power lines and light ~~utility~~ ^{plant}. The operators of the plant, Frank King and Carl Meets, ~~came~~ with their employees and associates to oppose the sale effectually. Perhaps they found it convenient to join the plant in connection with their recently organized electrical firm. Both the partners were skillful technicians and builders; reliable and honest in speech and action; sincerely believing in the practicality of Public Ownership, if carefully managed. Both Meets and King died in early middle age; Carl Meets of a diabetic disease, hereditary in his family. He was a skillful aeronaut, and as a gentleman pilot delighted in making flights. Frank King a boyhood friend, and esteemed as such. The defeat of the ticket I headed for a candidate for reelection early in 1928, by a ticket headed by Dr. Fred Allan with S. C. McFerrin, ~~Partner~~ ^{Partner}, and with Council F. M. Lydner and J. P. Brill were leading members of Council.

A startling series of events leading to the eventual sale of the utility to

Monongahela West Penn was to follow within
a twelve-month.
Mayor Allen and his Council for the year
1928, quite evidently had the impression
the recent referendum amounted to a
Mandate to operate the water and light
plant, and, if so, beyond question, rather
extensive repairs and replacements of
vital machinery was in order. At any
rate, almost at the first meeting of
the body and under the spell of the
Brill-Hydor enthusiasms, the more
conservative business people of the town
were electrified to learn the Council
had contracted for as a purchase on
credit, and without advertised bids
about thirty thousand dollars of new
machinery for the plant, no thought
of provision for payment by bonds
or new taxes, but a purely credit
operation, the plant already heavily
bonded. As the village operated, as
it had from the first on a mere "Current
Court Charter", it lacked the broader
powers of a State Legislative Charter
in imposing special taxation; the
treasury of finances at time Conservative.
Both Brill and Hydor, respected
young men of business. Personally,
were influenced by the speculative mad-
ness of the times. Frank Hydor
who had been station agent and operated
a small insurance business when he
first came to Marlinton, in the Post-War

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Retired a rule, enjoying almost a
monopoly of brokerage in coal car
loadings along the C & O Railway,
sold to retailers, and made a small
fortune in Record time, 1914-1920.
Hydner continued to manage the
insurance agency in connection with
his profitable Coal Brokerage business.
An agreeable man personally, he taught
for several years a young ladies
Sunday School class at the Methodist temple
generous, even philanthropic, in all good
works, particularly in the building of the
New Church in Marlinton, year 1920.

Some early advances and buying
of stocks in the hectic financial ~~activity~~
decade of the Century, led to further
investment, and profit, in a Bull Market.
In 1927-28, Mr. Hydner was
presumed to be wealthy; as he undoubtedly
was, "on paper" through his dealings in
stocks and bonds. Doubtless he thought
the expanding stock market the perfect
opportunity to make legitimate profits
as a matter of business. As to its being
a gigantic gamble in which by good
luck and knowing when to cash in
and quit the game, as an amateur
gambler, never gave it a thought.
"No one knows understand the gambling
fever, except the man who has had
it, and got over it." (Andrew Price -

Mr. and Mrs. D. Brill, while not known to be
interested in the Pull ~~Stock~~ Market, was
expanding his Department store building
and business and a heavy borrower at
the local banks. Both men were
members of the 1928 Town Council and
leading advocates in rebuilding and
operating the water and light plant as
a city owned utility. With no ~~mind~~
thought of granting a franchise to any
power Co. electric. ~~Power~~ Power Line,
wasover - at least, not yet.

However, more conservative business
men, and bankers, including the loaners
in the move to sell the franchise to a Power
Line, and knew well the bankruptcy
of the Light and Water plant, showed fight
strongly. Brother Andrew Price, even
then in poor health, due to the cancerous
disease of the liver which caused his death
March 26, 1930; and even in 1928 had
abandoned his forestry work on his
trip of the Pacific Coast, and other
actual exercise in ~~hanging~~ ^{hanging}, I repeat,
because it was ~~an~~ character for him to
engage in the turmoil and ~~practical~~
of local city politics. But Andrew
revealed that the Mayor and Council
had grossly and illegally exceeded its
authority in adding to the public debt.
My late friend M. M. Fougere, Banker and
sometimes member of the Legislature, also
summoned local action. Whereupon

As a learned ~~lawyer~~⁸⁶ m. Constitutional
law, drew up papers petitioning that
the Mayor and Council be enjoined
because of the recent purchasing of power
as I had been prominent as Mayor in the
losing fight to sell the franchise and
assets of the water and light company. I
was invited to head the list of signers
by freeholders of the town, and thereby be
Chairman and executive officer of any
action the Petition (enjoinment) might
lead to in the Courts.

(73) In a very short time, seventy-three
free holders - all honorable men - ~~added~~
added their names to the petition, thus
perhaps unknowingly, in some cases,
becoming parties to the suit of enjoinment
growing out of it.

The Mayor and Council ~~elects~~^{chose} to
fight, engaging as attorneys ~~Edgar Sawyer~~
Allen, Edgar and Frank Hill; all
resulting in a suit being placed on the
docket of the Circuit Court. Judge
Summers H. Sharp.

~~all~~ This required some time; during
which, in 1928, the new plant machinery
was delivered and set up, to be paid
for ~~at~~ on the installment plan as money
could be earned and made
available.

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With nature of a ~~town~~ brawl, or fuss;
"The Battle of the Shepards in the shed," ~~some~~
gave a number of "Volunteers" free-holders
soon regretted the publicity, as bad for
business, or for social or personal
associations, either church or state.
Regretted, ~~often~~ that they had signed
the petition. All leaders of revolution
against unwise and tyrannous government
must expect defections of the weak
and infirm of purpose, and not un-
expected by me. Even the Warriors
Gideon when on a desperate mission,
deliberately thinned his ranks until
there remained only real fighting men.

The legal injunctive was purely
a matter of law, to be decided by
a Circuit Judge, subject to appeal
to a Higher Court of the Contending
factions & on our part the sincerity of
war - money costs) and still had
a will to fight; or, as later developed,
to either fight or run; in ~~that~~ ^{either} case
admitting loss of the game.

By the time the case was ready
for argument before the Court, Judge
Sumner ~~sharp~~ formally disqualified
myself to sit, for personal and
business reasons; an ancient legal
code of Politically minded jurists.
- 100 percent of their number ~~have~~
~~stated~~; otherwise they would not remain

long in office. ~~But~~ as judges ~~and~~
~~of the~~ Whereupon, the case was
transferred to the Court of his Honor
Judge Kump, of Randolph County,
who had once served as Governor
of the State, and under whom many
Governors, but Frank B. Hill, had
been appointed and served a term
as State parole officer. It is under
such interlocking conditions that
legal affairs of State are compounded.
A word of advice, Personal
unless you enjoy a fight in Chancery
Court, and have the means to carry
on as a purely mental exercise -
and therefore enjoyable - Keep out
of Chancery Court!

Believe it or not, this spring of 1929
arrived, and the point of law still
undetermined in Court, involving only
a question of the right under its
charter for a village to incur a
formidable debt. Of course, legal
briefs and arguments must be
prepared, and on ~~behalf~~ the plaintiffs
were financed. True, while
Andrew lived he acted without
pay, the principal cash item. The
defendants hired lawyers at
public expense. During the years that had
elapsed, and Court clouds gathered,
it was known a difference of
opinion had developed in the Council

As to the wisdom of continually
opposing a deal with power lines
between the ~~citizens~~ ^{business} and
business men admitting that a new
"industry" in the County might have
merit. Along with debt from a
losing, inefficient, debt-ridden
water and light plant. The city
not yet arrived at the stage of
water meters, special rates, and a
new bond issue, a revelation of
recent years, ~~Fifth decade 20th Century~~
Before the "Debate" (financial) of
1929, ~~Power Electric Power Companies~~
were competing for new territory;
not divided by combines and
a agreement, as at present.

Two bright young men, Frank
King and Carl Theits, still in active
charge of the plant, suggested ~~on~~
the Monongahela and West Penn
be invited by Council to submit
a bid for the city franchise, etc.
Their nearest Point of Contact at the
time Webster Springs, in Webster
County, distance about sixty miles;
it being stipulated the bid of West
Penn be for the light franchise,
only, the village retaining its
vital water supply. This was
a real difference, it is true; but

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not forgetting for an instant if the
franchise, including water lines and
installments including sewerage
had been sold to the Virginia Electric
Company, in 1924 along with the
purchase, a wealthy Corporation,
would be legally bound to maintain
an adequate supply of water,
subject to contract of the Public
Service Commission.

In 1959 the town of Marlinton,
under city ownership, has a one
hundred thousand bonded debt,
water meters, and very high water
rates, partly due to the bonded debt,
and a physically run-down
sewage system and pump house
machinery.

On invitation of the Mayor Allen
and Council, West Penn responded
by sending an emissary, a legal
gentleman from Martinsburg,
name forgotten. The upshot of the
business, the West Penn submitted a
bonded debt of the town of bonded in-
debtedness, including the cost of the
new machinery, which it took over is
in all about fifty grand. The town,
in my mature opinion over thirty years is
they would have done well to include the water

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Mains, pump house and tanks, etc.,
thus riding the tours of its "White
Elephant."

As the city of Marlinton grows, it
is becoming very difficult to persuade
competent men ~~fitly and well~~ ~~available~~ to take over the management
of civic affairs. A new legislative
city charter, and finding new sources
of revenue are in the offing - (1959.)

The offer of West Penn accepted
and an election ordered, early in
1929, was ~~settled~~ ^{approved} by a very
large majority of the electorate.
Early the following year (1930) work
as weather conditions permitted and
rights of way ~~granted~~ ^{granted}, West Penn began
extending its line up Elk River
and into the Upper Greenbrier Valley
from Whites Springs.

Virginia Electric had meanwhile
extended its line up the lower
Valley far as Buckeye, four miles
below city of Marlinton. Except
for the precipitate, back door deal
with West Penn, doubtless in a very
short time, Virginia Electric being
~~in~~ almost at Marlinton, would as a
matter of course been given a franchise.

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All the foregoing explains the meeting of two great utility systems in the vicinity of Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The delays in the Chancery suit, of which I was head man and executive officer, ~~defying the odds~~ ^{defying the lightning}, as it were, was in part due to the illness, in 1929, of our attorney, Brother Andrew Price, and consequent loss of interest, or ability, to carry on; aside from the usual torpid actions of a Chancery Court, including a change of venue.

Before this, Andrew had ~~to~~ begun to lose enthusiasm for the legal fight, as had many of the Petitioners. As proof I submit an incident -

While at Andrews house, autumn of 1929, ~~he~~ and he ~~was~~ ill in bed, ~~the~~ attorney called by phone, Frank Hill for the Defendant, called by phone on some legal point in connection with change in venue of the case to Judge Lump Court in Randolph County. Brother Andrew arose, a sick man, and in the conversation with Hill, overheard by me, impatiently and unwisely, remarked ~~that~~ in effect that he was tired of the case, and ~~wished~~ ^{that he had regretted} he had ever had

anything to do with it! This was most inconsiderate on Andrews' part, and could only weaken the will of Petitioners to carry on. Recall, that while a sale had been made, in effect rendering the case "moot," the Mayor and Waters of the city having, at least in part, changed their attitude as to city ownership and public debt; ~~the best~~ ~~Penn had not even begun to build,~~ ~~its line or actively taken over operation of the power house.~~

The suit was in "Chancery" and must needs be adjusted in some fashion or other. Doubtless, if Andrew had lived, a compromise would have been worked out between the opposing lawyers, the case declared dead, or "moot," and so ratified by the presiding Judge, with a saving of "face" for all concerned; also a reasonable adjustment of the legal costs, including those of defense lawyers.

Andrew's illness progressively grew worse; for a time thought by Brothers James and I to be infectious in nature, complicated by pneumonia; winter of 1929-30. At length dropsical symptoms began, and he was taken to the Hospital, in Ronceverte, where

His death occurred March 26, 1930,
and sleeps with his father. His
long illness, at ~~affected~~ ^{least} a brilliant
and imaginative intellect some-
what clouded by necessary narcotic
medication; a healthy and vivid
curiosity as to ^{the} future was impossible.
When last seen by me March 25, 1929,
I had hoped he could express
a brotherly dying declaration of good
cheer and hope, he being in extremis.
His only statement was to express a
wish that it would be "soon over",
as a relief from ~~such~~ physical
suffering.

I believe him to be within the Covenant
of Grace, and rest in hope.

Soon after the death of Andrew, thus
depriving me of legal counsel in the
Chancery suit yet to be adjusted,
I ~~was~~ was aware trouble was brewing
for me personally. A cautious canvas
of a few leading "Petitioners" of my
"forces" ~~sever~~ including John M. Mc
Laughlin, revealed that I could
muster only ~~three~~ ^{four}, of seventy-three,
who could be depended ^{on} to help
financially, and morally, wind up
a legal contest, marred by a
good deal of ill-will personally.

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Unavoidable in such contests, and
only quieted by ~~the~~ time and chance.
The Defense, encouraged by relief from
the large bonded and other debt
incurred, disposed to retaliate on the
Protegees by, if possible, imposing
penalties and costs. Mr. Alfred Edgar,
Barrister, in my opinion, could be vindictive
personally. ~~He~~ He fully expressed him-
self to that effect. Added to this, I
could depend for help, financially,
on only four, and that to a limited
extent, they being Brother James
Price, John Lydenstreyer, S. B.
Wallace, and John William Henshew.
As final argument was still to
be made before the Judge, in
Chambers, it appeared to me to be
a ~~case~~ matter of "fight, or ~~win~~ run."
I urgently needed legal help, and
none available ~~local~~ in Marlinton.
The financial "Debacle" of 1929 had
occurred, and the foundations of the
earth appeared to be moved. In the
matter of business and banking.
In short, I was on a legal and
financial "Limb"!

1/12
-
small

With my worst wish I feel sure that
many of the same
causes the described free one. All
these animals are injured
for the same;
And to serve that single alone,
Let the generations fail
The female of the species
Must be destroyed than
the male.
- Hopkings

Wed Sept. 10. 1897 40
2.30 AM.

Day. Only a "trickle" of water from the
Spring, not enough. Ranchers say
grass - abundant this season - is drying
up. Early feeding of stock probable.
The forest leaves withering - although
not frosted - seem for return to
Vanderbilt's - second year.

Having slept enough, rose at 2.30 x
Work on Main Street proceeding in
quite a leisurely manner. There is
something "rotten in the state of
Denmark" in this "Internal
improvement Administration."

Early in the year 1924, the "impetuous
years" overtook H. Scott Rucker, -
age 73. Still presiding at his
elaborate Paper table, at times he
had to be assisted up stairs, a
very formidable pistol of the Colt
type, lay openly at his right hand.
Soon his health failed utterly, and H.
Scott Rucker died, November 1924.

His elder brother William B. Rucker,
also a lawyer, and ex-Congressman,
whose home was Kansas City, Mo.,
was appealed, came and ~~remained~~
some time, until his brother's death;
assisted the family, and buried
his brother, first in the newer
part of the City Cemetery, he being

first of the family to die. Later his body
deposited in a box in the older part
of the burying ground. The husbands
of two daughters dying the same year,
Paris D. Yeager (Cancer) and Henry Payne,
(Furicide - Poisoner). Mrs. Yeager's son
lived to be grown, married, and died
and buried some where in Virginia. The
oldest daughter, Willie, married John
Standifer, removed to Baltimore, Md.
became insane; died in a state hospital
for the insane. Mr. Standifer
had a son who became a physician
and is said to have been successful.

Congressman William Rucker of
Missouri, seemed a kindly man,
unlike his militant father and three
brother lawyers. He was, I believe,
the grandfather of Vice-President
Alban Barkley's wife, second
marriage.

After seeing his brother buried,
Mr. Rucker returned to Missouri,
and no more heard from.

Mrs. Lizzie Rucker died in 1927;
only Mrs. Juanita Payne survives, her
home Clifton Forge, Virginia.
Mr. and Mrs. H.S. Rucker were
related by blood in some degree, cousins.
Mrs. Rucker's brother, attorney and
editor, Sam B. Scott, has been referred

To; an earlier ^{4th} resident of Marlinton & a mild alcoholic, a University man, with some genius, but cursed by indolence. In the year 1899 he married Miss Sally Yeager, youngest daughter of ~~the Yeager~~ wounded at Port Republic, where his brother William was killed, both of the 31st Infantry, U.S. Army. The Yeagers had no children. After several years of desultory living in a country village, the Yeagers removed to Logan County, where Sally obtained divorce, in which action Northrup, probably, was a counsel. Northrup returned to practice law, and

work - support; Marlinton, West Virginia.
Sam ceased to practice law, and again married; lived by work as foreman or clerk in construction work or mining. As late as 1924 he visited Marlinton, with his second wife, and called on us at our home; apparently much subdued compared to his vigorous young manhood as lawyer and editor in Marlinton, 25 years before. I recall that in conversing with Jean and I, Sam seemed mildly surprised that I had served in the Army and played Poker; remembering my piety and exemplary conduct generally in our youth! He was also impressed by the fact that the Price brothers had achieved

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a Moderate Success Through the
years in the Professions, Banking
and Politics, all four brothers, including
the younger Calvin, still living in the
thriving City of Marlinton.

Having Divorced Sam Scott, Mrs.
Sally Yeager-Scott removed to the
Denver, Colorado, where the Yeager
family had lived during her childhood,
the Veterans Harry Yeager having
a position with the Land Office during
his first Cleveland Administration.
Her eldest brother, Walter, spent his
whole life in Denver.

Sally Yeager was beautiful, and
had dramatic talent. In a play
produced by local talent, as a stunt
Sally recited the whole of the long
poem "Hiawatha" (about 1896.)
without prompting, or stopping
for breath.

Sally insisted on an elaborate
Church Wedding (in the autumn of
1899) and all of us younger men
and women were busy for days
decorating the church with ever-
greens and rehearsing the wedding
ceremony in costume. At the time
I was aged ~~26~~ 27 years, but not going
steady with any young lady, but

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During the festivities attending the
wedding I once escorted Sally's
elder sister Fannie to a "Party"
at the Mrs. ~~Scott~~ ^{Scott} house.

Of Mrs. Scott's life in Colorado
I know nothing, but quite evidently
lived out her life successfully
and in character. About 1944 in
visiting Marlinton, Will hearing her
name Mrs. Scott, remarkably
beautiful, she told me that her
main reason in visiting ^{Colorado} Marlinton
was to marry Norman Price.

Her death occurred, in Denver,
several years in 1950. Vaya Con Dios.

Modern Women are successful —
aided by the new freedom and high
spirits of a more active life, in keeping
the appearance of youth, or at least the
middle years at this best. Also,
like Jezebel, of old, a King's daughter,
"All they tore their hair and painted
their faces." God bless them!
How beautiful they are!

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil
not, neither do they spin. And yet I say
unto you, that even Solomon in all his
glory was not arrayed ^{like} one of
these."

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During and following the war, Pa and Ma continued in residence in their apartment at the Hunter home, ~~there~~ where Pa attained a great age, and until the last occupied in reading and literary work, dutifully attended by all their children, all of us ready to minister to their needs, not ascribing favors either public or private. Pa retained title to his property and lands, disposing of them by will made several years before his death. My father was a ship ~~owner~~ ^{owner} of the Jericho Ridge, part of the Walnut Bottom and his interest in the ancestral home. His death came January 24, 1921 - in the 91st year. Ma died Jan. 15, 1924, after a few days' illness, of pneumonia, bright and competent to within three days before death came.

For fifteen years following Marriage my family had lived as tenants of the home place and farm. Now with an inheritance of forest and farm lands, I began a forty-year term to the present time of landscaping and forestry work, my principal ^{interests} ~~hobby~~ to which I ascribe good health and long life ~~in fact~~.

To this inheritance, I have since added
from time to time other holdings of
realty; but it is a singular fact that
over a period of thirty years, 1903
to 1933, I was more intent on
maintaining a good standard of living
for the family, and engrossed in the
practice of the profession (medicine)
than in acquiring desirable corners
lots or investing in forest and
mineral lands then available. An
early interest in Politics; also forming
the war; ~~also~~ an abhorrence of seeking
opportunities in business, investment;
a few small investments and some
money saved was all I had in
1914 to carry me through the war
adventure.

The Period of Post-war years
1919-1924 were most active of my
whole life, filled by profitable
practice of Medicine. Still, I found
the time to cultivate a large garden,
and forestry, taking first Prizes
in flowers and vegetables at the
County fair for three successive years
1923, 1924, and 1925; also running in
three successive elections, 1920, 1922
and 1924 (unsuccessfully); in 1922
against the old Political Pirate, Captain

Robert D. Kild, the same opposed by
brother James many years before. In
1924 I opposed in the Primary the late
Frank R. Hill, a friendly artist in which
my friend Hill won. I was elected
Mayor in 1926 as a consolation prize
Political prize.

Some incidents already narrated
concerning the Prohibition era at its
worst during these years state clearly
the unpleasant nature of our family
life, to which I was happily
~~insensitive~~ for the most part, oblivious.

During this time the children
were being cared for, in the most part,
by the C.-educational Public School,
a most pernicious system of education,
and thus kept from being under-
foot; women "graduating" in 1925,
by default, one might say; and
Jean with honors in 1928, the year
of her mother's death.

When Pa died, midwinter 1921, Foster
Anna decided on a night burial; so
long after night fall, January 23, 1921,
a church service was held and
the cortege proceeded to the
burial ground on Cemetery Ridge.
At the time Anna was much interested

in spiritism. Consulting mediums
in distant places, which may have
been a cause for this singular burial.
The ground bare of snow, and lighted
only by auto ~~head~~ - lights. Formulated
"Not a drum resembling the burial
of Sir John Moore".

"Not a drum was heard
Nor a funeral note,
As our ~~course~~ to the ramparts
we hurried;
And we silently gazed on the
face of the dead,
In the place where a hero
lies buried."

In 1925 began the long and expensive
and fruitless attempt to professionally
"educate" Norman, Junior, now
legion, but that is another story.

~~Still M.~~ In 1925 I was named a Major
M.R.C., and Surgeon 325th Engineer
Regiment, 100th Organized Reserve
Division. Detailed for two-
weeks active duty training. I
reported August 9th at Fort Belvoir,
Near Washington, D.C., where
~~I spent~~ Driving my Model T
Ford I was able to visit many
interesting spots along the Potomac
and in Fairfax County, including

The City of Washington, Mt Vernon
and the old Pollock Church, where
the Washington, Fairfax and other
funt families worshipped. Training
with the 13th Eng. Regiment, as well
as the line officers of the 325th Reserve,
I took my turn in drills and formations.
As officer of the day, once I took
"Retreat" as Commanding officer
of the day of a Battalion of the 13th
Engineers Regiment - the only time
in my life I may say that I
Commanded a large body of troops,
the forces.

I was much interested in visiting
the Ruins of Belvoir, the estate
of William Lord Fairfax and
Mrs. Sally Fairfax, the friends
of Washington; now surrounded
by dense second growth forest.
Monuments commemorate the deaths
of the two young sons and heirs
of the Fairfax family, one with
died at Quebec, the other on
the "Commander Coast" in
Africa with the view of the
British Empire in the 18th Century.
Gen. Washington was a friend of Mrs
Sally Fairfax, who often was entertained

Monday 9/16/54

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For September - Milder - Dry - the water
of the spring dried up - Dependent on the
water table, at Price River, as in the days
of my youth - often times.

(50) Mrs. Sally Fairfax an influence on the
life of General George Washington.
Land Fairfax gave the young Washington
first employment as Surveyor of the
Large Land Grants in the Northern
neck of Virginia Colony; beginning
his career as large land owner,
and together with his wives wealth,
the richest man in America -
(W. E. Woodward "Washington.")

Write at Fort Belvoir, August, 1925.
I frequently rode a dark Bay Mare,
gaited; a beautiful medium sized
saddle horse, with delicate legs
and small feet. Very gentle &
appeared to have Arabian blood;
probably a product of the Army
Remount Experiment in breeding
Arab horses at the Front Royal
Stables, in Virginia, about 1918.
I would have been pleased to
own this horse, at the time; one of
the most desirable I have ever
seen - At some remote time
horses may again supplant the
machine age, in War and Peace.

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"Two things greater than all things are,
women and horses, Power and War."

While on active duty at Fort Belvoir,
August, 1925, Jean wrote me several
long letters, revelations of her true
and better nature. At age 44, early
symptoms of ill health were apparent.
As heretofore stated, Alcorn at Normans
manifest alcoholism, known to her,
was a factor.

A native of Fairfax County, she
told of incidents of her youth and
heredity, and was interested in my
explorations of the region. These
letters are among my mementoes.

Returning home in late August,
I learned that Congressman L. Alfred
Taylor had been the guest of the
Andrew Prices, and learning of my
rank in the Army Reserve, and continued
interest in Military affairs, had
voluntarily offered Norman, Jr., an
appointment to the Cadetship at
West Point from the 6th West
Virginia District, a vacancy then
existing. This easily obtained
scholarship at the Military school
was an honor, and a valuable asset.
Gratefully accepted by me.
As for Norman Jr., he accepted it
as the due of an idle and untrained

Boy, with remote notions ~~for~~ ^{of} ~~conduct~~ ^{conduct} and diligent qualifying for the scholarship -

"A boy is the most vicious of animals; unless he is trained it is better he never been born." - R.W. Emerson -

The sad story of the West Point experiment in education of Norman Price, Jr., will be told a little later, as a warning to other parents in the matter of training, to avoid juvenile delinquency.

James Alfred Taylor, of Fayette County, for several terms - Congressman, and Publisher of County Newspapers; a ready writer. Personable and popular politically, and an honest man, he never made political office profitable. The father of a large family, and having no Memorial, other than his work. A daughter of Mr. Taylor married the son of Circuit Judge Bennett, ~~and of~~ ^{the} ~~husband~~ ^{husband} at the time included Occochee County. Young Bennett brutally murdered his wife, while in a drunken frenzy, and was promptly and properly lynched by the citizens of Fayette County; ~~by hanging~~, for which action no penalty was imposed on any one, Public opinion rather approving the hanging.

Mr. J. Alfred Faylor died several years ago, and is gratefully remembered as a gentleman and friend. He had a good heart, and is I believe in the Covenant of Grace. A son carries on as a Lawyer and Publisher of papers in Fayette County.

Reference has been made to the spectacular burial (at night) of our father, William Thomas Price, January, 1921, on Cemetery Ridge east of Marlinton. The history of the family Cemeteries, dating from the early 19th Century in Martins Bottoms should be recorded.

First Cemetery on the brow of Hill, Hamiltons Field additions, overlooking Interstate Highway 39, East Marlinton, where Major W. L. Poage and Nancy Warrent - ~~Poag~~ ^{Poage} ~~gatewood~~ - Poage lie buried; marked by a monument and bronze plate, erected, 1937, by Sister Anna and myself. This is a burial reservation 50 x 120 feet in the plan of Hamiltons Field additions. This burial place dates from about 1830; the Poages being the first to be ~~there~~ buried. ^{burial ground} Long in disuse as a cemetery, in the late 19th Century, the McLaughlin

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Cemetery, also a reservation, was opened, where many former citizens of the community ~~are~~ ^{are} buried.

~~Among the first~~, five infants of Aunt Mary-Price-McLaughlin ~~among the first to be buried~~ ^{among the first to be buried}.

When our grand-parents, James Atlee ~~Price~~ Price and Margaret Poage-Price, died in 1874, they were buried near this home on the terrace in West Marlinton. In due time the wife of Uncle Woods Price - of the Crawford of Randolph County, lies in an unmarked grave; then in order, Uncle Sam Price (1891-1895), Uncle Jesus Henry Price (1896), grave unmarked, except by a Confederate Metal Marker; Aunt Caroline McClure-Price (1899); finally Uncle Josiah Woods Price (1918). His grave-stone bears an inscription as follows: "Soldier, gentleman and scholar."

"A little heap of dust dust,
a little streak of Rust,"

a stone without a name;

Lo! here, word and fame

Finally, a word as to the ^{ambrose Pierce} oblivion

Which by a singular Chain of Circumstances
 Crowded the beautiful and ample Price
 Cemetery at the foot of Price Hill, West
 Marlinton; where, otherwise, the Price clan
~~could~~ all sleep in undisturbed repose.
 Near-by, also, in a Confederate burial
 ground, also reserved, but nearly
 obliterated by housing.

The terrace was a camping site for
 part of General Lee's Army in the Western
 Virginia Campaign of 1861. There remains
 of this stone chimney and fire-places
 visible until recently. A fine Sugar-
 tree grove occupied the terrace, and
 destroyed by the encampment, for fuel;
 a single large tree remaining that
 for a hundred years has supplied sap.
 Uncle Leeus has boasted to me that
 he personally, appealed for and saved
 from being cut down, also, a large
 Hickory tree bearing almond-shaped
 nuts; and still living in my Boy-
 hood, from 1885 to 1900.

In the soldiers Cemetery once were
 seen rudely carved names on stones
 of Georgia and Mississippi Volunteers,
 who died and were buried here. One such
 remembered by me was William Copeland
 of a Mississippi Regiment, died
 when Uncle Leeus was in 1846, and
 his father. His estate divided

Among his ~~the~~ legal heirs, an ample
and dignified one-quarter acre
was reserved as a family cemetery;
surrounding his grave, his parents
and sister-in-law, Mrs. F. Woods Price.
In the year 1903, Sister Anna Virginia
Price, contemplating marriage, decided
to build her house on the ~~old eastern~~
south-eastern promitory of the Plateau,
although the site closely occupied by
the two cemeteries; the land now in
possession of Uncle Woods Price,
who was prevailed upon to part with
the ~~land~~, although in doing so he
conveyed parts of both reserved
lots that did not belong to him.
In doing so, he insisted on lot
lines almost bordering on the
foundations of the projected new house.
All of this was inexcusable on the
part of all concerned; the youth of
the one and the age of the other, a
partial oblivion in the matter of
right and justice in the conveyance,
while these dead were each lying in
his appointed place.
All English Law, on which the
New World Jurisprudence is founded, is
strict in the matter of selling a man's

bed in the bosom of Mother earth, ~~as~~ long
as survivors live and are interested in
protecting the resting place of ancestors.

The final irresponsibility committed
by Uncle Woods Price, several years later,
giving to a neighbor (Richardson) a
strip in part overlapping and confining
the Cemetery reservation from the
North, wiping out the possibility
of retaining the original quarter acre.
The result, the abandonment of
the Price Cemetery, and including the
Confederate Sacred quarter acre,
as a private burial ground.

True, a few Confederate crosses
and battered field stones remain for
the war heroes of 1861. True also
a meager 30 x 30 feet, remains of
the lawful quarter acre Price lot.
The lawful quarter acre Price lot
surrounded by a fallen wall of loose
stones; two decaying apple trees
and sunken graves. The Myrtle ~~and~~
one also survives.

As stated elsewhere, Uncle Woods
Price's tragic life ended Nov. 1918,
dying intestate, (and incompetent) his
estate divided among next of kin.
Among his effects were found in a bag
~~of~~ two thousand dollars in gold
coin, which he had demanded, and
received from J.C. Richardson as payment

for the sale of land, in which conveyance
he had sold - perhaps unknowingly -
the bones of his ancestors, among whom
he himself was soon to sleep. For a
half century following the war and
the early death of ~~the~~ the wife of his
youth, careless of clothing and personal
hygiene, unashamed, unshaven and
unshorn, although lean and arthritic,
dying of a cancerous affection and
stroke at age 82; that insouciant, but
personally and mentally "eccentric,"
in a high degree. To almost his
last breath he was able to interpret,
or translate, his beloved classics
in the original Greek and Latin.
As to ~~the~~ the bag of gold received
in the sale of land, it was a fact
that it lay for several years
among the litter of books and papers
in his "library" or living room
at the old Price "venerated" log
house. Where he was found dead
by his horse keeper.

Ma arto me, sadly, in November
1918, that Uncle Woods "looked better"
when dead and lying in state in his
Confederate Cavalryman's Jacket. That
he had looked in life for many
years past. I was at Camp Curter, Minn.

and active

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Uncle Woods could be - often was -
generous, even, philanthropic, among
his limited circle of friends, usually
tenants and farmers among other
acquaintance. His generosity to me
in the matter of the two hundred loan
for my third year at Medical School
is remembered, with true gratitude ex-
- Let us hope, and believe, that the old
Confederate Warrior is included in
- the "Covenant of Grace" that of works!
a point first argued in America
by the remarkable Mrs. Anne
Hitchins and the Clergy of
Plymouth Rock, whose faith was
founded on the "Covenant of Works"!
early Seventeenth Century.

However distasteful, after the lapse of
thirty-five years, it seems necessary to
chronicle something about the futile
trip at Higher Professional education of
Norman R. Price, Jr.

A graduate of the local High School, and
already well advanced in alcoholism;
and it is indeed a singular thing how
kind, or perhaps hopeful, concerned
parents can be concerning an eighteen
year old son in matters vitally concerning
his future well-being.

Saturday. Sept. 18, 1925 - 3.30 am.

Dry and frosty - working on a supply
of wood adjacent to Road 219 - Frosty and
dry weather, but no "killing" frost yet.
Increasing sharpness in my "good" ear - Right
nosed with mild concern - "Heaven
look out of the windows shall be darkened."
Man goes to his long home. - Wisdom

In September, 1925, Norman having
received appointment as alternate Candidate
for a cadetship at West Point, the full
appointment as Principal having been made
prior to Norman by Congressman Taylor -
The opportunity seemed ideal as to
Norman's schooling, and I decided, with
Jean's full consent, to further his chances
of passing by special Coaching.
A Retired Army officer, Colonel
Millard of Washington was ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~found~~
as one who received in his home and
Coached appointees. I entered Norman
paying the stiff fees of about one
thousand dollars, besides extras and
allowances.

It developed, later, the Principal
failed of entrance, thus in failing to qualify
Mentally, for entrance in March, 1926, my
son registered failure also, despite aid,
and wholly due to ^{lack of} application and
the spirit of ambition, totally lacking.
In retrospect, it appears to me that
Colonel Millard's school lacked discipline;

or not failing to observe, correct,
or at least report to parents the trend
of a young alcoholic, and consequent
failure in performance at school,
whether due to destructive habits of study,
or plain lack of wit or mentality,
or a facility ^{with which} ~~young~~ slaves have
in deceiving parents and guardians
is remarkable.

In spite of Norman's failure, Mr. Taylor
gave a full appointment, effective March
4, 1924; and I, still hopeful, again
entered him at Willards School.

Not in the least sobered by
failure to pass entrance requirements,
Norman during vacations at times ~~and~~
worked ~~work~~ on ~~the~~ a road building
project, spending his earnings in
vicious living; one feature of a
rapid progress, acquiring infectious
Wretthritis (gonorrhea) from an ancient
prostitute (Gertrude) or (Gertie) Wm.
Bad infected and infecting generations
of her contemporaries. This required
long and expulsive treatment by a
Washington "specialist," and before
more effective antibiotics were known.

Norman again journeyed to Washington,
in ^{the} company of a ~~club~~ ^{band} of Washington
"sports" attending championship baseball
series. The party included

Fred McFarland⁶³, Veteran; and himself
an alcoholic of many years standing;
who reported to me on his return that
Norman ~~had~~ attempted habitually to drink
all the alcohol obtainable.

All this was warning of eventual
failure; but hope dies a lingering
death in the heart of parents - especially
mothers.

A peculiar chain of circumstances
involving political influence by United
States Senator from Arkansas, Callaway
who was succeeded on his death, in office,
by his wife, U.S. Senator Hattie Callaway.
The two Senators had two sons, both
educated at the West Point, and are
today ~~high~~ high ranking officers of
General Staff. The Callaways are
said to have Cherokee Indian blood
by the maternal side; but as the
Princess trace to Powhatan (Pacahontas)
descent, the true and original Americans
of which descent I am justly Proud.

As the Professional education of
Norman Price Jr. seemed predestined
to failure, at this time, the interference
of the Senator Callaway in favor of the
J. B. ~~Callaway~~ Jr. of Cass, who held the
alternate appointment, and a classmate
of the Callaway boys at a prep school
near Waynesboro, Virginia. Due to

the entrance system of preferred
schools, the Callawayson and Young
~~William~~ were admitted to West Point
on Physical Examinations, only.
In due time Mr. ~~Callawayson~~ graduated
Class of 1931, served through the grades
as an officer U.S. Army, as a Lieutenant-
Colonel died heroically on the Yomnick
beach at the head of the Regiment of
Infantry, June 6, 1944. "Request
in Pace."

By 1944 Norman R. Price Jr. had com-
pleted fourteen years as a Ci-devant
sergeant and enlisted man, Air Force,
U.S. Army, and in January 1942, as
a member of probably the first bombardment
squadron sent over-seas in the war
of 1941, embarked on transport from
Hamilton Field, California, to Karachi,
India.

Norman's Progress through the thirty
years, 1924-1954, inclusive is a
long story, to which full justice
will be done in future chapters of
this narrative.

As stated heretofore, the seat of the
Parker Family, period of the Civil War of
1861, was Alleghany County, Virginia.
H. Scott Parker has related to me many
years ago, that his father, Dr. William P.

Rucker, killed a fellow ^{Union} soldier in
Covington, Virginia, using a long knife
of the boaze pattern, that he habitually
carried in a sheath slung between
his shoulder blades.
Following the war-time division of
the state, and a post-war Republicanism, as
were all of his four younger sons at a
later period, Dr. Rucker removed to
Leesbury, W. Va. as a more congenial
political atmosphere. An oft-repeated
anecdote regarding ^{Dr.} Rucker, heard in
my time, was that for many years
the doctor consumed a quart of
Whiskey daily.

After the war of 1877, Captain Truman S.
Martin remained in the Regular U.S. Army
and was commanding a ^{Co.} of Infantry
assigned to the 15th Regiment. ~~and~~
~~immediately~~ them in the Philippines.
Later transferred as Military Officer
to the Embassy at Tokio, his duty in
part to acquire the Japanese language.
and remained in Japan about
five years. If in that time he had
leave in the United States, I am not
aware of it. Thus far removed from
passive entanglement in my family
affairs. This was well - Perhaps
coincident - as I was in no humor

[illegible]

for the latter time the correspondence
was that of real friends, mutual estimates;
though it might have been better for all
concerned if the whole had been left

The State of New York
 In SENATE,
 January, 1881.
 Report
 of the
 COMMISSIONERS OF THE
 LAND OFFICE,
 in answer to a
 RESOLUTION, passed
 by the SENATE,
 March 10, 1879.
 ALBANY:
 J. B. LEECH, PRINTERS,
 1881.

~~So selected from had a history for~~
Fire-arm. Once, in Germany with
my reserve officers' training, and visit
to observe shooting, I found my dear
friend's name in the list of those who

found a few years ago
 the working of them and the
 and the working of them, has been used
 in the construction of

to ensure adequate money from
MIL or any other - that no interference
continue in financing health work
to attend to a heavy correspondence;
unusual and early, which could take up
a full day of our health

for the latter time the correspondence
was that of real friends, mutual estimates;
though it might have been better for all
concerned if the whole had been left

The State of New York
 In SENATE,
 January, 1881.
 Report
 of the
 COMMISSIONERS OF THE
 LAND OFFICE,
 in answer to a
 resolution of the
 SENATE, passed
 March 1, 1879.
 ALBANY:
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT
 PRINTERS,
 1881.

[illegible]

found a few dead
 The marking of them and the
 and the turning of them, has been used
 in the ~~penetration of~~

to ensure adequate money from
MIL or any other - that no interference
continue in business, however years
to attend to a heavy correspondence;
unusual and early, which could not be
to the business.

for the latter time the correspondence
was that of real friends, mutual estimates;
though it might have been better for all
concerned if the whole had been left

The State of New York
 In SENATE,
 January, 1881.
 Report
 of the
 COMMISSIONERS OF THE
 LAND OFFICE,
 in answer to a
 resolution passed by the
 SENATE, March 10, 1879,
 relating to the
 LANDS BELONGING TO
 THE STATE.
 ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY
 J. B. LEECH, STATE
 PRINTING OFFICE.
 1881.

~~So selected from had a thing for~~
Fire-arm. Price, in German currency
my reserve officer's frame, and with
it there was taking, I have my dear

found a few dead
 The marking of them and the
 and the turning of them, has been used
 in the ~~penetration~~ of
 the border line.

to ensure adequate money from
MIL or any other - that no interference
continue in financing health work
to attend to a heavy correspondence;
unusual and early, which could take up
a full day of our health

once, Spring of 1926. I handed Jean a
letter bearing Captain's past mark and in Captain
Martin's ~~handwritten~~ handwriting. To my
surprise, I noted a slight confusion,
even embarrassment, on Jean's part, but she
proceeded to open the letter, using the "stiletto"
(a Japanese make), which she used to open
mail. With some deliberation, Jean
read to me a few common places, one
being that Martin expected to visit home
on leave during the summer, another
that struck Jean forcibly concerned
Norman's recent disgraceful failure to
pass the tests for entry Military School;
implying a real or pretended "Indian"
indifference to the "turmoil" of ordinary
living.

My reaction to the reading was that
of indifference to the letter, or Captain
Martin's opinions of my indifference
to "turmoil."

After Jean's death, reading ~~the~~ letters
to Norman, I learned that she had quoted
Martin to Norman, who in turn took
offense, again surprising Jean as
recipient of criticisms from that quarter.
At long last, all of us learn that in
dispite secrecy, there is nothing secret
— that shall not be revealed.

In the Autumn of 1926, Captain Truman S.
Martin, U.S. Army, visited Washington for a few
days, ostensibly to see old friends,

by illness, were on the front porch together when the Captain appeared, in civilian apparel, and advancing across the broad lawn, and cordially received by me, as a war comrade not seen for six years, and invited to have dinner with us the following day.

Much worn by age and illness, there was much of the old vivacity and charm about Jean, at age 46. Next day she dressed with especial care, and a well appointed meal served, passing pleasantly and without incident. At this time Jean had little more than a year to live. At the dinner in my house, Captain Martin may well have reflected, being a man of intelligence and education, on the "Vanity of Human Wishes."

I had occasion to write Captain Martin, in Tokyo, following Jean's death, which letters and answers will be noted in its proper sequence. Having attained a full Colonelcy, U.S. Army, Martin died about 1946, aged ~~44~~ 46, and retired; he rests in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

Jean was a reader at an early day of "Smart Set" Magazine, forerunner of the light sexy literature of the later years, and later. ~~A little later~~ She read "Youngs Magazine" and "Snappy Stories", both with decent on sex, not illustrated.

My error on Jennie's part, and more
knew it better than she: but persisted in
a spirit of perversity. Knowing my
liking for the work of Henry L. Menck, she
subscribed over a period of years to the
American Mercury when first under his
editorial publication, as an annual present,
paid for from her personal allowance.
In fiction, historical and otherwise, she read
Hergesheim, Ben Ames Williams, Cora Harris
and other brilliant writers first "discovered"
on the Saturday Evening Post, before the
"See Change" that took over the Post
in the fourth decade of the 20th Century,
along with other New York "slicks".

The primary disease morose, Progressive
and incurable; a distressing symptom
anorexia; and sometimes passing most
of the night without sleep. When I
expressed concern for her reason
if she did not sleep more, she seemed
amused, but refused to even attempt
sedative medication, that only increased
her discomfort by adding to toxicity.

In order to meet heavy expenses
I was driving hard, at home only
at short intervals, either day or night,
and then occupied with gardening,
landscaping, building repair and
forestry. Arous personal "orderly",
housekeeper, and...

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Descendant of a long line of House
servants in the Preston Family of Greendy
County "for the War" - and Freedom -
alarmed and embittered by Norman's continued
failures at school, evidenced by bad reports
and absences from class at that ancient
Sectarian College, Hampton Sydney ~~where~~
he was entered Session 1927. I can't say
of uncharacteristic emotions said to me,
"Norman had no sense".! To which
indictment I could only agree, and
under all the circumstances surrounding
us, and in the presence of death in ~~the~~ the
family, continued to drift.

The previous summer an indictment
had been returned by the Grand Jury,
the late Alfred P. Edgar, State Attorney
against Norman for ~~breaking~~ Prohibition
Law at a Minnehaha Springs Party
of several days duration, attended
by many elite of both States of the
town and County, ~~the younger set~~.
Without apology for Norman's conduct
at the encampment, which was bad.
Edgar son, "Buster", another near-do-well
and alcoholic, was equally guilty.
Brother Andrew, then alive, was concerned;
but through him I informed the State Attorney
office that my agents had given me a list
of all present, and all would be summoned
to court and we would thoroughly air

July - August 1969

Volume 2

Page 1

John and family returned to Puducherry, Ky. Wednesday, August 26th, where they arrived, daily, Friday, 28th. The annual 1969 visit successful, and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean for scholarship at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; costlier, and requiring my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends, maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages of my narrative, approximately 10,000 words, (544 page script).

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume." Arose at 3 AM the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer, Michigan; walked out as Surgeon 10th Infantry by Major J.C. Adams, M.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1st Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, is a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, located on an elevated sandy plateau.

Showing glacial erosion, marked by large and small ponds, and with numerous muskrat "houses."

The Camp located 17 miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (named

because of some forgotten conflict of the
pioneers with the Indian residents of
the valley, a world center in the
production of cereal foods, typified by
the names Post and Kellogg. There
also is located the famous Hortarium
of the Christian Scientists; also
abounding Vegetarianism in diet.
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil
produce celery a principal crop.
Abandoned farm houses marked the
~~land~~ plateau of several thousand
acres; the soil appeared thin and
worn out by unskillful cropping;
adapted to grape growing; each
farm had a small vineyard of
neglected appearance. Prevailing
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the
trees and shrubbery about the houses
lean eastward due to constant
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland
sea.

The nature of the country is well
described by Webb Miller, in his
book "I found no Peace," 1936,
where his boy-hood home was
near Dowagiac, Michigan;
a famous "War Correspondent" and
"Evolutionist" - if not a pacifist, his
writing not approved by the war-
mongers, and makers, Churchill
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -
Miller was found killed by a "fall"

from a train in the London yards,
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the
United States in the war in Europe,
as Miller had been strongly writing
and opposing the war he had met
the same ostracism by internationalists
as had the ~~Warren~~ Colonel Charles
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill
faction. It is therefore probably
certain - that Miller was snuffed
by agents in the employ of High
authority in Britain and America;
the cause of death officially written
off as an accident, with the usual
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-
national Press and Politicians.

W. W. Miller, shortly before his
death in early middle life, had
married an English woman. His
book, little known, and almost
forgotten, may yet be given the
credit that is its due, a clear
and sensible Commentary on the
wars of empire in the first years
of the twentieth century, A. D.
His death was timely, perhaps;
as undoubtedly he would have been
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh
and retired, as has the latter, to
comparative obscurity. By good
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still
survives, though looked on with
suspicion as a divergent.

His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. Lindbergh (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, ~~the~~ though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and

preparing in ex
and Mexico

Peaceful rural Community was
once inhabited here; the spot now
devoted to the study of War in the
School of Mars.

The house was ~~round~~ an well
built and sound, though never painted;
an iron cooking stove abandoned by
my former occupant and owner.
The quartermaster agreed to my plan
in lieu of quarters in 1st ind. and
supplied ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils
and tools and bedding. With the
help of Mr. Gary and Asher we
contrived a table and benches from
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;
our mattresses spread on the floor.
I met the family in Battle Creek
October first, moving immediately
into our new home on the Farmington
Road, which we occupied quite
comfortably until my "Honorable"
discharge from the Army the following
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved
mild with little snow, compared
with the preceding "hard winter"
of 1917, marked by gales blowing
from the Lake and drifted snow.
On pleasant days, and off duty, all
of us took walks in the country
with its adjacent woods and small
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we
visited Battle Creek. When the

Couple of months Normmy attended
Public School. Part of his sketchy
formal education, until his final
graduation from Marlinton High
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer, in
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind
in delivering food stuff not
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family
man, apparently in a good way in
business, as the saying goes, was
quite openly admired for his high
spirit and acceptance of our
Nomadic Army life, with its
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.
frequently delivering groceries in
person. At our departure from
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge
of two kittens and a young dog
the children had taken in. In
connection with the final dispositions
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote
after our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangou
where Lewis Brothers Macera was
employed as a boy-scout executive
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter
with the Army at the house on the
Harmony Road, more than endurable
and routine for both ~~wife~~ & Jim
and our young children. Perhaps

With my usual matter of factness
spent too many evenings until late
at the card games in Officers Mess.
But Jean, as always in our family
life of twenty-two years did not
complain of my absence or business
or otherwise, except once when
I staid unusually late and failed
to meet her on return from town
by street car, she and the children
getting "home" as best they could
in the rain and mud. This was
mexcusable, on my part; deeply
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was
neglectful of the family comfort;
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard
and long for this comfort, and
supplied every comfort need;
fortunately, I had other means than
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,
style 1917. Never incurred a
debt during entire ~~some~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her
accustomed social contacts
during this time, although 35,000
human beings and their camp
followers inhabited the Army Camp.
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride
from the East, and following the
example also set up these
kitchens in another form.

+ and again comparing

Have a quarter mile on the Harmony
road. An exchange of calls
did not lead to correspondence between
the families, particularly on the part
of the Lees desiring us to see
terrible them out of marriage
~~with~~ "Pioneering"; and Captain
Lee and wife soon took each apart -
went in town.

Once again gave shelter to a
young woman, Camp follower, &
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who
did not remain long. We
learned the young soldier now-
com had been "Bartley" for neglect
of duty; it being evident that
marriage in his case had not shown
his way to promotions and pay.
At Thanksgiving, Jean prepared
an excellent and elaborate turkey
dinner, and we had in St. Hawley
my friends of Rock Island Camp,
Captain ~~Hawley~~ Eugene Vawter,
now with the 140th Regiment, formed
from the 10th. Captain Vawter
in full dress uniform in honor
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~
~~Hawley~~ a native of Albemarle County,
Va. - and a gentleman born, single,
and even this approaching middle life
in his thirties. He was living at
last alone in Warren, a retired officer.

Saturday
September 5, 1959
3 AM.

1 This day marks my
74th year residence
at Martins Borton.

Sept. 5, 1885, James, Andrew and I con-
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from
Rockingham County, referred to at length
in a preceding Chapter. I am
ten years. Both brothers departed,
aged ~~47~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).

Our first night in Piedmont County
at the home in Huntersville of
Dr. S. P. Patterson.

A change in plans and extensive
alterations being made in the drainage
and sewerage system under Main
Street - at added cost. As the
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet
of concrete ~~complanate~~; the sewer
and water systems under-lying will
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,
that I am sheltered in our home
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;
Perhaps, with her genius for coaching
~~and managing~~ young women in
their settling in life, hoped to save
the marriage. However this young
person proved to be "Not the marrying
brand," and soon disappeared from
our household; perhaps to become
"Common to the Regiment," in ~~the~~
~~the~~ Battle Creek.

On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a
large number of negro droppees running
at large, encamped adjacent to
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed
by the order and discipline of our
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many chose to
try the "new doctor" in camp,
and appeared in numbers for treatment
of their many diseases, though having
their own Medical Detachment and
Physicians. I found it necessary
to turn these away to seek their
own medical facilities. One
of their Lieutenants (white) called
on me as Regimental Surgeon
and suddenly threatened to "Report"
me as refusing his men medical
attention. Telling him to "report
and be damned," he did report me
to the Division Surgeon, but I
escaped with a mild reprimand
from Colonel Oriehtor to be more
diplomatic in future in handling
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke ^{Jackson} ~~Head~~
a colored boy who had for a time
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter
and field hand. Burke had been
swept in by the draft, and having
a musk barrel. Called to have resheer

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense. Mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Development Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was doing his ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, particularly glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hit, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) their welfare and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability") The cause of Discharge was written "Impossibility." When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ ^{and} exhibited the Discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good hunt. Peace to his ashes.

The 10th Regiment, recruited to full
was strength, autumn 1918, and the
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ ^{whose} shoulder
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ^{over seas}
"over seas" and routine examinations
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C.C. Creighton
M.C., devised two specially irksome
activities for medical officers,
designed to test and improve
whatever physical and mental qualities
we possessed.

The first, "Pep drill," specially
for those assigned "over seas". A
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared
to have recently been a football
player and coach, was assigned
to drill us; of fierce facial expression
and mental clarity typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the
athletic field, about forty in number
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-
~~and~~ were put through all paces,
consisting of setting up exercises,
including short runs and leaping
low hurdles. ^{unofficial} ~~Medical~~ who
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the
knees ^{was} singled out to go
run a hundred yards and return
and jump a hurdle.

~~But~~ ^{the} middle-aged and dignified

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had probably been a distinguished man in the community, dared to protest, with some heat, this 'ignominity', destructive to moral; his protest received in stony silence by our "Coach." It appeared for the moment one of those tense tense moments, not unknown in the military life; but we were soon dismissed without noting ^{boresome duty}.

Another ~~here~~ designed by Colonel Creighton was a weekly quiz designed to test our professional fitness and scholasticism. All Divisional medical officers assembled and required to recite, ^{in some cases} ~~indeed~~ called on at random by the grilling officers. It is readily seen this could be embarrassing and destructive of true moral in the military service.

Once when called on to describe some intricate detail involving the blood circulation, I rose and stated I was not prepared to recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical degree from a University and had practiced medicine and surgery for fifteen years just past, including one and one half years acting

rather than attempt to escape from a
defective memory. Anatomical details
Having had my day, I sat down, and
was not called on again by the
"Professor" detailed by Creighton
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,
was largely ignorant of scientific
details; I have not yet ^{having} described
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory
symptoms of the onset of the great
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~and~~ and
well as ~~onset of~~ winter, ~~and~~ ^{and} the
"Armistice" of November 11th, put
a final quietus to the Creightonian
Nagging. His Medical Divisional
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} reporting with
febrile temperatures and catarrhal symptoms
at sick calls, Colonel Creighton
was inclined, at first, to suppress
the percentage of sick in the camp,
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.
However, I continued writing "Influenza"
quarters, where indicated. ~~at the~~

Monday, Sept. 8, 1917 15-
4 AM.

"September Morn," an
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.
Ripening fields; some corn already in sheaf.
Slept a little late, rising at 4 AM. Some
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large
numbers in quarters and Hospital, and
the night cool; the men began to close
the windows in ~~Bar~~ crowded Barracks
for already full to suffocation with ~~the~~
smoking, coughing sick soldiers, ~~and~~
a duty of the officers of the day to keep
open a certain number of windows
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for
the Divisional Medical Staff heard
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.
Futile efforts made to make the sick
comfortable; more straw provided to
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra
barracks made available for the sick,
and partial isolation. A good deal
of confusion as to the number reported
daily as present and fit for duty.
Numbers went to their near-by homes,
or overstay leaves of absence, and
not missed at assembly. ~~Not~~ Others
could have done so, without being
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia
and complications, besides the per-
manently disabled by flaures and.

tubercular infections. (Many a
prisoner is living today - Forty years
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)
I do not know the exact mortality
at Camp Curtis following the "Flu"
epidemic, but many hundreds died.
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians
also, and the virus infection deadly.
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and
those who gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks
quarters, though the officers of the day
supposed to get the sick to hospital,
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.
Arms and armed men have a
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity
- did not contract flu. Myself and
family staid well. Possibly due to
having had influenza the winter of
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov 11,
and due to epidemic disease, there
was a let down in morale and the
movement set in among the men and
others to "go home".

for a time by higher authority. The
movement extended to "over seas" and
in January Detachment began to arrive
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very
snooty with their over-seas caps,
wrap leggings and "gold" service
stripes. Some name-calling, and
even fights occurred between
individual soldiers on a point of honor.
The soldiers of my old Rock Island
detachment especially belligerent on
the subject; ~~is~~ all young volunteers
at the outbreak of the war. A ~~base~~ ^{score}
point freely expressed; not even
permitted in general orders ~~when~~
"stripes" for voluntary service, ~~that~~
~~that~~ decorations were handed out
freely for every imaginable
~~that~~ distinction ~~that~~.

Army Bureaucracy reached a
all-time high in stupidity in this
slay-off, advertising an unpopular
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided
in December, 1918, to break out with
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fall only the
"armistice" of Nov. 11th put in an
applications for discharge, feeling
the urge to get out of the Army and

back to civilian employment, to
restore personal finances, much
depleted. This was finally granted
to take effect January 27, 1919. I
had been duly examined in the presence
by a board of Medical officers
and pronounced perfect physically;
presumably, also, mentally unmarked
and unscathed by a year, seven
months and twenty-seven days
"home service" in active war time,
including about eighteen months
"field service" with the 10th Infantry, 45th
Like thousands of other soldiers
and officers, in my anxiety and haste
to get home and ~~into~~ business in
a "war market" I ignored or
concealed injury or illness that
could have been pensionable at
a later date; or even retirement
pay as a Reserve officer; ~~the latter~~
Railroad accident at Blue
Creek, in particular to both legs.
Incidentally, I may add, that
the number of Medical officers
granted "retirement" status after the
war of 1917, became a national
scandal shortly after, due to favors
granted this or that kind by a Medical
retirement board.

Friday, Sept. 11, 1959
Thirty days of almost continuous heated weather
around 90 each day; cooler weather and
fall signs. Combining cut, locally the
average was large x work on the Road
and bridge progressing; but delayed by
extensive ditching for sewerage. Had
day a typical "September Morn." a long
distance call from Mr. Jensen, of Chaderburg,
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is
evident they are still interested in
this gas field.

Following the Armistice of November 11, 1918,
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced
the war was over, whether the Pentagon or
the army agreed, and settled down to wait
discharge. There had been no deaths or
serious illness among the officers of the 10th
and 40th Regiments during the influenza
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early
his hope for promotions and pay in the war.
Jen and the family by this time were well
enough quarters in his old house on the
Farmington Road, with more space and
freedom of movement than most families
in the army enjoyed. We made visits
to town, saw a show occasionally, and
even in hope of early discharge and relief
to Marlinton. No more bay drills and
gung classes by Colonel Brighter, a
Division Surgeon much distressed by the
heavy mortality during the epidemic.
Morale in the camp very low; no paper
games, no frequent, and playing for cups.

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Losses to many officers, as for the men, their
losses usually confined to any money
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw-bone"
in gambling not popular among the
celebrated. Many times the game
continued late at night the Barrack windows
of officers mess covered with blankets and
lights were supposed to be "out". On
such a drop note. The war so far as it
concerned the citizen soldiery, ended.
Thus passes the glory of the earth.

Having made my financial clearance with
the Government, my Commissary and the
officers mess, early in February we left
the farm house and embarked for home.

Arriving the second day in the evening
regaining practice in my profession
after long absence, in my case, was
comparatively easy, as I had retained,
and paid out of my office in the Bank
during my absence I was able to begin
immediately, and it is a matter of some
pride I earned a dollar the first day.
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody,
and friend James Baxter for a Model
T and set to work. Influenza was still
rampant and home attendance of cases
of child birth the usual thing. It is
true the mud of late winter was
almost bottomless, but I and
my model T and a horse I purchased
valiently tried to answer all calls.

Just as I had been accustomed to doing
before my tour of the War and its clamors.
It is a long way from that. In Dec. & Jan. of
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice
in Marlinton was equipped with either
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except
myself; the others relying on hired
conveyance or conveying the homes
by the clients. I had thus first call
on Country Practice, and kept busy.
Many Physicians returning from the
War not so fortunate as I; some
finding their places filled by claim
jumping Doctors, or otherwise occupied.
"For emulation has a thousand sons,
Who stand in line; if one be gone
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and
place as an elected County official,
but expect to regain that or some other
public office, at this time having, as I
thought, a justifiable belief that the
returning soldiers might be welded
into a voting block of influence in
the election as supporters of former
officers and comrades. The election
of next year, a Presidential year,
together with woman suffrage, pretty
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans
Politically, in a foreign war.
The sad case of my class-mate and

and was awarded a ~~Captain~~ George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the
fidelity as a patriotic asset of service
in the war.
A brilliant student and prominent in
the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of
Maryland, and a native of Semmesville
in Nicholas County, Dr. McQueen was
quickly successful as physician and Surgeon
in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married.
and before 1917 had served as Mayor
of the Capital City. ^{in the county}
After honorable service, he aspired
to the office of Governor of the State, with
respectable Personal and financial
backing. His grandiose figure in uniform
featuring his campaign posters, as
justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldier's
vote, ~~expected~~ in the elections of 1920.
This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ ^{most}
magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as
Personal and Political opinions
dictated, as heretofore, before and after
the war. Dr. McQueen, running
as a Democrat, failed of ^{the} nomination,
going to some "Civilian" Politician, who
was in turn, defeated by the Republicans
land-slide of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign
were heavy and the Doctor lost out in
the profession as well. The death of his

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Beloved wife affected Dr. McQueeny
adversely, as well, and he partially
succeeded to the use of alcohol.
My last meeting with my friend Doctor
George A. McQueeny was at the meeting
of the State Medical Association in
Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and
at a Country Club. I observed George
H. in, under the influence, half tipsy,
throwing dice on the floor of the
card room; as for myself, I was
sitting in a game of stud poker,
one of the participants and on my
left no other than the elderly
first mayor of the town of Huntington
Peter Kline Buffington; who even in
old age enjoyed the society of
the comparatively young.

A singular incident of the Poker
game. A visiting sharp-shooter had
for some reason singled me out
as a special contestant, and in one
round, the play narrowed down to Mr.
~~Buffington~~ ^{Buffington}, the sharper, and me; and as I
held three Kings and no special
danger in sight, stood several ^{rounds} ~~times~~
on a daily limit. It seems that
Mr. ~~Buffington~~ ^{Buffington}, who was on my left, staid
in deliberation, as he resented what

he considered "staying" or bluffing
tactics of of the sharp-shooter directed
at me in several plays previous.
His quite obvious "staying" nettled
and discomprized my opponents, who
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Queen~~
commented to me after the game, in
which I was a small winner, what
my gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost
out professionally and politically
and died aged about 40 years.
Unusually gifted and promising
in early life, his end I fear was not
peace. I trust he was in the
Covenant of Grace; though wandering
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor
McQueen, Dentist at Seemerville a
few years since was tragic. He
fell into an open hearth fire; it may
have been while dozing, and was
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections
of 1920 I was nominated for County
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,
prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~He~~
~~He~~ I opposed the amendment to the state
constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Buttinton

Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939²⁵ - Rose at 3.30. The
Mummy Coal; a chimney fire in the Bath room -
very usual "sitting down", in early morning
and eve. Arthur has come - they write.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as
now - that people the Voters - men and
women - under the leadership of tax-
wasters in the Legislature, would
sally at the Polls and vote an amend-
ment enabling the State to borrow
vast sums to be used internal
improvements. The Mother State
of Virginia, Reminiscent of the
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating
to a period before the Revolution
of 1861; the West Virginia part of
the "Virginia Debt" until recently
a political issue, in ~~1920~~, finally
settled by payment of Fourteen
million Dollars with interest; elected
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.
In the elections the "Good Roads
Amendment," with its borrowing
"Revenue" fund, carried heavily;
particularly popular with the need
women Voters; ~~among~~ the ladies
as always, insufficient for progress,
regardless of Public Debt. The
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me
in the elections; besides the trend that

Year was Republican. Wilson Paralytic and Senile, held on to the Presidency to his last gasp for breath in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not going my way - My defeat for County Court not unexpected. The Campaign was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat, I was soon after elected to the Town Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton. Meanwhile I was practicing to the limit of capacity, enjoyed a good income, sufficiently ample for all present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-year onset of the incredible 18th amendment, with moonshine traffic in hard liquors, and the Home brewing of filthy Country wines and liquors, along with Judicial and Police Tyrannies, graft and Hypocrasies. Our home, like others in Marlinton, was marked as a filthy brewery of Malt liquors and fermented assorted drinks, with women, aged 13 years an enthusiastic helper in Bottling operations, thus early acquiring a taste for illicit alcoholic Beverages. With my customary aloofness, I

gave no need. Signs of danger, even
when, at times, I found at the house
an assorted drinking party of men
and women. I was personally there
and through life a total abstemious.
Always early to rise for a breath of
morning air, and busy with my
practice of medicine, and gardening.
Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored
as did not observe the plain signs
of disaster in the family life.

From early life I had been
accustomed to social drinking on
occasion; now for a considerable
period - about three years - excessive
and habitual, until the onset of
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety
about Norman's alcoholism, put a
final stop to his drinking, but
~~his death four years later.~~

About this time the activities of
Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and
for long operator of a part time
gambling commercial poker place
in an apartment over his office; he
was also notable in the Moonshine
and home brew business, as an
adjunct to his poker game, and
as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called
by friends and customers. Possessed

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An ancient auto - a "Hup" or
other extinct brand, the operations of
which required the expert attention
of Henry Wines, and who drove the
car on Judge Ruchers frequent
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided
one Hittlett, a lead mine, moon distiller
of moonshine. Many times I was
accompanied, ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~was~~ in
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on
returning from a trip to the North Fork
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I
first observed Jean drunk in the
autumn of 1928. The unpleasant
incident is fixed in memory,
because Jean ~~pro~~ exhibited a
long knife, or stiletto, I did not
know she possessed, and stated
fiercely that if I objected to her
conduct I would be killed then
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor
fled or made resistance; she put
away the evil looking stiletto;
and nothing more said of the
incident. Nor was the threat
repeated. Doubtless, I have always
thought of the right of a woman
to kill her husband, if she cannot
live with him, and would not
be punished. It may be this

be considered ²⁹ one of the risks inherent
in ~~the~~ the state of Matrimony. I know
the incident was deeply regretted by
Jean when she later came to her senses.
She had a good heart, and would
normally ^{have} died, ~~literally~~, for her
husband and children.

Many years later, and following
Jean's death, Brother James told me,
quite casually, that he had ^{then} expected
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident
as the foregoing, ~~it is not~~ ^{it is not} ~~our~~ ^{our} domestic life ~~was~~ ^{is} unhappy;
~~actually~~, actually, we lived well,
decently and in harmony. My
single, and doubtful, diversions was
the Weekly Village Paper game,
^{generally} ~~usually~~ all night, which was
interrupted by a call, usually of
an abstract nature.

It is related of the Great London
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,
that on one occasion, returning late
to his home after a days work of
research and practice, found his wife
presiding at a mixed party, or
"firk-fap", as he described it, and
dispersed the gathering, thus
exhibiting his authority.

Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30 30
4 a.m.

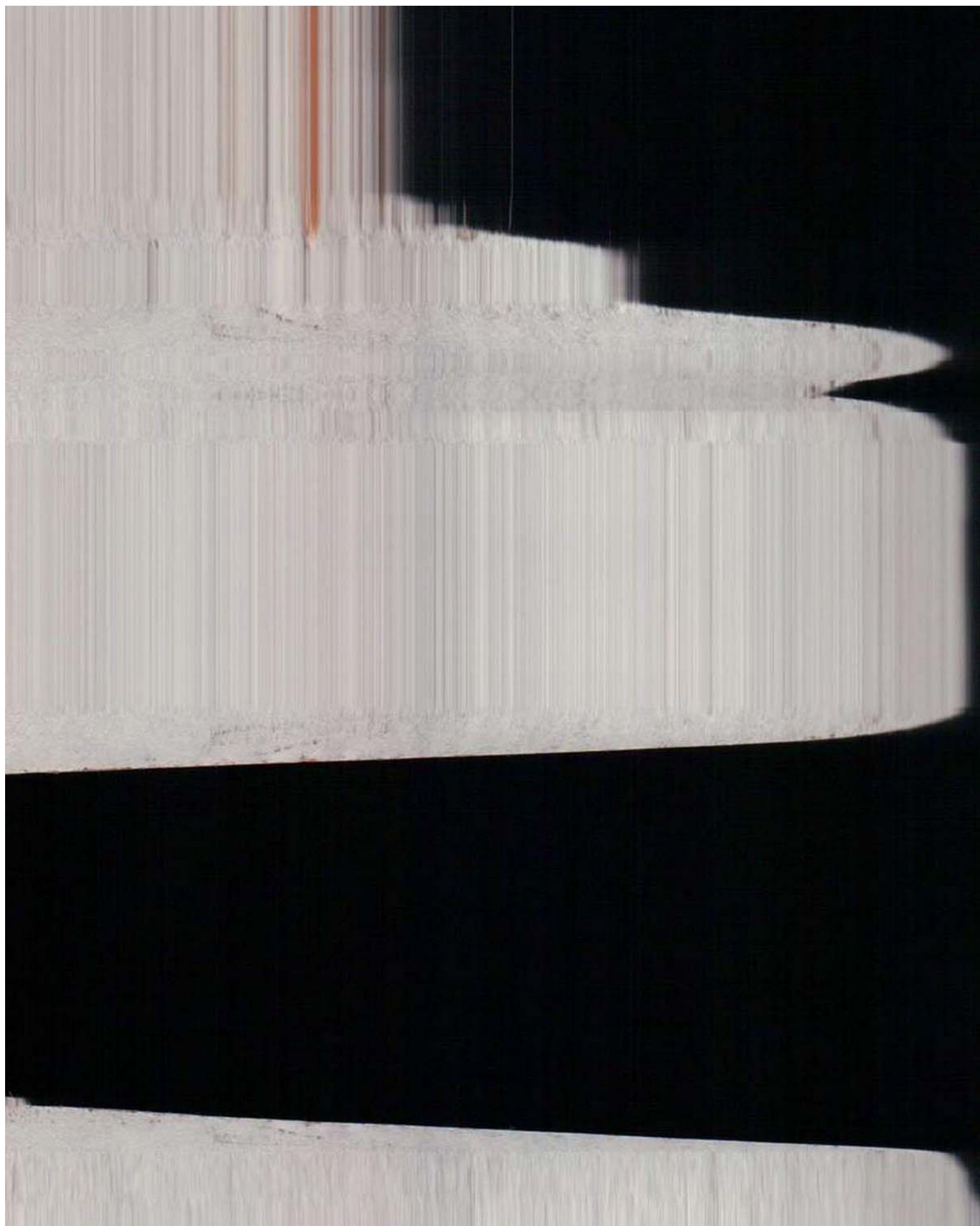
I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete National election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk and not fall.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herold of Austin, Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time, to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action; "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because I do not make the rounds."

(Garden) Hunt and Miss Agnes M. 4 m. and



I will be sure to
 need if time permits.
 It is called the same
 than that on the
 with the present (the
 it is said, however, that he
 demonstrate the effectiveness of
 as a cure. he has not yet
 "see evidence" as a reference to
 great mass of 1900. The
 which has been received from
 is sent to the apartment of the
 The 9th is the apartment of the
 (Museum) in his chest.

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Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a
handsome lady of large frame, the
mother of three daughters; a native
of Amherst County, Virginia and of
excellent family and culture.
Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney
and journalist, practiced Law in
our County and edited the Marlinton
Journal for several years. In
1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -
daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam
Scott had University Education, was
Literate, even a genius; but was
dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -
all of which is another story.

During this married life in Hunterville
and Marlinton, over a period of about
forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker
"separated" a number of times, due
principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent
affairs with certain Native Concubines
of the Period.

On more than one occasion when
Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at
a fast gait the team of two brown-
gray horses, with her three daughters
in the large family Chariot, the
village would remark that Mrs.
Elizabeth Rucker was leaving Scott.

Rucker, again ^{5,5}

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~too~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mrs. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected literary activity connected with the Jacksonian Exposition of that year. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the Exposition proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (her girls grown, and all teaching or domy secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned, about 1912, to reside

with her wedded husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in ~~that~~ could not bear was Scott Rucker's "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally defending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found, or proven.

Incurably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The young graduates lost in atmosphere of gentility as a resort for an hour's respite by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even Negroes; with a bit of bootlegging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling, "Int."

The Prosecution ²⁵ was usually unsuccessful
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors
not usually cooperation in supporting
"Law and Order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing
was asked by the Grand Jury Foreman if he
played Poker, replied he "did not know
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~
and had no luck. This from a
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,
Exalted Murrin, and no damning
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet
lives a retired and plain life in
Marlinton at an advanced age,
supported for the most part by his
"Social Security". Married late in
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Moore,
who has recently died. For many
years Wallace Lange followed
the life of a woodsman in the Cumber
Camp, was known as "Pete", and his
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in Cards
games to some extent. Proverbial
when asked by the jury foreman and
Prosecutor, he admitted having played
in Ruckers apartment; interrogated
further if he had seen money pass
commercially in the game, "Pete"
replied he had seen "Donations"
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,

^{Foot 26, mages.}
Familiar services and other survivors
surroundings of a gentleman's game-
The jury returned no indictment.
So fully appreciate this anecdote
our needs be familiar with matters
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and
And beaked nose, altogether a hand-
some man not often seen, even in
age and adversity; correct in his
language, although not regularly
educated, his education that of a
man of the world endowed with
intelligence. I believe, had fate so
decreed, Wallace Lange could
have been a leader, in war and
peace. True, a lifetime in the
Lumber Camps - like unto soldiering,
he may have spent too many hours
studying the ^{history of} Kings, and the
favors of the Goddess of Chance.
At present friend Lange lives
alone in his cottage at the base of
Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind
Providence has granted him length
of days following an active life in
the open and forest places. He was
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain
overlooking Marlinton from the west.
Now he can review life as vanity,
"the shadow of a dream," at the same
time

In the Autumn of 1904 and Jean being detained
at home, our young son being an infant of
eight months, I desired to visit the
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's
consent travelled alone by rail, and by
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic
wish to again see ~~see~~ recall student days.
After a four years interval, that had
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two
days in a student's boarding house
West Fayette Street, and mingle
with students assembling at the
University of Maryland Medical
School, where I readily passed
for one of them, with the reserve
of new acquaintances. The Medical
School had recently opened for both
men and women - an innovation. -
A woman medical sat near me at
table, who appeared to speak German
by choice. I did not hate her as near
the equal in beauty and charm as
Dr. Alice Stebbins of the early days.
I travelled by boat from Baltimore
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving
the boat, who should appear looking
for lodgers at her rooming house
than Mrs. Fizz Rucker, who had
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker
either did not recognize me, or did not

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appearance of doing so; she may have
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~her~~
over-sight. As she had seemed to
look directly at me without recognition,
I chose not to introduce myself, and not
long afterwards I heard that she had
given up the logging business and
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.
Before her departure she enlisted Jean
to arrange and dispose of the household
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,
including some debts the Ruckers
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Prenatal symptoms of Jean's
long illness had already appeared
in the fall of 1924, but she labored
long and hard on the Rucker
disposal of effects, though not
feeling well. This she did from
some feeling of association and
friendship for the family over many
years; although at the time I did
not think she owed them much,
either in association or sincere
friendship, especially in the matter
before referred to in the Automobile
expeditions for ~~Moore~~ foot-leg
legions, wines and home brews
of the early years of Prohibition
beginning in 1880.

39
This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher
furnishings and effects continued for
about a year, because as late as
September, 1925, I paid Mrs. Rucher
for books and some furnishings. By
then Jean's liver and pancreas was
failed to function markedly, together with
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -
Cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.
A collection of wines in jugs and some
malt beverages in bottles no longer craved
as nature had revolted against such
abuse of appetite for food and drink.
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under
lock, as by this time Norman was quite
telling and eager to dispose of the lot
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general state
police had begun raiding private houses
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose
of all "cellar" contents, some gallons
of wine being cached by me
among ~~the~~ rocks on the hill-side.
Some years later when I ~~secretly~~ ^{covertly}
for this treasure I could not find
a single jug - six in number -
but it had exploded, or else
I had not marked the site of
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.
Anyhow, the brew was not of a vintage
extending in browned beer "and"